March 14, 1936

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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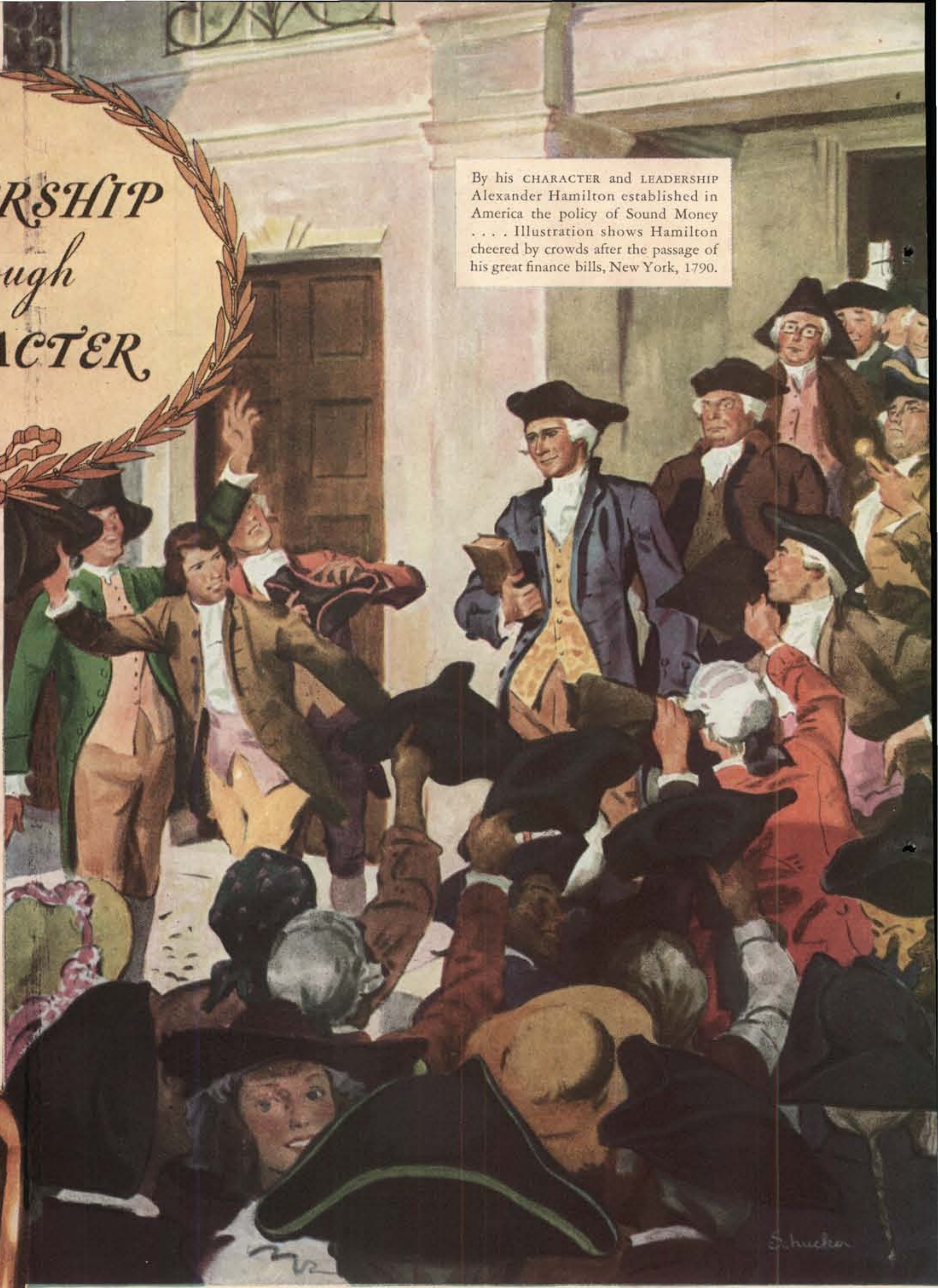
How's Your Father; How's Your Mother?

The Townsend Ballyhoo

By Walte

Ma 14 1936

LEADERSHIP through CHARACTER



By his CHARACTER and LEADERSHIP Alexander Hamilton established in America the policy of Sound Money . . . . Illustration shows Hamilton cheered by crowds after the passage of his great finance bills, New York, 1790.

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"Whiskies of Character"
Bottled in Bond
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"V.O."
Rare Old Canadian Whiskey
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Say Seagram's and be Sure

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Keep it Healthy and Handsome...

① 50 SECONDS to rub — natural oils are restored, circulation quickens, your hair takes on new life.

② 10 SECONDS to comb and brush—your hair looks rich, lustrous, but with no "patent-leather" look.

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GIVE YOUR HAIR the help it's asking for—the help it needs to flourish, to grow—the help it needs to save itself.

You use good sense when you use Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout." Because you get right down to the hair-roots themselves—the source of *all* hair health—with this modern, common-sense way of encouraging the hair.

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And try this trick too: Use Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" before you shampoo—as well as afterward. It breaks up oil patches and deposits, making it doubly easy for the shampoo to clean your scalp—completely. Then Vitalis again—and you'll have the cleanest scalp on record—hair with a fine healthy glow to it—and better health for the pair of them.

ASK YOUR BARBER—
He's an expert on the care of scalp and hair. When he says Vitalis—take his advice. He knows best.

VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT" FOR HEALTHY, HANDSOME HAIR

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Associate Editors

Next Week

JUST after the storm broke a request for help came from somewhere high above Clifford Burke's emergency field in Montana. Clifford did a good job of supervising the landing by radio. A neat, fast bug of a plane plopped onto the sopping field, and a girl got out. "I'm flying east to the World's Series," she explained.

You can't blame Clifford for being incredulous, especially when he discovered that she had a bagful of jewelry with her. Very frankly he urged her to go back and face the music. When she got out of jail, he would help her. If worst came to worst, he would marry her. In "The Queen's Choice," Gouverneur Morris explains Clifford's mistake.

AS you travel inland from the Red Sea ports toward the Italian battle lines, the country rises in sharp cliffs and ridges. Up these escarpments climb the newly-cut Italian roads, the lines of communication and supply for the Roman legions in the north. But, unlike the roads laid down by the legions of ancient Rome, these are surface roads, without foundation and without support. W. B. Courtney, Collier's reporter, saw them being ground to dust beneath the unending stream of trucks. He saw men vanish over the edge of hairpin turns and the rusting carcases of cars in the ravines. All this is vividly recounted in "Dark and Bloody Roads."

ANYONE could see at a glance that Joe Rush was a lamb born to be clipped. He knew next to nothing about the stock market; it would just be a matter of time till his scanty savings were gone. But it didn't happen. Joe had "The Perfect System." Thomas McMorrow explains how it worked both on the market and on Miss Lulu Mimms. You think you'll try it? You can't.

EXTRA pounds may be pretty funny to someone else; they're no laughing matter to the person who has to tote them around. Too much weight is a liability and "You Can't Laugh It Off." There is, however, something you can do about it. Janet Lane tells you precisely what.

PETER SKENE was "Born to Conquer." He carried a vision of empire in his mind and neither wife nor child nor the forces of nature could stand against it. Ernest Haycox brilliantly describes his strange experience in Bitter Valley.

AMONG the others present will be Frank Buck, George Creel, Frederick Hazlitt Brennan, Sax Rohmer and Bernard DeVoto. Draw your own conclusions.

This Week

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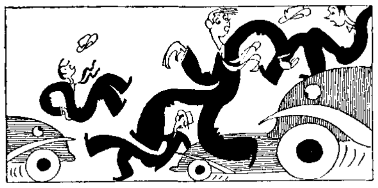
●

Any Week

HERE'S Mr. L. C. Andrews of Portland, Oregon, with an announcement that he favors "a three-billion-dollar bonus each year to those who survive the perils of our public streets and highways. The casualties," says he, "yearly exceed those of our armies for the whole war. And the plain citizen has to take the risks in order to earn a living plus the taxes for bonuses and so forth. . . . Nor does the plain citizen get preference on employment lists and the government doesn't support him for life if he is mangled by two-ton projectiles hurling through our streets guided by morons it licenses as car drivers."



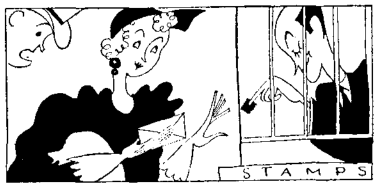
JUST as we were bowing our heads to this weekly task, our telephone summoned us. A lady wanted to know whether she might come in to discuss with us a story she had just completed. We asked her what there was to discuss, whether it wouldn't do just to send it in. She admitted that it was a splendid story and that we'd be very glad to buy it. But still she'd like to talk to us about it. "It's this," she said. "I'd like very much to talk to you about the punctuation."

BUT that's the least we're asked to discuss these days. We don't know how many ladies and gentlemen there are who have worked out financial programs for the country, but we feel that most of them are anxious to enlist our help. A Mr. Daniel G. Klogold of Los Angeles is particularly insistent. Mr. Klogold says that all of our monetary troubles derive from the gold standard. "Our difficulties," says he, "are not real but psychological. My plan is for the United States to buy all the gold in the world and then retire it. Abolish gold as the standard and substitute a commoner metal, say iron. Then issue paper money against iron reserves. I would have selected silver but silver is almost as big a nuisance as gold."

WITH all this reviving ingenuity we can't understand why some alert baking corporation didn't think as fast as Mr. Louis Whitefoot of Tampa, Florida. "I see," says he, "that Mrs. Huey Long's first act after being appointed United States senator was to release to the people the recipe of the cake she baked and thereby won her husband. The trouble with this country is that some baker didn't buy that recipe from Mrs. Long long ago and make himself a fortune selling Long Cake or Kingfish Cake or Share-Our-Wealth Cake, or Every-Man-A-King Cake. Think of the advertising slogan possibilities: Hurry, Hurry, Kiddies, Mother's Going to Share-Our-Wealth Cake."

TROUBLE is, our better minds have been working in other directions. For example, Mr. T. Lamuel of Tulsa, Oklahoma, warns us that we had better be thinking of "the penalty you and the other rotten oppressors will have to pay for your inhumanity to the old folks. This," says Mr. Lamuel, "is a secret but you will know sooner or later that you and all who oppose the Townsend Plan will have to pay each American over sixty years four hundred dollars a month instead of two hundred. This is what you will get for not being satisfied with our first idea."

WELL, we don't know about you other oppressors but we are having quite a time with a dour, heartless individual about a mortgage. He wants his money to satisfy a mortgage some other chap holds on his property. And that other chap would like to have some money to discharge some trifling debt he owes. We felt like handing him a letter we got from Mrs. Doris Ennis of Dayton, Ohio. Mrs. Ennis thinks there is entirely too much envy, malice and suspicion in the world. "Why," asks she, "can't we all get together and be friends?"



WE were just about to tell you that Mr. O. V. Leonard of Boise, Idaho, was finding the stamp clerks in our post offices a trifle too cold and matter-of-fact to suit him. But just then we heard from Mrs. T. L. McAnany of Lawrence, Massachusetts. Mrs. McAnany, having purchased a book of stamps, heard the clerk say: "I hope the answers you receive to your letters will please you, Madam." Mrs. McAnany admits that she was a bit startled—pleasantly so, of course, but startled. "Why, thank you," she replied. "If you don't mind," she said, "isn't this something new—this cordiality?" Said the clerk, smiling sweetly: "Well, yes, ma'am, in a way it is. But it's orders from Washington."

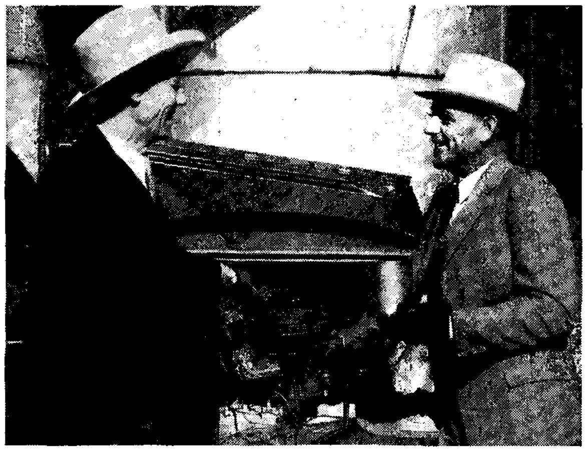
DEAR Old Sunny Jim.

Vol. 97, No. 11. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's, The Country Home. Copyright, 1936, The Crowell Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Lee W. Maxwell, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Gertrude B. Lane, Vice President; John S. Brehm, Vice President; Frank Braucher, Vice President; Charles J. Bevan, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts. Price, 5 cents a copy in the United States and Canada; $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Foreign subscriptions including postage: $3.50 a year to Newfoundland and Labrador. $5.50 a year to all other countries.
Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States Funds to The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. To avoid mistakes in delivery, subscribers should notify us of change of address five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

"I've Put 'All Three' over the Bumps.

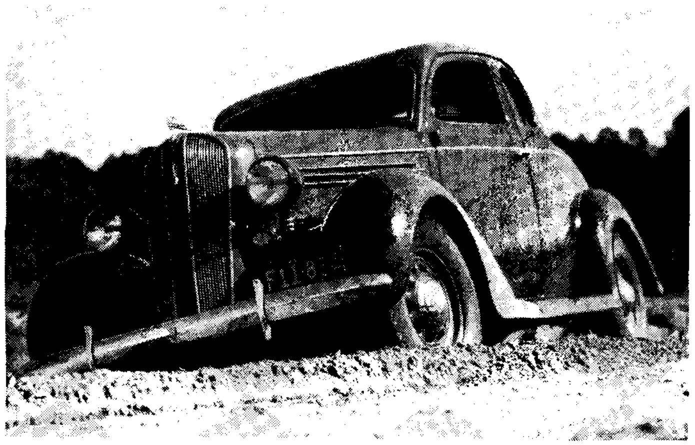
—AND PLYMOUTH IS MY CHOICE OF LOW-PRICED CARS"

"BOGS . . . SAND . . . RUTS: my car gets plenty of rough going! But Plymouth has the stamina . . . as well as lots of style," says N. P. Condry.



"WHAT AN ENGINE! It has plenty of pep . . . and it does more than 20 miles per gallon of gas—I proved that!"

MR. CONDRY demonstrates that it's easy to slide heavy loads in or out—the deck lid opening is flush with the floor.



"I ALWAYS FEEL SAFE in Plymouth's Safety-Steel body—and these 100% hydraulic brakes stop me smoothly, surely . . . and quickly!"

N. P. CONDRY, field supervisor for an oil company down in Conroe, Texas, constantly drives from oil-field to oil-field and from well to well. He has driven "All Three"—but on reliability, comfort, safety, all-round economy *and* looks, chooses Plymouth.

A CERTIFIED INTERVIEW WITH N. P. CONDRY, OIL CO. FIELD SUPERVISOR, CONROE, TEXAS

POUNDING THROUGH the ruts, sand, bogs and all-around rough going of the oil country, Field Supervisor Condry has to have a car that can stand up.

"I know Plymouth is engineered and built right," he says, "so I bought one. I've seen this oil country beat other cars . . . but not a Plymouth!

"When parts are needed at one of the oil wells, I have to go places, *pronto* . . . and the Plymouth gets me there. It's a pleasure to drive, too."

When he first got the 1936 Plymouth, Mr. Condry doubted his own eyes on the gas mileage he was getting . . . *23 miles to the gallon!* "I built me a tester, with a quart can and some copper tubing, and drove just like I always do. And danged if it wasn't so!—23 miles to the gallon."

Another little job which Mr. Condry's Plymouth frequently does is to carry a half-ton of drill parts from place to place, in the rear compartment. "Plymouth handles it, sure enough!" he says.

You ought to find out about this safety, economy, comfort and reliability over which Mr. Condry is so enthusiastic. Just get into one of the big 1936 Plymouths . . . and drive it. Ask your Chrysler, Dodge or De Soto dealer to arrange this.

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Insist on the **Official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Company**
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AND NOW

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GEM BLADES
MICROMATIC
GEM BLADES NEVER IRRITATE THE FACE!

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SUPPOSE you could pick up your razor tomorrow and shave away your whiskers *without feeling them go.* This Effortless Shave is now made possible by Gem discoveries.

We've perfected a razor that absolutely duplicates the barber's long, gliding stroke. Instead of fussy, little chin-chafing strokes which irritate the skin and snarl the beard, Gem's beveled top compels the blade to float gently through the whiskers. It fits the face—automatically giving you the correct shaving angle. No guesswork—no experimenting—no double-crossing to pick up topped hairs—Gem removes all stubble at the base.

Dual-Alignment (Gem patent) locks the blade at five points, holds it rigid, enables you to use far keener edges than were ever before considered practical. And Gem provides these super-keen edges. Made of 50% thicker surgical steel, Gem Blades take the most thorough sharpening ever devised. 4840 times each blade is carefully stropped. Then a whole series of inspections insures that only perfect, guaranteed edges reach you.

Treat your chin to Effortless Shaves. All dealers sell the Gem Micromatic Razor and 5 blades in a magnificent case for $1.00.

SPECIAL TO DOUBTERS:—

So confident are we that Gem will improve your shaves that we make a below-cost offer. For 25¢ and our coupon we will send you a test outfit consisting of a handsome gold-plated Gem Razor ($1.00 regularly) with a single- and double-edged blade.

SPECIAL OFFER

Gem Division, American Safety Razor Corporation,
Dept. C32, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Enclosed find 25c for complete trial Gem set with a single- and a double-edged blade and the same gold-plated Gem Micromatic Razor now featured in regular $1 outfits.

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GEM MICROMATIC *Razor and Blades*

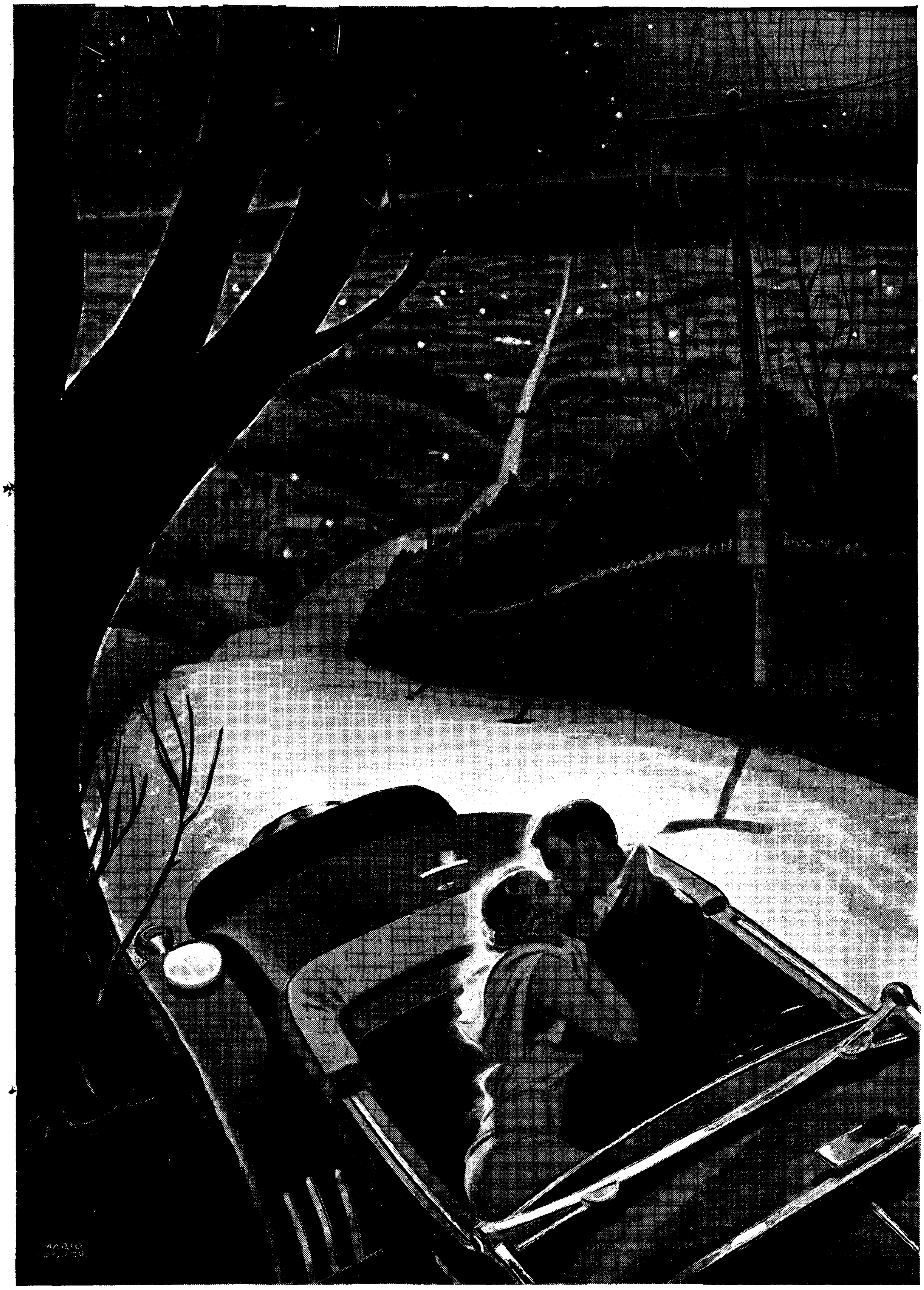
Collier's The National Weekly for March 14, 1936

High Dive

By

Leland Jamieson

The story of a flyer who took a dangerous chance—and of a girl who made him do it, because she thought she knew herself far better than she did



Almost without his knowing how it had happened, she was in his arms

SID McFARLAND hitched long arms down into his flying suit, wondering how many people knew George, here at the Peacock factory. Not too many, he hoped earnestly. George, of course, had come here often, as the designer of the new Army pursuit job that Sid presently would fly, but his contact had been largely with Beverly, the chief engineer. Fortunately, Beverly was out of town today. So Sid believed, if he wore his flying-suit collar high around his throat, with his helmet hiding the greater portion of his face, possibly no one would realize that he wasn't George.

That was vital. He had to make this test flight, replacing George without his brother's or the Peacock officials' knowledge. Cynthia had asked him to, not knowing that she was asking him perhaps to kill himself. But that didn't matter much. Nothing mattered very much, except to keep George McFarland out of the cockpit of this fast, dangerous experimental job.

Dressed, Sid moved with a short, encumbered stride out to the corridor and down to the superintendent's office. He was perspiring inside the flying suit. He knocked at a door marked "Engineering" and opened it. Of the three men sitting at the corner desk, he knew Hartzell, remembering the squat, swarthy man as an aviation dinner speaker at a banquet a long time ago.

"Hello, Mac," Hartzell said. "You know Henry Duane and Maurice Jeffrys, of course. All set for the big ride?"

Sid nodded, shaking hands with Duane, a smooth-faced, compact youngster, and with Jeffrys, tall and spare. He could feel their tension. An eerie, prickly nervousness lay suddenly against his sweating skin. "What is the routine?" he asked.

"Five dives to terminal velocity, with one or more pull-outs to nine G's," said Superintendent Hartzell. "You should remember! It's your design, so you should be pretty proud today."

"I'll tell you how proud I am when I get down," Sid said.

HARTZELL handed him a performance sheet and he read it.

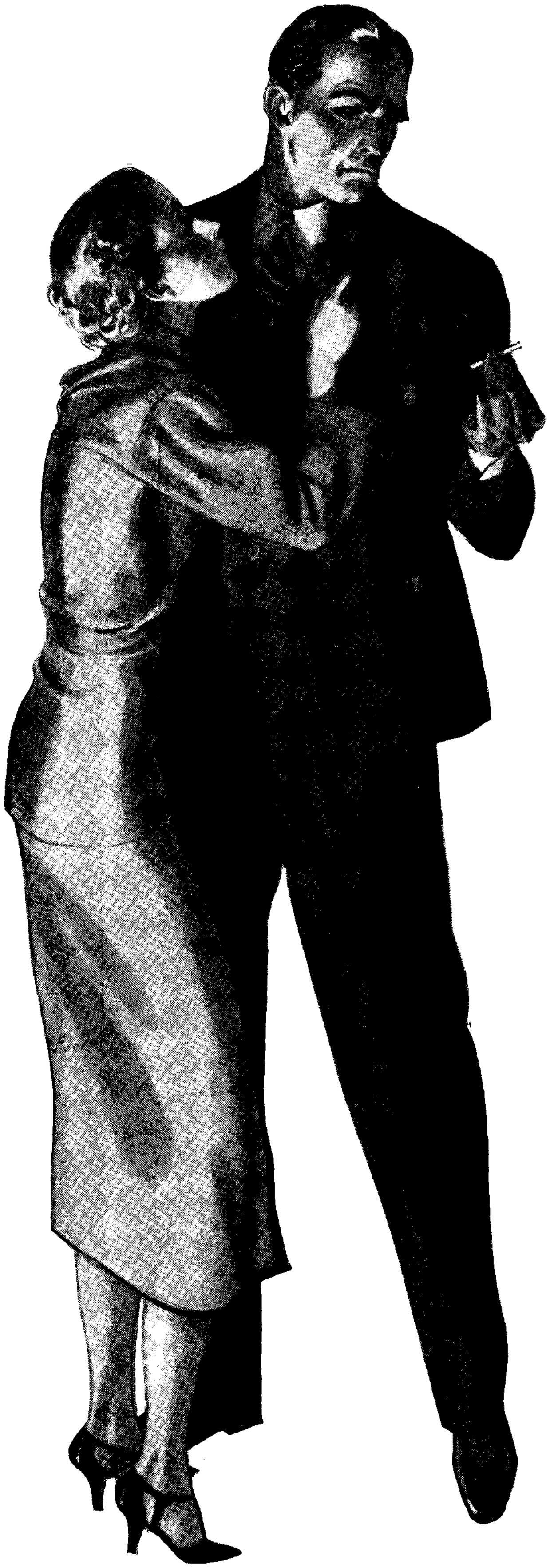
This plane which George had signed a contract to test fly—this plane which George had engineered—had a high speed in excess of three hundred miles an hour! What would be its terminal velocity, Sid wondered? Bleakly he handed back the sheet, telling himself inflexibly that what was going to be was going to be. This was the last thing, probably, that he would ever do for Cynthia.

"All right," he said. "No use wasting time. Let's go."

"One thing," said Duane. "Beverly expected you to test the plane tomorrow. He'll be disappointed that he wasn't here. Would you mind telling us why you wanted the test set up a day?"

"Hunch," said Sid bluntly. The word seemed to explode in the tense quiet of the room. He walked heavily toward the door, pausing for a moment to light a cigarette. His hand was trembling. "You want to tackle jobs like this when you're feeling exactly right."

He heard Jeffrys remark in a tense



"Can't you see, he's afraid of that plane," she said. "And I'm afraid"

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

whisper to Hartzell, "Test work's burning up his nerve. It gets 'em all."

"Maybe it does," Sid snapped. "But if you're so brave, I'll hire you to do this test today. How about it?" Fingers thrust deeply underneath the broad belt of his flying suit, he waited there belligerently. Jeffrys flushed, lowering his gaze. Sid grunted and stalked through the door and down the corridor. At the locker-room, he swung a parachute onto his shoulders.

Then he went out and found the plane—a silver beauty. It wasn't quite ready; he leaned against the tail and waited. It was difficult to wait. He wanted to get started. Standing there, he thought about George and, naturally, thinking about George, he thought of Cynthia again.

HIS mind went back through a space of years, and he saw her, not as the vital, beautiful woman he had left two nights before, a thousand miles away, but as he had seen her the first time. She had moved to Edwardsville after the beginning of the term, in his last year in high school. She was a shy, fair-haired girl with level brown eyes and a rare, cameo kind of loveliness.

He saw her every day in class, which only served to make him dissatisfied with the girls he had been going places with for the past year. He liked her tremendously, but it was not until the Christmas dance at Blackwood Lake that he took her anywhere. It was a warm night for December. They drove out in Sid's father's roadster, with the top down, under a full moon.

Driving, it was colder than they had expected. As the car swayed on the gravel road, Cynthia snuggled down out of the wind. Her shoulder touched Sid's arm, sending a delicious, shuddering excitement through his veins. She looked up at him with sparkling eyes, laughing at the cold, red lips parted in spontaneous excitement. She was lovely.

He wanted terribly to put his arm around her shoulders, but he didn't dare. He drove with both hands on the wheel, wordlessly, mile after mile. Hoar frost sparkled on the pebbles of the road, and the moon bathed the wide plains in a yellow haze.

IMPULSIVELY, when they topped a long hill and could see for miles in all directions, Sid stopped the car and turned out the lights.

Cynthia whispered intensely, "Isn't the night beautiful?"

"Cynthia!"

And, almost without his knowing how it had happened, she was in his arms. His heart beating wildly, he bent his head and kissed her before she could make a move to resist. But she didn't resist. With warm lips she kissed him in return, and then pushed him gently away.

"Cynthia!" he cried softly. "Cynthia!" He was intoxicated with her caress. "Cynthia, how can I tell you—"

He didn't go on. A car came up the hill behind them, fast. The magic of the still night was suddenly gone. Sid started the engine and shifted gears, driving wordlessly again.

Through the first hour, dancing with her in his arms, he tried to recapture that moment on the hill. He knew then that there was no one in the world who would ever mean so much to him. He wanted dreadfully to tell her that, but now the astonishing audacity which he had known for a moment had escaped.

There was a commotion in the hallway of the clubhouse. When the music ended, Sid and Cynthia walked across the floor to find out what it was. From the crowded couples standing there, a tall figure in a military uniform emerged—and Sid saw that it was George.

Momentarily he forgot Cynthia. George McFarland had been away at Army flying schools for the past year. He was four years older than Sid, and he was Sid's idol. He had written that he couldn't get home for Christmas, but at the last moment he had evidently managed it. Sid pumped his hand, eyes shining. Sid said in awe, "Gee!" He reached out and touched the silver wings on George's chest, feasting his eyes upon them, on the splendor of his brother's whipcord uniform. "Gosh!" he said. "You got 'em—you really got your wings."

THE music began again, but Sid didn't hear it. He had never been so proud of anything as he was that George had got through Kelly Field. George was grinning, beaming down at him. George was a man of parts, an officer, with his own plane to fly across country. "Sure," George grinned. He looked at Cynthia with speculative interest. He smiled at her, asked, "Who's this, Sid? She didn't live in Edwardsville before I went to Randolph Field, I know!"

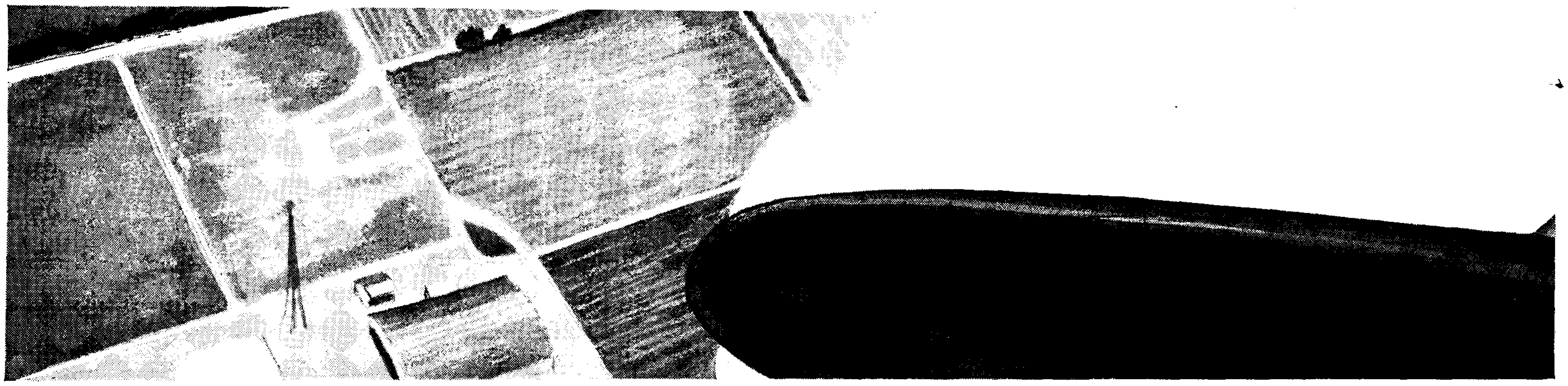
"Oh," Sid said. "Excuse me, Cynthia. This is George, my brother, and he's just come back from Kelly Field. Pretty hot stuff, isn't he? George, you dance with Cynthia."

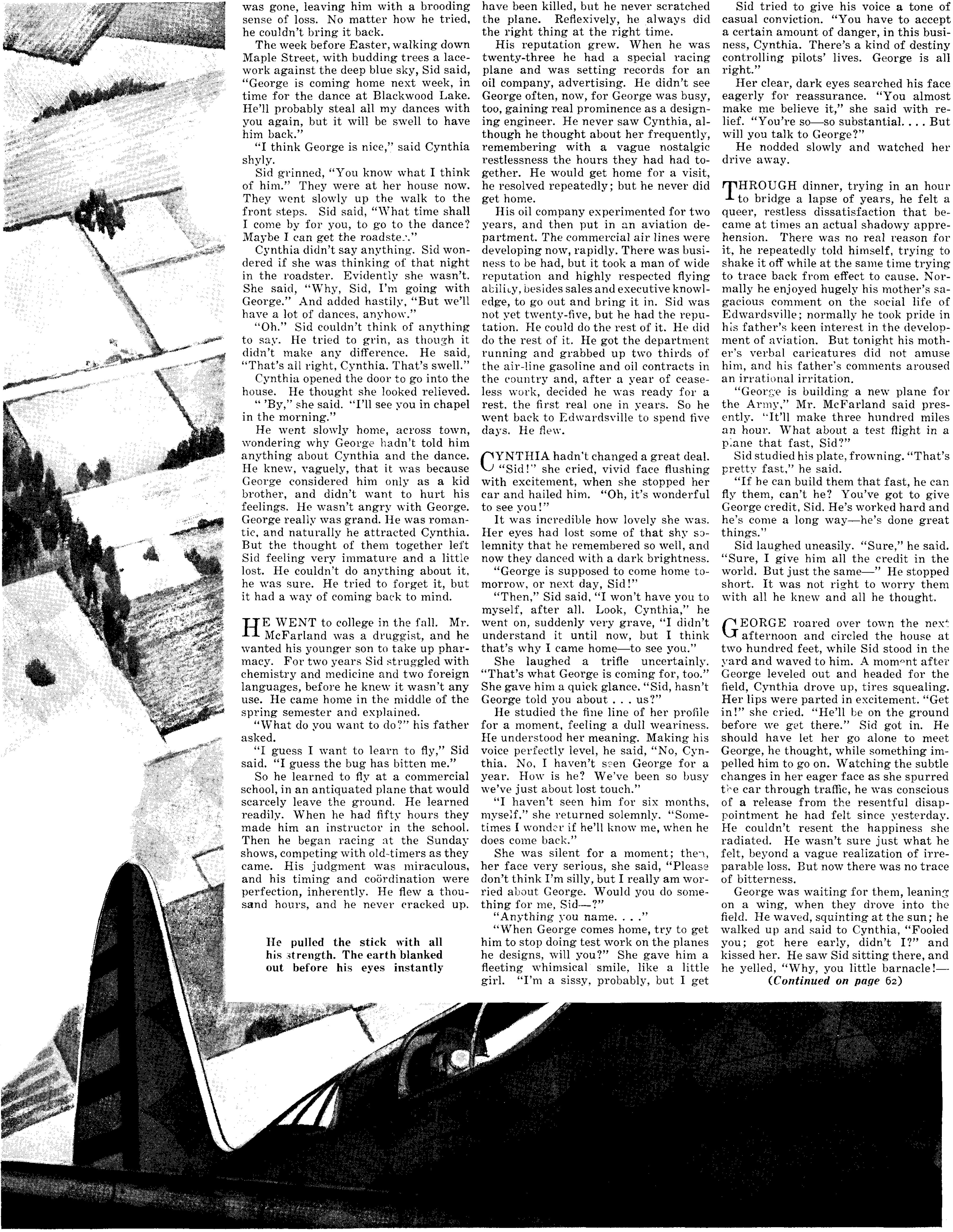
He watched them move away together. George was tall. George and Cynthia made a grand-looking couple. George's boots sparkled at every step, and Cynthia's white dress was molded to her slim figure as she moved. She was beautiful, and George was handsome, smiling at her with that half amused, rather worldly smile, Sid thought.

George danced a lot with Cynthia. Sid danced with Julie Deenan twice, and he stood out a dance. He was glad George liked Cynthia; he got a very real pleasure from the fact that George seemed to enjoy dancing with her. Sid had two dances with her during the remainder of the evening, and while she seemed exhilarated, she had become strangely remote.

When the dance was over he and Sid took Cynthia home together, George more valiant and glamorous than ever, telling of the flying he had done.

After that, except in high school, Sid didn't see Cynthia again until the Easter dance. Cynthia's mother wouldn't let her go with boys. He walked home with her occasionally, but it was unsatisfactory. Something had happened to them. That delicate harmony which had





He pulled the stick with all his strength. The earth blanked out before his eyes instantly

once existed through protracted silences was gone, leaving him with a brooding sense of loss. No matter how he tried, he couldn't bring it back.

The week before Easter, walking down Maple Street, with budding trees a lacework against the deep blue sky, Sid said, "George is coming home next week, in time for the dance at Blackwood Lake. He'll probably steal all my dances with you again, but it will be swell to have him back."

"I think George is nice," said Cynthia shyly.

Sid grinned, "You know what I think of him." They were at her house now. They went slowly up the walk to the front steps. Sid said, "What time shall I come by for you, to go to the dance? Maybe I can get the roadster."

Cynthia didn't say anything. Sid wondered if she was thinking of that night in the roadster. Evidently she wasn't. She said, "Why, Sid, I'm going with George." And added hastily, "But we'll have a lot of dances, anyhow."

"Oh." Sid couldn't think of anything to say. He tried to grin, as though it didn't make any difference. He said, "That's all right, Cynthia. That's swell."

Cynthia opened the door to go into the house. He thought she looked relieved.

"'By," she said. "I'll see you in chapel in the morning."

He went slowly home, across town, wondering why George hadn't told him anything about Cynthia and the dance. He knew, vaguely, that it was because George considered him only as a kid brother, and didn't want to hurt his feelings. He wasn't angry with George. George really was grand. He was romantic, and naturally he attracted Cynthia. But the thought of them together left Sid feeling very immature and a little lost. He couldn't do anything about it, he was sure. He tried to forget it, but it had a way of coming back to mind.

HE WENT to college in the fall. Mr. McFarland was a druggist, and he wanted his younger son to take up pharmacy. For two years Sid struggled with chemistry and medicine and two foreign languages, before he knew it wasn't any use. He came home in the middle of the spring semester and explained.

"What do you want to do?" his father asked.

"I guess I want to learn to fly," Sid said. "I guess the bug has bitten me."

So he learned to fly at a commercial school, in an antiquated plane that would scarcely leave the ground. He learned readily. When he had fifty hours they made him an instructor in the school. Then he began racing at the Sunday shows, competing with old-timers as they came. His judgment was miraculous, and his timing and coördination were perfection, inherently. He flew a thousand hours, and he never cracked up. There were a dozen times when he should have been killed, but he never scratched the plane. Reflexively, he always did the right thing at the right time.

His reputation grew. When he was twenty-three he had a special racing plane and was setting records for an oil company, advertising. He didn't see George often, now, for George was busy, too, gaining real prominence as a designing engineer. He never saw Cynthia, although he thought about her frequently, remembering with a vague nostalgic restlessness the hours they had had together. He would get home for a visit, he resolved repeatedly; but he never did get home.

His oil company experimented for two years, and then put in an aviation department. The commercial air lines were developing now, rapidly. There was business to be had, but it took a man of wide reputation and highly respected flying ability, besides sales and executive knowledge, to go out and bring it in. Sid was not yet twenty-five, but he had the reputation. He could do the rest of it. He did do the rest of it. He got the department running and grabbed up two thirds of the air-line gasoline and oil contracts in the country and, after a year of ceaseless work, decided he was ready for a rest, the first real one in years. So he went back to Edwardsville to spend five days. He flew.

CYNTHIA hadn't changed a great deal. "Sid!" she cried, vivid face flushing with excitement, when she stopped her car and hailed him. "Oh, it's wonderful to see you!"

It was incredible how lovely she was. Her eyes had lost some of that shy solemnity that he remembered so well, and now they danced with a dark brightness.

"George is supposed to come home tomorrow, or next day, Sid!"

"Then," Sid said, "I won't have you to myself, after all. Look, Cynthia," he went on, suddenly very grave, "I didn't understand it until now, but I think that's why I came home—to see you."

She laughed a trifle uncertainly. "That's what George is coming for, too." She gave him a quick glance. "Sid, hasn't George told you about . . . us?"

He studied the fine line of her profile for a moment, feeling a dull weariness. He understood her meaning. Making his voice perfectly level, he said, "No, Cynthia. No, I haven't seen George for a year. How is he? We've been so busy we've just about lost touch."

"I haven't seen him for six months, myself," she returned solemnly. "Sometimes I wonder if he'll know me, when he does come back."

She was silent for a moment; then, her face very serious, she said, "Please don't think I'm silly, but I really am worried about George. Would you do something for me, Sid—?"

"Anything you name. . . ."

"When George comes home, try to get him to stop doing test work on the planes he designs, will you?" She gave him a fleeting whimsical smile, like a little girl. "I'm a sissy, probably, but I get so . . . terribly frightened sometimes."

Sid tried to give his voice a tone of casual conviction. "You have to accept a certain amount of danger, in this business, Cynthia. There's a kind of destiny controlling pilots' lives. George is all right."

Her clear, dark eyes searched his face eagerly for reassurance. "You almost make me believe it," she said with relief. "You're so—so substantial. . . . But will you talk to George?"

He nodded slowly and watched her drive away.

THROUGH dinner, trying in an hour to bridge a lapse of years, he felt a queer, restless dissatisfaction that became at times an actual shadowy apprehension. There was no real reason for it, he repeatedly told himself, trying to shake it off while at the same time trying to trace back from effect to cause. Normally he enjoyed hugely his mother's sagacious comment on the social life of Edwardsville; normally he took pride in his father's keen interest in the development of aviation. But tonight his mother's verbal caricatures did not amuse him, and his father's comments aroused an irrational irritation.

"George is building a new plane for the Army," Mr. McFarland said presently. "It'll make three hundred miles an hour. What about a test flight in a plane that fast, Sid?"

Sid studied his plate, frowning. "That's pretty fast," he said.

"If he can build them that fast, he can fly them, can't he? You've got to give George credit, Sid. He's worked hard and he's come a long way—he's done great things."

Sid laughed uneasily. "Sure," he said. "Sure, I give him all the credit in the world. But just the same—" He stopped short. It was not right to worry them with all he knew and all he thought.

GEORGE roared over town the next afternoon and circled the house at two hundred feet, while Sid stood in the yard and waved to him. A moment after George leveled out and headed for the field, Cynthia drove up, tires squealing. Her lips were parted in excitement. "Get in!" she cried. "He'll be on the ground before we get there." Sid got in. He should have let her go alone to meet George, he thought, while something impelled him to go on. Watching the subtle changes in her eager face as she spurred the car through traffic, he was conscious of a release from the resentful disappointment he had felt since yesterday. He couldn't resent the happiness she radiated. He wasn't sure just what he felt, beyond a vague realization of irreparable loss. But now there was no trace of bitterness.

George was waiting for them, leaning on a wing, when they drove into the field. He waved, squinting at the sun; he walked up and said to Cynthia, "Fooled you; got here early, didn't I?" and kissed her. He saw Sid sitting there, and he yelled, "Why, you little barnacle!—

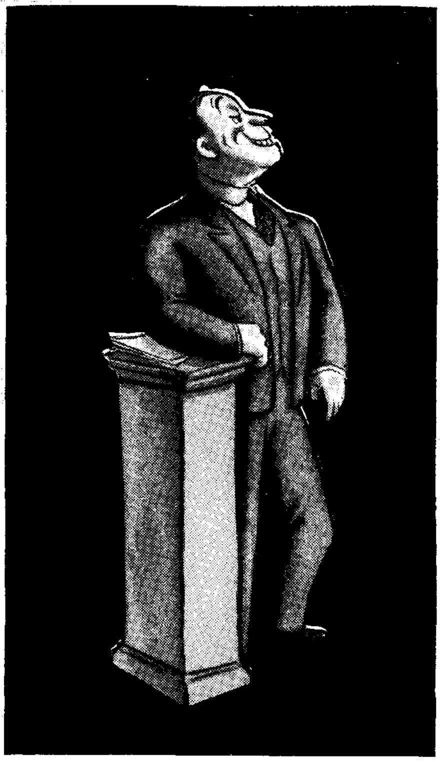
(Continued on page 62)

How's Your Father; How's Your Mother?

By Walter Davenport

Perhaps we've been wasting our time. Foreign affairs, politics, economic problems, unemployment problems—all silly. There's one solution (we're told) to all of them. Townsendism. Give two hundred a month to each free and unconvicted citizen of sixty or more and you automatically usher in the millennium. And the Townsendeer, crusading with heart-wrenching eloquence, has convinced thousands of free and unconvicted citizens—especially those around the age of sixty

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM STEIG



The melter looked vastly pleased, as any artist might

AT FIRST we thought he was speaking of the Lord. We had come late. "These, dear friends, are hiiiis words, not mine," the speaker was saying. He spoke slowly, reverently, sweetly melancholy. A devotional hush was on his audience, silencing the dry staccato of the coughing and the rustle and thump of restlessness. It was hot that day in Los Angeles. In the packed theater it was worse: the heat outside had no odor. "Hiiis words, not mine. It is to hiiim we look for our light, not to Wall Street, the money changers. In hiiim, our leader and our guide, we find the truuuuth. To hiiim we lift up our eyes from whence cometh our strength."

But presently, after many more hiiims and heeees, long drawn out in velvety caress, he let us know that he spoke of Doctor Townsend. The man was an artist working in willing clay. The gray faces uplifted in the gloom out in front of him were contorted by all the easy emotions from ecstasy to self-pity. The lips that moved out there with his were loose, tremulous, eager to anticipate him. The man knew his audience; he probably took pride in the increasing frequency of the tear swabbing. But perhaps this heart-wringing was no longer a novelty.

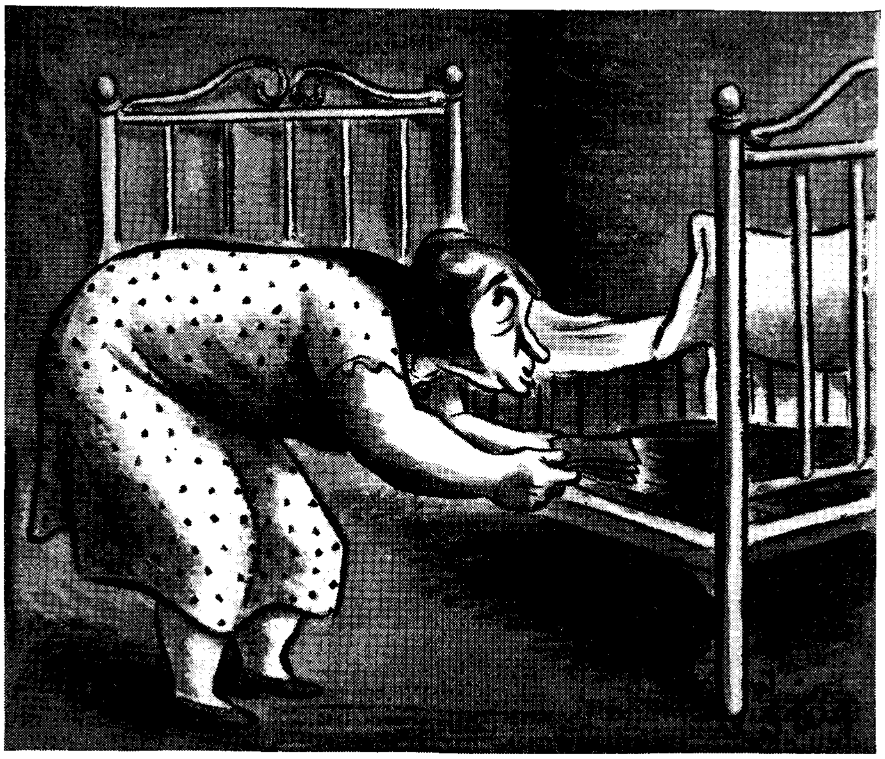
The Voice That Never Falters

Two years ago he was organizing Utopian Clubs in the Imperial Valley, tightening the throats and freeing the passions of thousands with sobbed recitals of their wrongs and promises of toil-free profits. When Utopia went the inevitable way of all effortless Edens, he had turned to EPIC and helped Upton Sinclair garner nearly a million votes although Doctor Townsend had spurned Sinclair's patent of heaven on earth, having a vision of his own. But such heartstring twangers as this chap always survive a lost cause and forever wear the cockade of a new one. So now he was Townsending. Tomorrow he will be another messiah's prophet.

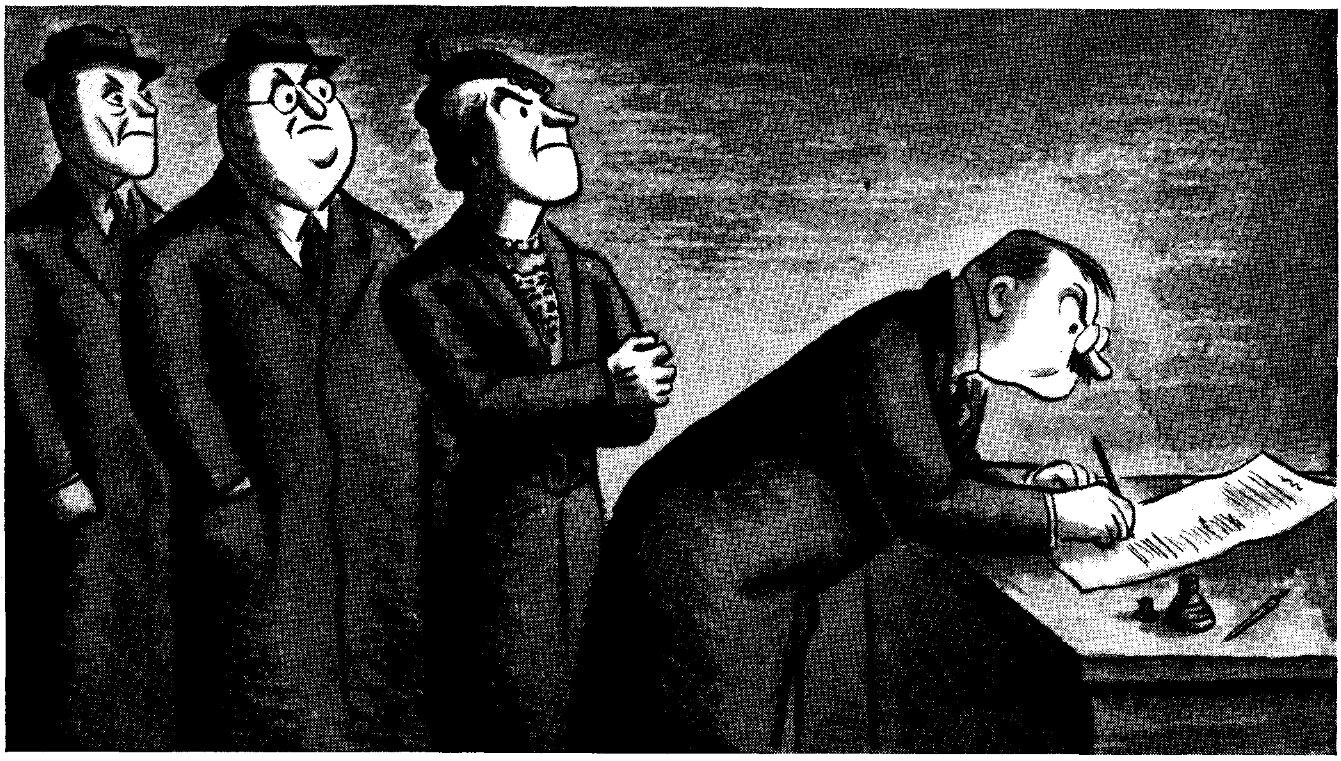
They told us that the Salvation Army gave him his start, saving him in Bakersfield from an alcoholic hell. He had a gospel tent of his own before the depression, and he loved to talk about it. He said that the very same bankers and the same arrogant men of wealth who now were trying (all in vain) to block the writ-in-Heaven Plan of that Man of God, Francis E. Townsend, had burned his tent because he would not let them dictate his messages. His eyelids were badly inflamed, doubtless from weeping.

"Heeee," he crooned, his voice swelling in tremolo, "is not what our enemies call an economist. An *economist*, dear friends, is like a medical expert on the witness stand; he is paid to say what his employer wants to hear. Noooo, heeee is not an economist. Neither was Moses. Neither was Paul. Neither were the apostles at Pentecost. But as surely as the Lord spoke to Moses and Paul, as surely as he spoke to Jacob and Abraham, so surely did Heeee speak to hiiiim in Long Beach and give hiiiim the message heeee is now spreading for you. The Townsend Plan is God's will; God never goes back on Hiiis word."

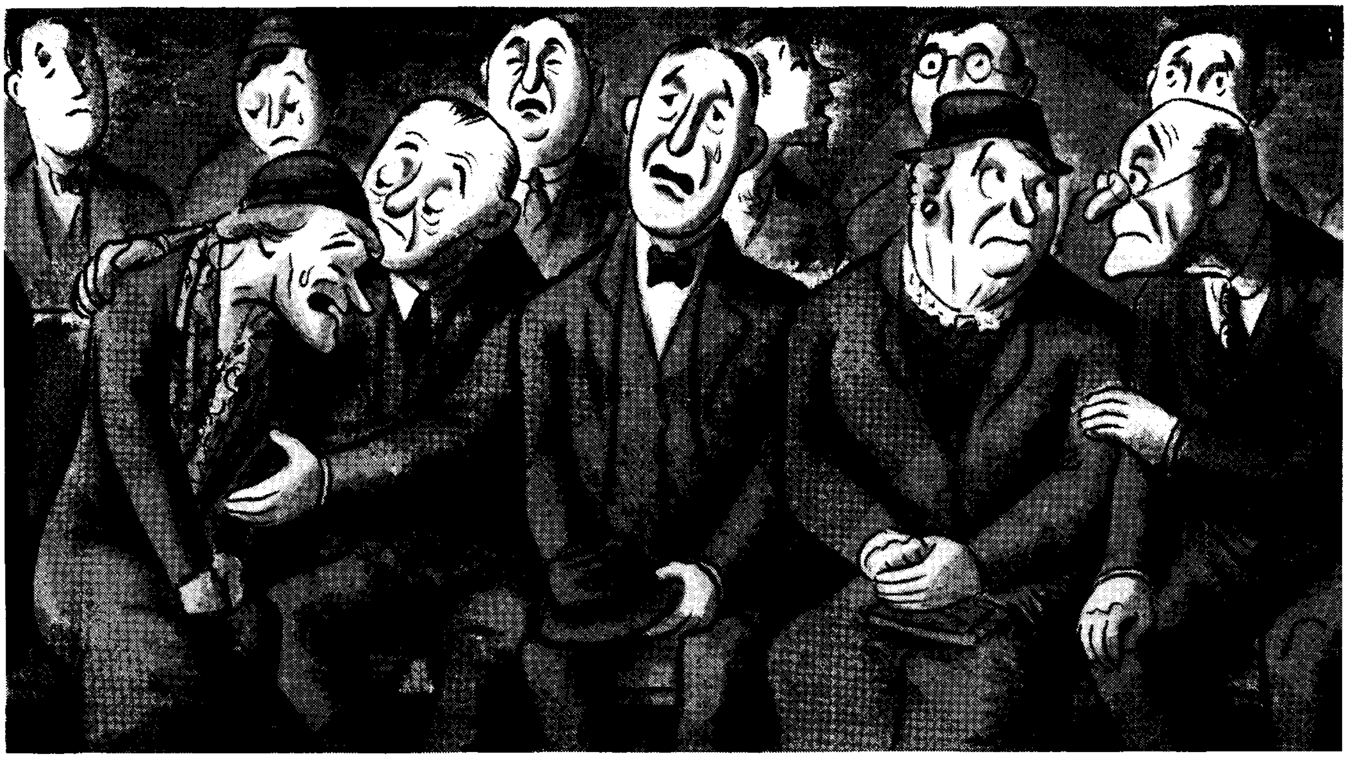
Before we had got into the suffocating place with its heavy, stale smell of sweat and medicament, another speaker had swiftly rattled off the heart-racing for-



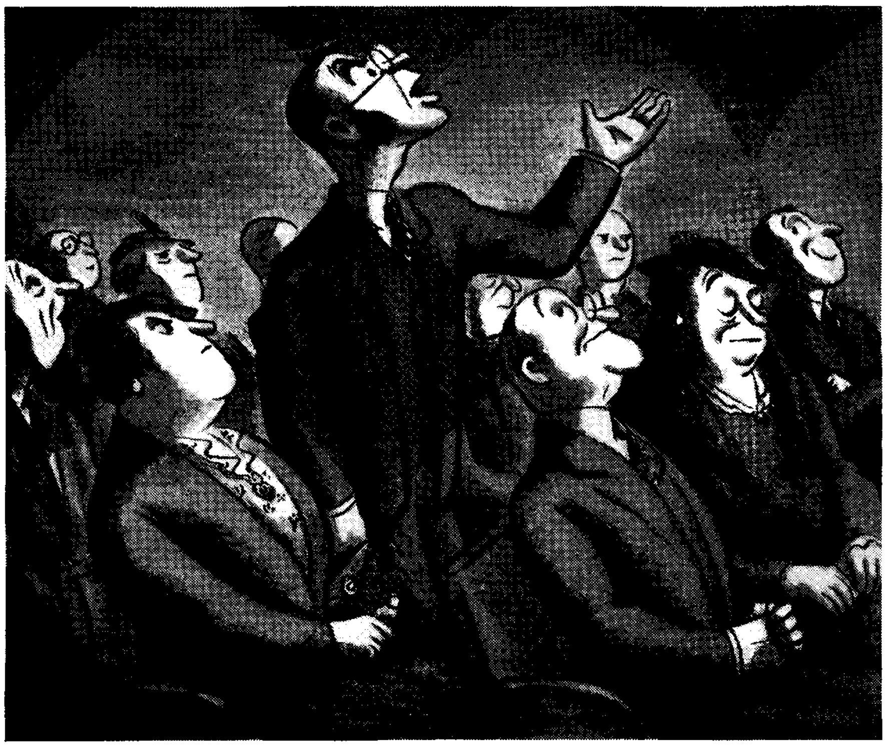
None of the direct beneficiaries—the oldsters who get the two hundred a month —would dream of hoarding



The number of Townsend clubs, he claimed, is increasing by twenty-five each week

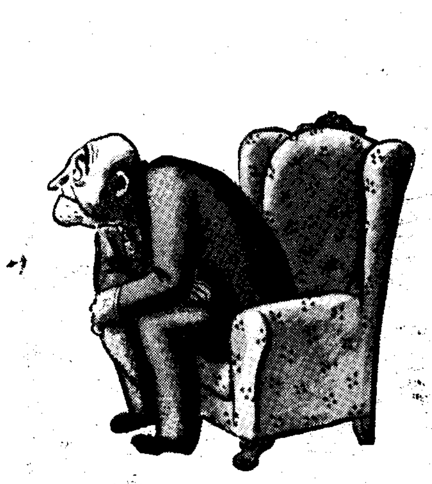


There were faintings and "spells." Weeping threatened to become general and a weak hysteria broke out



Then almost everybody had amendments to offer

mula of two hundred dollars a month and perpetual plenty. When this something-for-nothing spieler to whom we were now listening had finished, another speaker would mount the rostrum and tell them that the next Congress would descend upon Washington singing The Word like Cromwell's roundheads and the picture of Doctor Townsend would be set up "in those glorious halls" beside the portraits of Washington, The Founder, and Lincoln, The Saver. Doctor Townsend would be The Restorer. We are merely setting down what they said. Doctor Townsend and his Plan had risen, he assured us, because it was God's will that America be saved from the "doom and dark horror of Godless and bloody Communism" which was soon to destroy all Europe. And in proof of the impending fate of Europe, he read a letter from a preacher, who was also a Townsendite, who had just returned from a six-weeks cruise to the Holy Land.



Nobody having a criminal record will be eligible

But the offices of this fellow we were listening to—this professional Voice in the Wilderness—were of a wholly different order. You see, it is no longer necessary to tell them what Townsendism proposes to do. They know all that—two hundred dollars a month at sixty. Only a genius could forget that. And it would be too bad to waste time telling them how Townsendism was going to be accomplished, or where government would get the money to give eight or ten million people two hundred dollars every month. To go into that would be merely to argue with the enemy; and from Doctor Townsend himself had come the warning against debate with the enemy.

All Out of Step but The Plan

As Mohammed forbade the faithful to discuss The Truth in the presence of the devil because the fiend had a hell of a way with him, so the Townsend propagandists beseech their recruits to hold no parleys with The Enemy lest their minds be poisoned with false facts of life. No rationalization of Townsendism is to be tolerated. Townsendism is, they assure you, economically just, even if under existing conditions and prevailing codes it lacks adaptability. But being just and therefore righteous, all prevailing conditions and practices antagonistic to it or inimical to its forthright adoption must be altered to fit—or abolished.

And yet Doctor Townsend and his hard-boiled manager, Mr. Robert E. Clements, cofounder and national secretary, will assure you with considerable vigor that not one hair of the gray head of capitalism or the profit system may be touched. Not even Senator Hastings of Delaware nor Mr. Herbert Hoover himself are more whole-souled than Mr. Clements, once a very successful real-estate promoter, in their defense of capitalism and the profit system. And anybody so deluded as to imagine anything ruddier than a soft rosiness in Townsendism is hopelessly misled. Even this kindly hue is not political; it is merely the color of the Lotus sunset which will never grow dim and in which all of us, from the nursery to the churchyard, will tread the good life in peace, perfect peace. The reason Doctor Townsend did not join forces with Mr. Upton Sinclair in California, why he threw his influence to Mr. Merriam for governor was, you are assured, that Mr. Sinclair was socialistic, anticapitalistic, even spotty with Communism. And if you should care to witness and hear Communism and Socialism get a thorough bawling-out you might attend a large Townsend revival and wait until the speaker asks his audience whether America is going to abandon a single syllable or millimeter of her proud and glorious institutions for the slavery, godlessness and injustice of Red Russian Radicalism. The response will virtually blow you out of your vest and when the uproar is ended you probably will be on your feet with the rest of the congregation singing The Star-Spangled Banner. No, capitalism—even the good old McKinley era brand—is safe with Townsendism.

The Cure for All Human Ills

In fact, Mr. Clements told us, the Townsend Plan will be capitalism's salvation. Listen to their stout disclaimers of any upsetting objective and you behold The Plan as an unsinkable Grace Darling rowing lustily and even merrily from its inextinguishable lighthouse with its revolving fund beacon to the foundering steamship of our beloved traditions. They will save not only the white-faced passengers praying at the rails, but fetch the ship safely into port. And there in the harbor of the blest, safe, snug and stormproof on the glory shore, it will forever ride with its whistle emitting gospel hymns and the bosun piping lullabys.

Like William Aberhart's fandango of Social Credit in Alberta, like the late Huey Long's Share-the-Wealth abracadabra and all the other political grabs at the tail of the golden calf, it presupposes a perfect state of society. Under Townsendism nobody would dream of cheating—and thereby wrecking the ship. There would be no political racketeering nor personal dishonesty. Everybody, inspired by the example of the leader, Doctor Townsend, would joyfully live up to the rules. Selfishness, greed, avarice, rapacity, cupidity and venality would never again corrode our daily lives. None of the direct beneficiaries—the oldsters who would get the two hundred a month—would dream of hoarding, conniving at false reports, making deceitful statements of their financial standings nor in any minute particular infringe upon the tenets of true patriotism.

As the prohibitionists naïvely assured us that the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Law would make total abstainers of us all, so the Townsendeers insist that The Plan will wash us whiter than snow. Those of us who are less than sixty will gladly pay the pyramided taxes because our hearts will be light and gay in the sunshine of the smile of the old folks at home in a happy land that was once far, far away.

Dirty Work by the Enemy

Not until you have attended a number of Townsend meetings will it dawn upon you how guiltless, patriotic, unselfish and coöperative men and women become at the age of sixty. You who once pondered the question of the relative cruelty of the selfishness of age and the thoughtlessness of youth will be surprised to learn that age was never selfish, that motherhood and fatherhood are marvelous cleansers—particularly after sixty. No American parent or grandparent, having arrived at the magical three score, will tolerate idleness in youth nor permit younger members of the family to squat on the old man's pension. Only The Enemy would harbor the thought.

And only The Enemy would suggest that the great revolving fund—say two billion dollars a month—would suffer monthly impairment or diminution because some of the more frugal or even secretly skeptical, fearful that the

(Continued on page 50)

The Lotus and the Rose

By Sidney Herschel Small

Young New England and old China. . . . The adventures of Richard Bartlett and his band of American traders in the land of the Dragon

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GANNAM

THE Chinese faced the American factory as if they realized that all other foreigners had fled from Canton; Richard Bartlett, at the window, had never seen anything so barbarically splendid as the display of Asia's strength. Jehol bowmen, in green and maroon, stood beside saffron-robed Kansu soldiers; tribesmen from the hills, purple jackets trimmed with leopard fur, shouldered among loot-hungry conscripts; Peking guards, sky-blue tunics flashing with dragons, crimson trousers tied above bare feet with cords, strutted about carrying two-handed swords.

"They will enjoy being our butchers," Rich heard one of Bartlett and Company's men mutter. "We should have gone, in the night, with the others. We will be killed. Tortured."

Rich was responsible for remaining. The British had departed, and with them Agathea Warren; Rich had met her, unceremoniously, when she had been deserted by her boat coolie. He had learned, that day, how opium was being distributed in tea canisters, and the discovery had almost been fatal to them both. It had been amusing to the girl that her father, long before, had found Rich's mother lovely, when white women were not permitted in China. She was in Bartlett's mind as he said, "It is not so bad as you fear," to the uneasy company men. "The Americans are not actually hated."

Not hated, his cousin Sam Bartlett admitted; despised. The seizure of opium—twenty thousand chests—Sam continued, was merely an excuse to rid the land of the white barbarians; the mandarins would sell it themselves. "You," said Sam, "may have had a hand in hastening what amounts to theft; you showed how widely the opium was being sold. Your Agathea, after all, is British; it was largely their goods which were confiscated. Perhaps that is why you have not seen her."

"It is not the opium which causes trouble," Rich said, thinking of both the girl and the trouble, "but the mounting debts of the Chinese merchants, which cannot be paid. We, like the other factors, have traded too willingly, although, with our faster vessels, we have bought so much tea that our accounts nearly balance. When they do, and if we may depart with our goods, then I will go. The mandarins shall not have what is ours."

"They have already frightened away our servants," Sam said. "Better leave Lowell sheetings here than our heads." Trade had changed because of the clippers; Panama, Ariel, Ann Bartlett, White Squall, took no nankeens to America, but cottons to China, together with lead ingots from Gibraltar, rice from Manila, ginseng, Swedish steel; on the return voyages, only tea was carried. Vessels from other nations sailed half empty; the East India Company had lost its power and privileges; David had laid Goliath at the bottom of the sea. "Was that not what Agathea said?"

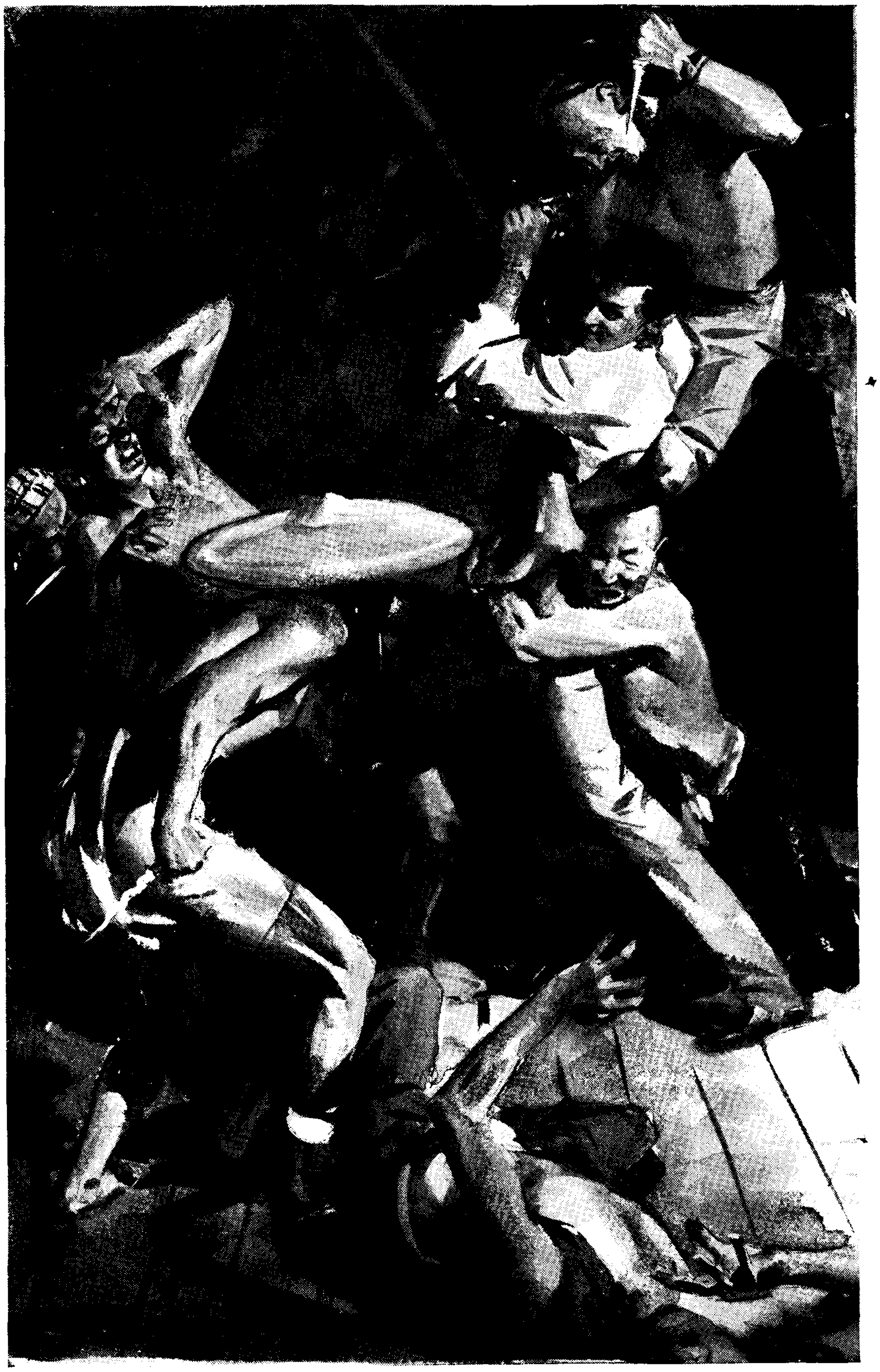
"She said we are a parcel of Yankee traders. . . ."

Agathea might have told him goodby. It was a mistake to have argued with her; he had set out to convince her that he should not flee, since his company had never traded in opium, and it was amazing how one word led to another; the contempt with which she said "dollars" was unbelievable. And now she was gone down-river to the protection of her country's warships, and he would never see her again. What was most unfair was her saying that there must be some better reason why he insisted upon remaining; she had put her arms about him when she said that, and withdrawn them, wrathfully, when he still refused to leave.

"I am a damned Yankee trader," Rich snapped. Sam laughed.

FLAMES spattered up across the city; English goods were being burned. Trouble had been expected; at the river mouth were British ships of war and troops, although ranged against them were forts and batteries, junks armed with cannon, fire rafts, and thousands of soldiers eager to impose the will of the Heavenly Dynasty on the unwanted white barbarians. What the Americans saw was only a portion of the assembling host; would these, on their way to the forts, first wipe out the factories? Sam Bartlett said, "The English seek more than protection," and Rich agreed; one ship would have been sufficient to take the factors and their families to safety. "About Agathea," Sam said, lower, "I am sorry. When you argued, you should have kissed her."

There was a lump in Richard's throat. "She amused herself with me." She had led him a dance;



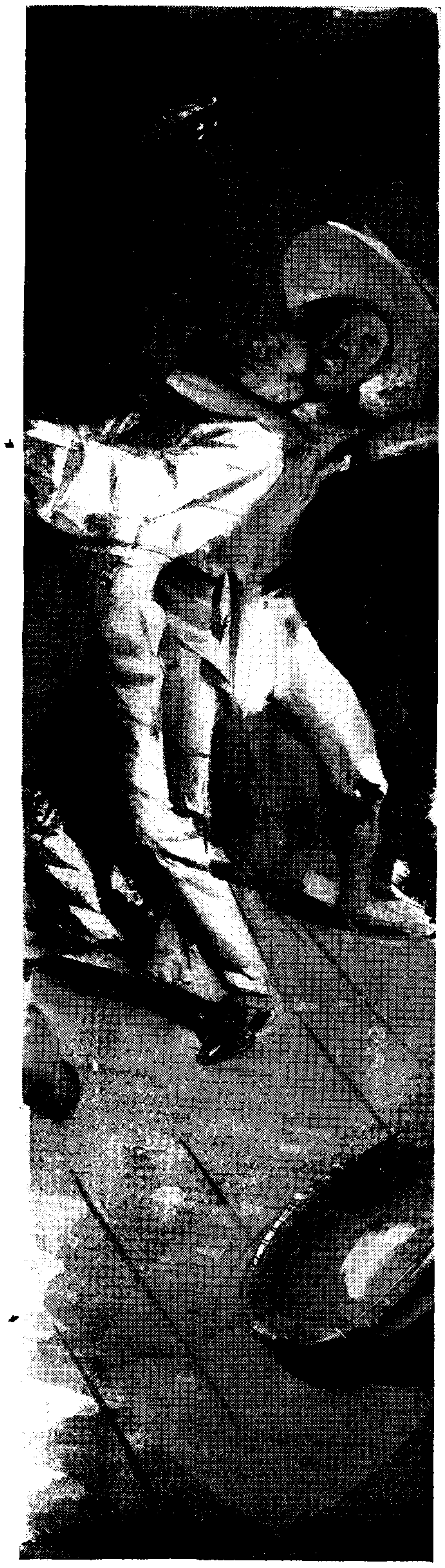
Someone leaped, ape-like, to his back; Rich, turning, felt heat sear his shoulder today, she might be melting, tomorrow, holding him off with her fingertips. It had been maddening. "The officers at Whampoa will understand how to say pretty words," Rich growled. Rich, Sam said, would of course die here, a hero, and Agathea would always be regretful. "I may take a Chinese woman," Rich said darkly, and Sam managed to hold down his laughter.

Blaring trumpets took them all to the window; the portly hong merchant who handled the American accounts waddled through the throng. With him were clerks carrying many sacks; with him, also, the factors saw a slender Chinese girl, in blazing crimson and orange silk.

"It appears," Sam remarked, "as if you are to have your wish, Rich. Thank heaven you did not decide upon a herd of elephants."

Silver dollars were tested, jade rings and silver cups appraised, a bolt of silk examined.

"The girl," intoned the merchant, "makes up any difference in the total." Sam winked at one of the men; Rich, alert, saw it. "The debt is consumed?"



"You owe us nothing," Rich said savagely. The wink had done it. "Is permission granted by the mandarins for us to remove our goods?" The merchant shook his head. "So you have cleared your debt, and when everything is confiscated, you will receive your share." Bartlett and Company would take no profit from the transaction.

"They have tricked us," Sam said, when the merchant departed.

RICH had not forgotten the wink. "Have they?" he demanded. He looked at the girl; there was a subtle perfume, something about her shining downcast head which set his pulses to throbbing. "The value of the maid," he said, "is four thousand dollars, or such is the difference in totals. Charge that against me." Her hand was cold, like untouched jade, but she lifted her eyes as she followed him dutifully toward the door.

Her name was Teng Chi, her real name on the family scrolls; she should not have told him, but he was now her lord. Her hand fluttered obediently into his, and, lowering her head, she touched it against Rich's chest. Bewildered by the amazing fact that the girl was not a purchased flower-maid, and already repenting his goaded decision, Rich, because he could think of nothing else to do, opened the door to his room. He stood stock-still, and then fairly ran inside. "Agathea," he called. "Agathea!" and caught her up in his arms.

She clung to him, face hidden. "I thought you would never come. I told Sir George I would go in the longboat, and advised Captain Wayne I would depart with Sir George. All night long I hid in the tea chests; you will pay mightily for my discomforts! I do love you." Rich kissed the top of her bright head. "I wished you to go because I feared what might happen should you remain. Whatever else I intimated, whatever else I said, you must forget. I love you dreadfully, and—" lifting her warm face—"I have heard that men here—I was jealous. . . ."

Teng Chi stood in the doorway, and as the English girl raised her eyes she saw her, and saw that she was beautiful. Furiously, she avoided Rich's kiss. "So that is why you remained!" she breathed. Her hand, while Teng Chi stared, cracked against the man's cheek, and then she pushed past him. Rich could hear her voice as she entered the main room; he did not hear what the Chinese maid whispered—that his first wife was angry, and that it was so in Chinese households when the lord obtained additional women, but she would serve them both so faithfully that the white lady would soon love her, and be pleased that their lord was completely happy.

AGATHEA was talking, sipping Madeira, when man and girl came to the main room: "Not only was every particle of opium to be delivered to the mandarins, but a bond required, violation of which meant death."

They had heard of the demand, Sam was saying. It was Rich's opinion that it was an excuse to escape the debts.

"His opinion," sniffed Agathea, to Sam's delight. "I think so little of his opinion."

Rich drew Teng Chi beside him. "Is it not good?" he asked, and Sam turned away to conceal his laughter. "She is young, pretty, dutiful, of excellent family. A good match for a Yankee trader." The glass in Agathea's hand spilled a drop of Madeira to the cloth. He led Teng Chi to a chair and went to the window; barriers were being built across the streets leading to the factories. "We are to be held here," Rich said.

"Again," said Agathea, "Mr. Bartlett is wrong. They do fortify the city because our soldiers will shortly attack, as soon as the way is cleared of forts." The Americans, from the least clerk to the two Bartletts, listened gravely; she talked, Rich thought, like the pompous Sir George, and was expressing what the English factor must have said: "The Chinese wish to make Canton into a Yedo, where no commerce is permitted with white nations—that will soon be altered." Pride lifted her head. "*We* will not be driven away! And you, sir—" to Rich—"will beg, beg, beg, for permission to sell so much as one tiny pin. You will beg it of me! And I will say—"

"I have never been good at begging," Rich said. Her anger made him gentle. "I do know that we, the Americans, have secured much of the China trade; England, however, is at peace with China, and there has been no declaration of war. If an attack is made on the forts, we, here, will hardly see what happens after." He choked; Agathea, rolling a sweet biscuit to fragments, had remained because of him, and he had acted like a dolt. He must explain: "This very morning, our merchant arrived with Teng Chi—"

"And exceeding kind it was of him," Agathea said scornfully. "I wish you joy of her." She stood up, slim as the Chinese maid. "I am tired, perhaps—"

A clerk showed the way to a sleeping chamber. Sam Bartlett said, "So the British are up to something. Everyone, save us, undoubtedly knows the details. Opium gave them their start; opium will be their finish. They can never pass the forts."

It was not opium, Rich said; the English merchants attempted to trade honestly, and were opposed to continuance of the traffic. . . . He knew all of the arguments; loss of opium sales would cost the British government a million and a half sterling in revenues, their territories were peculiarly fitted to growing the poppy, the very mandarins who had petitioned Queen Victoria were profiting from it, China's insults would diminish power in India. . . . But back of all were the debts owed to the white companies.

"It would have been more sensible not to have traded like hogs," Sam admitted. "Luckily none of the Asiatic nations are sufficiently intelligent to learn from our civilized teaching concerning methods of trade. Is China to become another India; did she mean that?"

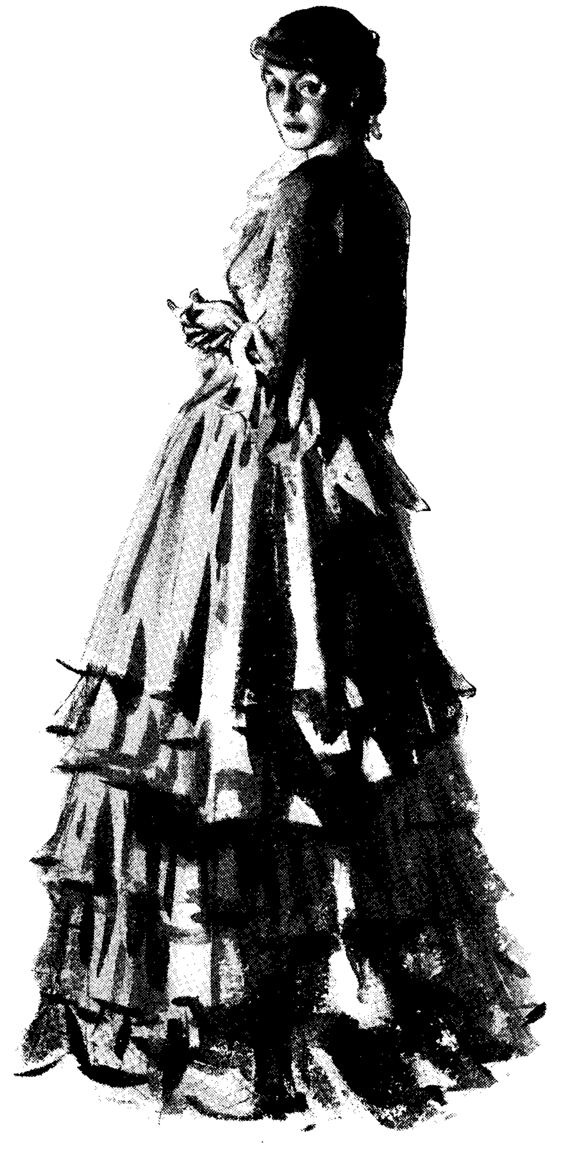
Rich glanced at Teng Chi, placid and motionless, and lovely. "Our attitude toward women," he said, "has not endeared us, either. What am I to do with her, Sam? I cannot, certainly, return her; it would be considered another insult."

"Do?" said Sam. The horde outside was growing steadily. "Open the last of the fine brown wine from Spain. It would be shameful to allow the unappreciative heathen to guzzle it. I have no other advice, Rich."

The clerk who was given the keys was halfway through the door when he was thrust aside; Agathea, one hand to her breast, remained framed in the doorway. "They are coming," she managed to say, as if terror almost prevented speech; Rich saw how chalk-white her face was, and, in the same moment, knew that she had, first, said his name. "Chinese," she choked out. "They are coming already."

In the room where she had been, Sam and the others behind him, Rich followed her pointing finger with his eyes; all that he saw was the tiled roofs, the far tower of a pagoda with the sun on it, the blank pale sky; then, as he was about to speak he saw the two straining yellow hands on the sill. The fingers shifted their hold; the top of a head, hair coiled on it like black serpents, appeared; when the eyes came level with the sill, Rich leaped forward. He had the Chinese by the hair, up through the window and on the floor; the knife which had been between the man's teeth clattered to the matting.

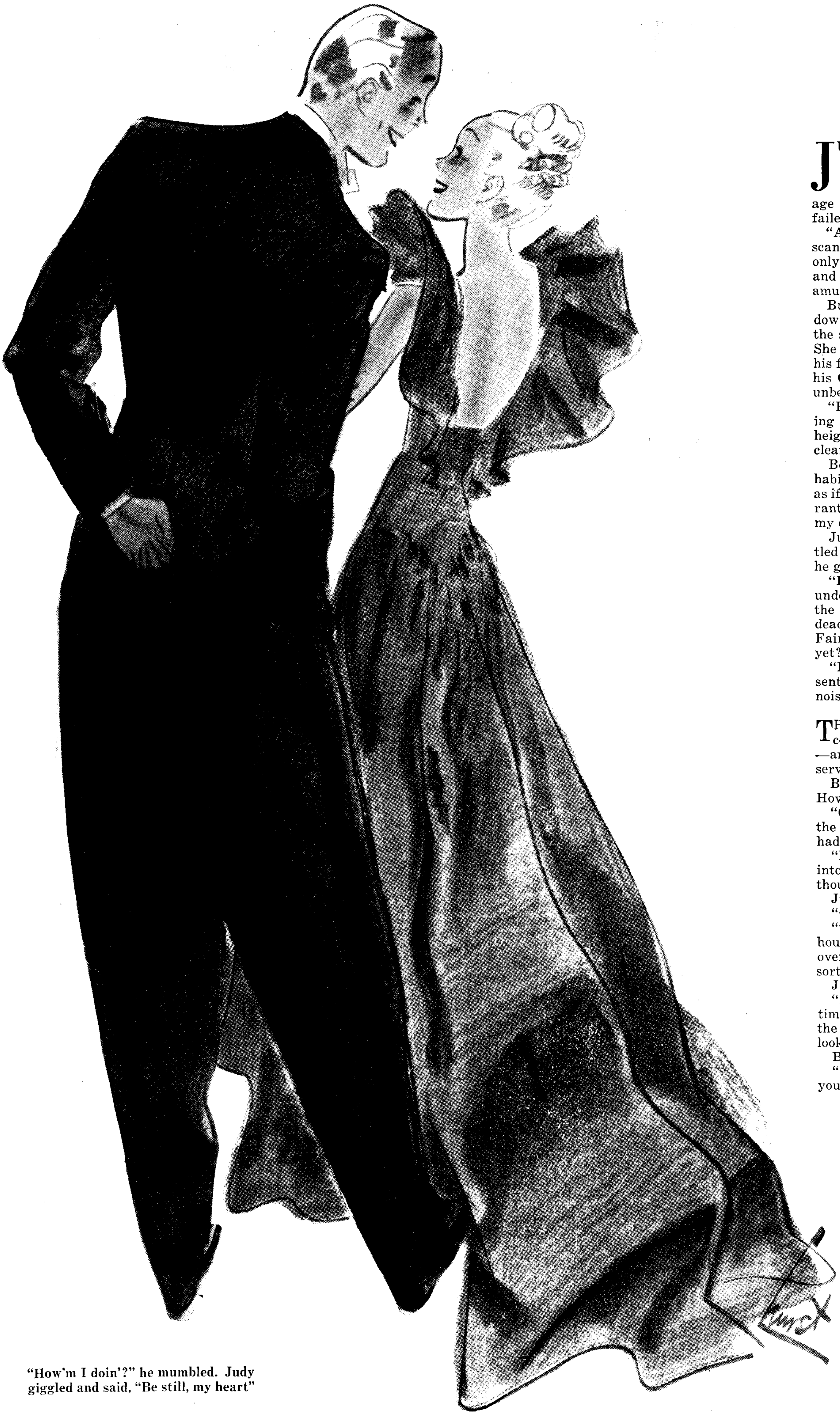
RICH shook him with his hands; a second knife, flashing in, bit into the soft wood of the ceiling, and the room was filled with sound, the screams of the man, the savage grunt from Rich, Sam's growl as he saw the rope fastened about the intruder's middle; only Agathea was silent. Noise, wild and angry, made Sam edge to the window. He said, "There are a half hundred more outside!"



Agathea Warren

A silken cord to which was fastened a tiny silver lotus, mark of the anti-foreign society, was around the Asiatic's neck. "They cannot wait for the mandarins to order our death," Rich said. He was on one knee; he looked up at Agathea. "He might have hurt you," he said. Her hand went to her throat to control its throbbing; her eyes wavered from Bartlett's to the man on the floor, who, already, was attempting to move inch by inch toward the knife. To him

(Continued on page 74)



"How'm I doin'?" he mumbled. Judy giggled and said, "Be still, my heart"

JUDY was a little bit scared. Bob would have to hurry, have to be the next to step down from the Pullmans, or the next, before the courage of her convictions weakened and failed her purpose.

"After all," she told herself, anxiously scanning the approaching faces, "you're only eighteen, and it *isn't* your business, and he may be indignant, or, worse still, amused. . . ."

But then she saw Bob's long legs swing down from the steps of a car, and just the sight of him served to reassure her. She hurried forward. When he spied her, his face, lean above the somber fabric of his Chesterfield, broke into a warm and unbelieving grin.

"Hello!" called Judy, excitement lending accent to her fresh, young coloring; heightening the life that danced in her clear, dark eyes.

Bob said: "Hi, kid!"—which was his habitual fashion of greeting her; then, as if the surroundings of a terminal warranted more formality: "How *are* you, my dear?"

Judy said she was fine, and was startled a bit by the enthusiasm with which he gripped her hand.

"I thought," he said, slipping a hand under her slim little arm and signaling the redcap to carry on, "that I'd have a deadly hour waiting for the local out to Fairlea. This is swell! Had breakfast yet? Good; we'll eat."

"Not here, though," said Judy, assenting. "Can't we go somewhere less noisy and smoky? I'd like to talk."

THAT was as close as she dared to come to it yet: that "I'd like to talk"—and even then she sensed a sudden reserve in his manner.

But he said, cordially enough: "Sure! How about the Parker House Grill?"

"Oh, grand!" Judy led the way to the street and her little roadster. He had his bags stowed and climbed in.

"I suppose," he said, as she swung into traffic, "that you're still batting a thousand in the prep-school league?"

Judy shrugged.

"Oh . . . things are holding up."

"The last few calls I made at your house," said Bob, "I seemed to stumble over Dodo Parker and Rusty Schenk sort of stumbling over each other."

Judy dismissed these two very briefly.

"Dodo's bony," she said. "And the last time I saw Rusty he was on the way to the dentist's with his mother—and looked it."

Bob laughed.

"You're sort of growing up, aren't you, infant?"

Losers' Choice

Judy Alcott and Bob Somers monkey with the old buzz saw of love. A story which will demonstrate to you that the old buzz saw is still doing business in the same old way

By
Stanley Paul

ILLUSTRATED BY
EARL OLIVER HURST

"Oh . . . a little . . . in spots," she said.

This kind of thing served them through parking and checking and getting seated. Then, when the waiter had left with an incredible order of sausage, bacon and muffins for a man whose heart was supposed to be sorrowing, the small talk, they found, didn't come quite so easily.

They sat there a moment, silent. Bob broke out cigarettes.

"What are you?" he asked, offering them, "sort of an emissary from your family?"

Judy knew just what he meant: he didn't mean family; he meant: "Did Marge send you in?"

She shook her trim little head.

"Uh-uh. It's my own idea. I found you were coming today and somehow—maybe it's the mother in me—I couldn't bear the thought of you getting home and no one at the train to tell you hello."

"Thanks!"—there was real appreciation in his utterance of the brief, clipped syllable.

"SO MUCH for tenderness," said Judy with finality; then, she held her breath and jumped in all over: "Bob," she asked abruptly, "do you really love Marge?"

Bob stared at her; then smiled.

"Hey!" he said. "Drink up your orange juice."

"No—really," Judy insisted. "I want you to answer. Do you love her so much that you got a sock when you got her letter?"

"What letter?" asked Bob, buttering a muffin.

"Stop evading. A younger sister always knows what an older sister is up to. I know that Marge wrote you while you were away, telling you that it wasn't much use to keep on looking for real estate, and shopping for furniture. In fact, the whole town knows it. It's a small place."

"Listen," said Bob, "if you'll eat all your toast I'll buy you a toy balloon at the newsstand."

"That's answer enough," said Judy. "I know you do. What's more, we're not going to let you get gypped in the romance department."

"Oh!" said Bob lightly. "Aren't we?"

"No. And I'm here to tell you what's wrong; why things didn't click. It's because you were so completely wrapped up in business, Bob. You've had to work hard. But some of that is over. You're supposed to be a successful young man. It's time for you to relax."

"Relax?" asked Bob, his brow slightly knit.

"Yes. Relax and develop a little umph!"

"Umph? What's umph?"

"Oh, a tendency to break out and expand a little; be slightly blasé about things instead of naïvely interested; look as if you knew equally well the price of Steel Common, and under just what circumstances a girl would best respond to a kiss."

"Nice picture," said Bob. "Sorry I can't fill it."

"But you can," said Judy in exasperation. "Look here, in the dear, dead days of my little girlhood—"

"A year or so ago," prompted Bob.

"In time—yes; in experience—aeons. *Anyway, I remember seeing a colorful* young man about the house who sang a mean tenor and pulled an oar on a championship crew. That was you. And, in case you don't know it, that was the high point of your romantic career. Your love line from there takes a definite dip. Just look at you now, my friend, just look at you now!"

Bob set his cup down with a clatter.

"All right," he said indignantly. "What's wrong?"

"Plenty. Mostly your clothes. That suit, the shirt, the tie. Correct and conservative; but as inspiring as a rainy afternoon. You may be the last word among the younger executives, Bob, but among the ladies you're just a bunch of yesterday's violets."

"Oh, I am!" said Bob wrathfully; then, as if it were a cutting and brilliant rejoinder: "Oh, I am!"—again.

"Yes, you are," said Judy blandly. "No girl ever looked at you and had twenty per cent of her go right up in smoke. That's what's the matter. But it needn't be, any longer."

"JUST how," asked Bob, with ill-concealed indulgence, "would you have me different?"

"Well, take tonight—"

"Why tonight?"

"Because tonight's the night of the country club dance."

"You don't think I'm going, by any chance?"

"Of course you are. With me."

"Sorry to be discourteous," said Bob, "but I'm not."

"Yes, you are," Judy contradicted blithely. "But you're not going in that Class of '28 dinner jacket you wear by way of evening clothes. Tails for you, midnight-blue and English draped."

Bob laughed.

"What an imagination!" he said. "Besides, if you think that Marge would fall in love with a bunch of clothes—"

"She might fall in love all over again with what was in them if they were attractive enough to make her look. Anyway—*don't interrupt!*—you're going to appear in new clothes and a new personality. You're going to confound the town by not being big and noble about things. You'll exhibit no signs of suffering from unrequited love. You're going to have a casual smile for all and a roving eye for the attractive few. You're going to—"

"You're going to go without breakfast," said Bob, "if you don't hurry up and eat. I haven't got all day."

"You're going to surprise Marge and her new boy friend, so that—"

Bob said: "What's his name?"—and *his gray eyes went wide a little.*

Judy said: "I thought so! That hurt a little, didn't it? You didn't know about that, did you? Now just relax and order a fresh pot of coffee and Aunt Judy will tell you all about it."

When their cups were refilled, she lighted another cigarette, parted her petulant, pretty lips and swept a blue cloud down her throat.

"His name," she said, "is Elliot Dawson. He's an engineer for the local rubber mills, and he's been stationed somewhere in the tropics. He's nice. But here's the big point: he was mine. I saw him first. It was I who lured him to the Alcott veranda. He was my first big moment."

"Ah!" said Bob, grinning slightly; then: "Ah!"—again.

"And just as our twosome was clicking in very slick fashion," Judy went on, "Marge came along. She heard some of his tropical talk, which is very nice to listen to, noticed how white his teeth flashed against his brown skin when he smiled, and unhooked her receiver to make it a three-party line. What's more, it's still unhooked."

"You aren't quite the altruist I gave you credit for being," said Bob.

"Hell," Judy informed him, "hath no fury like a woman let down easy. That's what happened to me. Last week they asked me to go to the movies with them, by way of consolation. From that night forward I have planned nothing but revenge."

"Are you sure that revenge is all?" asked Bob.

"No. Not quite. I want Elliot Dawson back. As I said before, he was mine first. I *do* like his smile and the way his voice goes all funny sometimes. . . . " She leaned forward suddenly, and her voice became soft and pleading. "Oh, Bob, let's coöperate. It means something to you. And something to me. Look—we've hours. Let's tour Boylston Street with a wide-open checkbook and an eye for sophistication."

"Listen, kid, I have an appointment at ten."

"No, you haven't."

"What do you mean—I haven't?"

"I called your office and cancelled all your appointments for the day."

"Why, you . . . you—"

"Try brat," Judy suggested. "It's easy to say. And you'll go with me, Bob?"—as he came around to pull out her chair.

He stood looking down at her for a moment.

"I think you're nuts!" he informed her. "And I've no doubt the town will *have a good laugh at our mutual* expense. But, much against my better judgment—yes. I'll go."

JUDY chose to withhold what she thought of as being her bombshell until dinner that evening; though she did not take that peculiar pleasure which comes of knowing something no one else does.

As a matter of fact, she was more than a little worried. She was thankful that Marge was having the Dexters, Sam and Katherine, in to dinner to make a foursome, with Elliot, for the dance later. Their presence would preclude a family scene.

She remembered now, as she fastened herself into a slim, clinging gown, Bob's laughing dismissal of her, shortly after noon. That was halfway through their shopping tour; after she'd convinced him that the staggering price for the tails was justified.

"Look at the cut, my dear!" she had said. "And the signature is a guarantee. Besides, they'll fit them for you this afternoon."

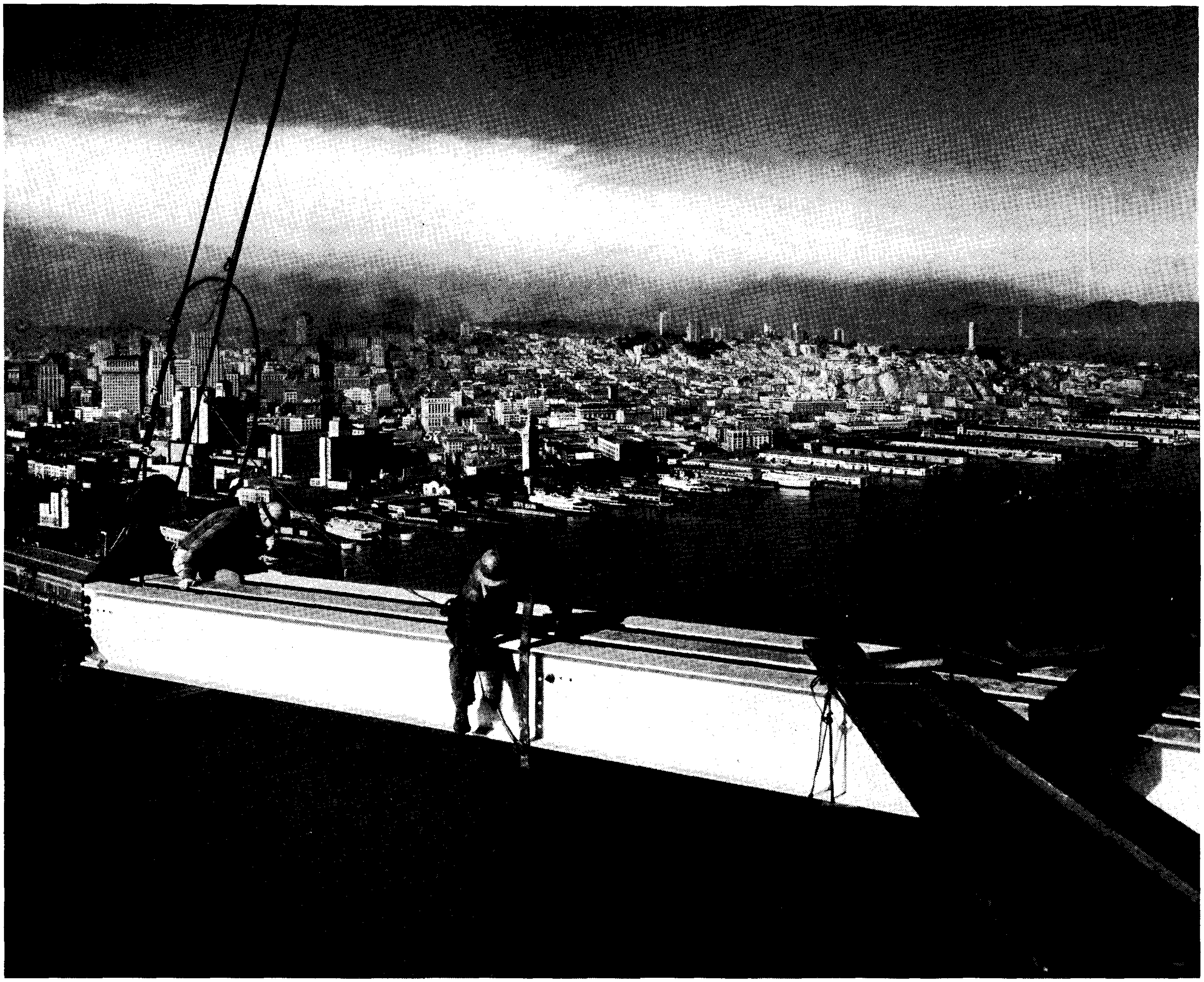
"All right," said Bob, and swallowed. Nonetheless he had a certain light in his eye. "Now you run along home," he ordered. "I'll come out later. There may be an idea or two of my own I'd like to execute."

Judy, torn between an impulse to leave him alone with his newly developed sartorial libido, and caution, had said: "No trick shirts, now!"

"No trick shirts!" he promised.

She hoped, as she ran down the stairs to the lower part of the house, that things would evolve casually. She didn't know how to begin. She paused, for a moment, framing herself in the doors to the living-room to try her effect out on people—Elliot in particular. It was, she saw, by the way his eyes flickered a little, quite satisfactory.

(Continued on page 69)



CALIFORNIA TOLL BRIDGE AUTHORITY

The up-top bunch of a rigging crew on the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge, San Francisco in the background

Southerners Build the Bridges

Take a look at that bridge—any bridge that's big and was dangerous to build. Who put it there? Southerners. They're on the job before the blueprints are dry, their fingers itching for the touch of steel, eager to thrust it into the sky, to throw it across rivers and harbors and to risk their necks doing it. Here they are, hard-boiled romantics, at work on the two greatest bridges in the world

By Frank J. Taylor

MR. JIM WARD, head "pusher" on the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge, bobbed in and out of his dingy office on Pier 24. Outside, in the dark shed, huddled gangs of men eager for jobs. One by one they buttonholed Jim and whispered earnestly:

"Say, Chief, can you use a riveter?"

One man after another turned away with Jim's hoarse "No" ringing in his ears. Wrong approach!

Then a funny thing happened. Out of the crowd strode a lean, loose-hung fellow in cindery clothes, soiled from riding the brakebeams. He opened up with a "down yander" drawl.

"How'ya fixed, Capt'n? I'm a bridgeman."

Mr. Jim Ward looked him over with interest.

"Where you from, tarheel?" he asked.

"Virginny."

"What bridges you worked on?"

"St. Louis — George Washington — Kaintucky—Carquinez."

"Go to work. Get in there and let the doc examine you."

Mr. Jim Ward turned to a company engineer who had been listening in.

"This job is pie for you Southerners," allowed the engineer.

"They build the bridges," replied Jim. "All the big bridges."

Which nobody can deny.

The San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge is by way of being a big bridge. Californians love to point out that it is two miles long, twice as lengthy as the next greatest bridge in the world. They enjoy reminding you that said next greatest bridge already suspends its graceful, spiderlike span from cliff to cliff across the Golden Gate, which is likewise located on majestic San Francisco Bay. And furthermore, Golden Gate Bridge lends itself to superlatives in its own modest way in that its 4,200-

foot span is by far the greatest ever attempted.

But that is beside the point, which is that Southerners are building both the San Francisco-Oakland (greatest) and the Golden Gate (next greatest) bridges for the Californians, just as they have built the George Washington Bridge for New Yorkers, the Seattle Lake Union Bridge for Washingtonians, the St. Louis Bridge for Missourians, and—go on, make up your list. Any big bridge will do.

It has become legend among bridge builders of this country that as soon as a big bridge job goes into that hazardous, daredevil phase where men cling like spiders to threads of steel against the sky, Southerners just naturally gravitate to that job like sea gulls hovering over a ship at sea. Let someone launch a bridge across the Hudson, the St. Lawrence, the Mississippi or the Columbia, and Southerners just pop up out of the horizon. They can even smell a bridge job in South America or far-off India or China. That is part of being a bridgeman.

From engineers I had heard of this curious phenomenon and likewise that the two big San Francisco bridge jobs had brought about the greatest concentration of spider workers ever known. Ever since the bridges got above the concrete piers stage, San Francisco has been a bridgemen's mecca. On both bridges the tar heels dominate the scene.

The other day I was out on the Golden Gate job. I asked the resident engineer how many Southerners he had on the job.

"Go out and see for yourself," he said. "There's the twelve o'clock whistle. The men will be eating over there in the Fort."

The south approach of the Golden Gate Bridge straddles old Fort Mason. The men prefer to eat down in the dungeon instead of out in the California sunshine. In fact, they have been getting a little too much of that much touted commodity. The sunbeams, bouncing back off the low fog, have been giving them snow-blindness, and the workers on the bridge have to wear goggles made of a special glass to protect themselves against this affliction.

In a dark, brick-lined cavern sat the south pier gang, stuffing their faces with sandwiches. Addressing the two men nearest the door, I asked:

"Any Southerners here?"

Mr. Bill Rutledge slid a sandwich off his tongue and into his left cheek, then grinned at Mr. Bill Swicegood, who was sitting next to him.

"You're lookin' at two of 'em now, Bud," he said, without losing a beat in his chawing. "Bill's from North Carolina, I'm from Virginny, and there's plenty more on the job from south of Mason and Dixon's line."

"How come you fellows hold the key jobs on these bridges?" I asked.

What Makes a Bridgeman

Bill Rutledge swallowed another sandwich.

"I've got a theory all my own," he said slowly. "We just don't know any better'n to work on bridges."

"Naw, that's not it," cut in Bill Swicegood. "It's because a tar heel's got what it takes to make a bridgeman."

"Well, what does it take?" I asked.

Bill Rutledge looked at me in all seriousness.

"It takes a weak mind and a strong back," he said.

"Yea, and you got to be able to work in the air as well as on the ground," interrupted Swicegood. "You can't go topplin' off'n high places when you're dizzy and be a bridgeman."

"Bridgework just hits a Southerner, that's all," allowed Rutledge. "Maybe you don't make much money, but when you get all through you've done something that is going to stay there a long time—maybe a thousand years."

The two Bills fell into an argument about what it takes to make a bridgeman. Summarizing their conclusions in a nutshell, it takes—in addition to the "weak mind and strong back"—a cross between a mountain goat, a monkey, a tight-rope walker and a good judge not only of liquor but of nuts and bolts and hoisting cables.

Just to give you an idea of the scene in which these fellows labor day after day, imagine yourself sitting on a dangling I-beam five hundred feet in the air. Down below you is either a concrete foundation or salty water—it doesn't make much difference, because if you smack down on either one at that distance, water is as hard as rock, and concrete isn't much softer. The wind is whistling around your ears and either the fog or the water is bouncing the sunbeams back into your eyes. Hoisting engines groan and tons of metal swing past your head. Your job is to bolt them into place in a hurry when they jockey together.

All that stands between you and the hereafter is your sense of balance, the strength of your arms, your judgment as to where the cables will swing the tons of steel on which you are standing or to which you are bolting your trapeze-like platform. It's a great life, and you are flirting with disaster eight hours every day.

"An old hand doesn't take any chances," allowed Bill Rutledge. "He smells danger coming and avoids it."

I was talking with Jack Fox, one of the Columbia Steel engineers on the Bay Bridge job. Jack is an old bridgeman who saved his crap-shooting profits when he was a kid and went to Carnegie Tech. Now he is "upstairs" with the big shots but he's still aces with the punks on the job because he bites off the end of a cigar and chews terbacker with the best of them. And when it comes to spitting, Jack can hit a rivet hole at ten feet every time. Yea, and he's a Texan, too.

A real bridgeman, according to Fox, is a sort of a five-in-one man, who can handle any of about five different jobs equally well. He is a rigger, a fitter, a riveter, a heater or a swing-line man. Or he may be a cable-gang pusher.

"That's what you mean by a bridgeman," explained Jack. "He has to have riggin' judgment. He has to have a sense of safety. If a truss doesn't look right, a bridgeman won't put it up, no matter what the engineers say. You can't figure out everything upstairs, and some things have to be left to the man on the job."

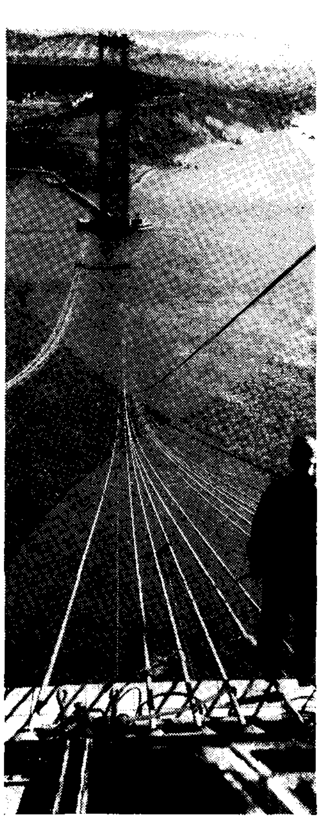
Fox enumerated the jobs that a good all-round bridgeman—such as the Southerners who are concentrated on San Francisco Bay—can handle.

At the top are the pushers, or foremen, who have been through the whole gamut of bridgework. A fellow like Jim Ward, for instance, from Maryland. A great workman is Jim Ward, and if you listened to him you would think he built every bridge on the Western Maryland Railroad single-handed. Maybe he did.

Sky Weavers of Steel

Or he might be a lean, wiry bloke like Bill Jarvis from Virginia, who is in charge of the cable spinning on the San Francisco-Oakland Bridge. Bill's great burden today is bossing a gang of cable punks. They are not Southerners nor even veteran bridgemen, because cable spinning, while it looks like a hazardous occupation, is not a trick calling for thinking in the air. The spinning wheel pulls the strands across, four at a time, then comes back for more. All the punks have to do is stand on the catwalks, lay the wires evenly in place after the wheel has passed, so that they can be bound together in solid strands. It's a long, tedious job to pull 17,464 wires across for each Bay Bridge cable, and 27,572 for a Golden Gate cable. Finally they are pressed together into two solid built-in-place steel cables almost three feet thick, by metal bands that serve as saddles for the smaller drop cables which support the bridge proper.

"The cables are easy," explained Fox. "Where you need bridgemen is in the steel work on the towers and on the trusses that form the floor of the bridge. You need them on the cantilever job east of the island. It's the third largest can-



CHAS. M. HILLER

Cables of the Golden Gate Bridge to support the catwalks

CALIFORNIA TOLL BRIDGE AUTHORITY

Thousands of strands are pressed together to form each main cable

STANDARD OIL, CALIF.

Catwalks suspended high above the waters of the Golden Gate

CHAS. M. HILLER

A beam being fitted into place by workmen of the rigging crew

CALIFORNIA TOLL BRIDGE AUTHORITY

Laying wire mesh flooring on a catwalk high above San Francisco

tilever in the world and one of the trickiest structural iron construction jobs ever attempted, because of the enormous weight of the steel arms. They just hang out there into space until they are connected."

A man starts learning the bridge game probably as a rivet punk. He serves his apprenticeship shinning columns with sacks of coal or rivets or tools for the heater man on his back. By the time he has done that for a year or so, he knows whether he can stick on a beam without becoming dizzy at great heights.

The heater is that fellow you see working up there with only three planks under him, two hundred to five hundred feet above the water. With one hand he twists the handle of a blower to keep the coals red hot, while he clutches a pair of tongs in the other. Up above, a worker yells to him to toss a six-inch rivet. Maybe a girder or two may stand between the heater and rivet catcher. Clutching the red-hot bolt in his tongs, Mr. Heater jumps around on the girders like a crazy man playing hopscotch, seeking a position to toss his ball of fire through the air. Plunk! It smacks into a can held by the riveter's assistant. Bingo! It is slapped into a hole and the pneumatic hammer starts its rat-tat-tat.

The riveter has the toughest, hardest job on the bridge. He is a daredevil on the scaffolding. His is a hazardous game, played usually by the younger men. He may sit for two hours, dangling mid-air on a beam, until a truss or a slab of steel swings into place. With the agility of a monkey, he bolts the metal temporarily into place. Then the fun begins. Red-hot rivets sizzle through the air, to be socked into holes and hammered flat while they are still hot.

The raising gang falls into two groups—the ground bunch and the up-top bunch. The ground bunch hitches the cables onto the enormous trusses or beams. There's a job calling for riggin' judgment! A poorly fastened cable or a half-inch cable where a seven-eighths should have been used, and down come 250 tons of steel with a crash. So the pusher of the ground bunch needs all the riggin' sense that God and experience can give him.

A signal to the niggerhead who runs the hoisting engine and slowly the enormous tonnage rises until it is deftly slipped into place by the up-top bunch. If this sounds easy, remember that sections of the Bay Bridge double-deck floor trusses are seventy-five feet long, forty feet across and they weigh 275 tons; yet they must slip into place so perfectly that the holes for the rivets meet to within a small fraction of an inch. Yes, the raisin' gang are bridgemen!

After them come the fitting-up crew. Their job is to bolt up the trusses and beams, to line up the whole works preparatory to the final finishing job of the riveters. The fitting-up gang is that outfit that runs around like a crowd of monkeys on a trestle, pounding and bolting and lining things up.

When the riveters finish, you might say that the real bridgemen are done. Any bridgeman will tell you that the crews that come along later to lay the floor, to put on the structural iron railing, or paint the bridge, are in a class with the cable punks themselves—they are just ham-and-eggers, if you know what a bridgeman means.

Accidents That Never Happen

Every man jack on the job expects to have his accident. It's all in the day's work. On each bridge a modern first-aid hospital is operated, with a doctor constantly in charge. Much to the disgust of the tarheelers, every man must pass a physical examination before he can go to work on the job.

Out on the Golden Gate Bridge I was talking with Dr. Ward F. Nead, who was trained at the Mayo Clinic for the swell patching-up job he is doing. Since the Golden Gate job got under way, the doc has given over twenty thousand treatments of one kind or another. Yet not a single life has been lost on that job at this writing. Knock on wood for the boys on the Golden Gate Bridge! Never in the history of engineering and construction has there been a record like that achieved.

Partly it is due to the intense interest in safety on the part of Joseph B. Strauss, chief engineer of the bridge, who has required every known safety device for his workers, and who has warned them continuously against taking chances or grandstanding. Partly it is due to the preventive work of Dr. Nead, who talks the men into dieting to avoid dizziness. That means less alcohol, less tobacco, less meat—more fresh fruit, orange and tomato juices and, says the doc, sauerkraut juice, if you're dizzy.

On the San Francisco-Oakland job, good men have given their lives for the bridge, but the record is only one man lost to a million man-hours worked, which is not bad, considering the hazard of the work. And most of the lives that were lost were in the days when the bridge was in its concrete stage and before the real bridgemen came on the job. The gang up in the air looks down on the foundation men—they're an entirely different breed of cats, and greenhorns at the bridge game.

Looking casually at either of the big bridge jobs as the giant towers rear their heads several hundred feet in the air and as the great cables take form over the water, the astonishing thing is that so few men are in evidence. The bridges just seem to grow without being built by men, or else they are so huge that the men look like ants.

The explanation is that these are fabrication jobs. The only major features of the bridge that were built on the spot were the gigantic concrete foundations and the suspension cables, which had to be custom-built.

The tremendous towers—four of them for the San Francisco-Oakland Bridge and two that support the whole weight of the Golden Gate Bridge—are fabricated in factories. Open-hearth steel, high in silicate content, is rolled and drilled and fitted and bolted together on the ground, and then taken apart and shipped to San Francisco, each piece carefully marked for its proper place.

Every beam in the enormous trusses that form the double roadway for the San Francisco-Oakland Bridge was fabricated at the plant and shipped to China Basin on San Francisco Bay. There the beams were fitted into huge seventy-five-foot sections, which were slid onto rafts and towed out beneath the bridge, from which spot the raising gang hoisted them to their positions in the structure.

Nothing is lost on the big bridge jobs. The 2¼-inch cables that supported the catwalks on the Bay Bridge are coming down, now that the spinning operation is finished on the western half of the bridge, and the saddles have been clapped into place with the 28¾-inch strands. The catwalk cables have been cut up to swing over the saddles and support the floor of the bridge. By March, when the spinning is finished, there will be no more catwalks. On top of each cable will be a service walk, needed for the inspectors and the painters.

They've run into a lot of unexpected situations new in the experience of bridgemen. The wind which whistles through the Golden Gate hasn't bothered the spinners on the Golden Gate Bridge, but it did play havoc at certain times on the Bay Bridge, when the strands vibrated and were almost impossible to handle. Each strand of wire in the cables is about the size of a pencil. A single strand is of tremendous weight, yet the wind had its fun with the 70,000 miles of plow-steel wire in the Bay Bridge and 80,000 miles in the Golden Gate Bridge.

Another curious phenomenon was that the sun, coming up out of the east in the morning, drew the top of the Bay Bridge towers almost two inches toward it, as old Sol turned on the heat. As the sun moved in its course, the bridge towers reeled with it—only two inches, mind you, but if you were trying to hammer the head of a four-inch rivet flush and there were two inches between your beam and your tower, you would have to do something. On the Bay Bridge they had to wait until nightfall, after the sun had quit having fun with the bridge, to fit some of the cross braces. Even the veteran Southerners had never run into anything like that before.

When the wind blows hard against the Bay Bridge suspension spans, it swings them out of line ten feet at the center. On the Golden Gate job, it is worse than that—the wind blows the center of the span sixteen feet out of line. But it doesn't matter. Steel is so elastic, it snaps back like a rubber band! Maybe you didn't know it, but neither did the Southerners who build the bridges, until they hit these jobs.

Southerners, by Adoption

No, suh, there's never been a bridgemen's paradise quite like this one on San Francisco Bay, and there'll probably never be another its equal, because if you look at the globe, there aren't so many watery barriers left for the Southerners to conquer with cables and trusses of steel. There aren't so many spots where it's worth while from an economic point of view to remake the map, as they are doing on San Francisco Bay. Yes, suh, these are bridge jobs that will go down in history.

Now, if my Southern accent suggests that I've fallen under the spell of these entertaining daredevils from south of Mason and Dixon's line, let me say that I've checked the facts as to the few brave exceptions to the rule that Southerners build the bridges. There's a sprinkling of Down Easters on the job—just a handful among the keymen—old sailors and riggers who learned to keep their heads aloft.

I mean fellows like beady-eyed Otto Schultz, assistant head pusher on the Bay Bridge, and a bridgeman and a judge of men, from Milwaukee. And Grover McLean, the Roebling boss on the Golden Gate, who's built bridges from India to Hawaii, even if he is from New Jersey. Or Old Man Bowers, whose sons, Jim and George Junior, are bridgemen on the job. Young Jim, by the way, fell 150 feet from a bridge into the Delaware River, and lived to tell how it feels. Then there's Bill Fortune from Collinsville, New Jersey, and Rudy Peterson from up Great Lakes way.

But that's about where you quit counting the Yanks who are keymen. Furthermore, most of these gents are cultivating the "down yander" accent. At first I thought it was from working year after year surrounded by Southerners, but it seems that isn't the reason at all. The real low-down is that the bosses on all the big bridge jobs are tarheels and these same bosses, knowing their nuts and bolts, have a great weakness for hiring Southerners to build the bridges.

The Invisible President

By Sax Rohmer

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

The Story Thus Far:

DR. ORWIN PRESCOTT, a conservative, and Harvey Bragg, a radical, are candidates for the presidency of the United States. While making a radio address in support of Prescott, Abbot Dom Patrick Donegal falls unconscious. Later, he comes to in the Tower of the Holy Thorn, only to learn that the manuscript of his address has been stolen and that he can remember nothing of it.

Sir Denis Nayland Smith, noted ex-operative of Scotland Yard, arrives. With Captain Mark Hepburn as his aide, he soon establishes: (1) That James Richet, Abbot Donegal's secretary, who has disappeared, is a spy—working against Prescott; (2) That the missing manuscript (which had been impregnated with a drug powerful enough to render Donegal unconscious) contained a speech which, had it been delivered, would have destroyed utterly the presidential chances of Bragg; (3) That the "shadowy being" behind Bragg's candidacy is the notorious Dr. Fu Manchu, who is plotting to gain control of the country. . . .

By the time these discoveries are made, however, Dr. Prescott has disappeared; he has, apparently, been kidnapped. . . . In Chinatown, Richet has a talk with Lola Dumas, a beautiful girl who is working for Fu Manchu. A few hours later, Nayland Smith and Mark Hepburn are summoned to view the body of a man who has fallen dead in the hotel foyer. They go. They inspect the body: it is covered with scarlet spots. It is the body of James Richet!

III

"WHAT is it, mister?" the taximan whispered—"some new kind of a fever?"

"No," said Nayland Smith. "It's a new kind of a *murder!*"

"Why do you say so?" the hotel doctor asked, glancing in a puzzled way at the ghastly object on the sofa.

But Nayland Smith did not reply. Turning to the night manager:

"I want no one at present in the foyer," he said, "to leave without my orders. You"—he pointed to the house detective—"will mount guard over the taxicab outside the main entrance. No one must touch it or enter it. No one must pass along the sidewalk between the taxi and the hotel doors. It remains where it stands until further notice. Hepburn"—he turned—"get two patrolmen to take over this duty. Hurry. I need you here."

Mark Hepburn nodded and went out of the night manager's room, followed by the house detective.

"What about anyone living here and coming in late?" asked the night manager, in a rich Tipperary brogue.

"What's your house detective's name?"

"Lawkin."

"Lawkin!" cried Smith, standing in the open door, "any residents are to be directed to some other entrance."

"Okay, sir."

"THE use of an office, Mr. Dougherty," Nayland Smith continued, addressing the manager, "on this floor? Can you oblige us?"

"Certainly, Mr. Smith. The office next to this."

"Excellent. Have you notified the police?"

"I considered I had met regulations by notifying yourself and Captain Hepburn."

"So you have. I suppose a man is not qualified to hold your job unless he possesses tact." He turned to the taximan. "Will you follow Mr. Dougherty to the office and wait for me there?"

The driver, a man palpably shaken, obeyed Dougherty's curt nod and followed him out, averting his eyes from the sofa. Two men and the doctor remained, one wearing dinner kit, the other a lounge suit. To the former:

"I presume that you are assistant night manager?" said Nayland Smith.

"That is so. Fisk is my name, sir. This—" indicating the square-jowled wearer of the lounge suit—"is James Harris, assistant house detective."

"Good," rapped Nayland Smith. "Harris—give a hand to Lawkin outside." Harris went out. "And now, Mr. Fisk, will you please notify Mr. Dougherty that I wish to remain alone here with Dr.—?"

"My name is Scheky," said the physician.

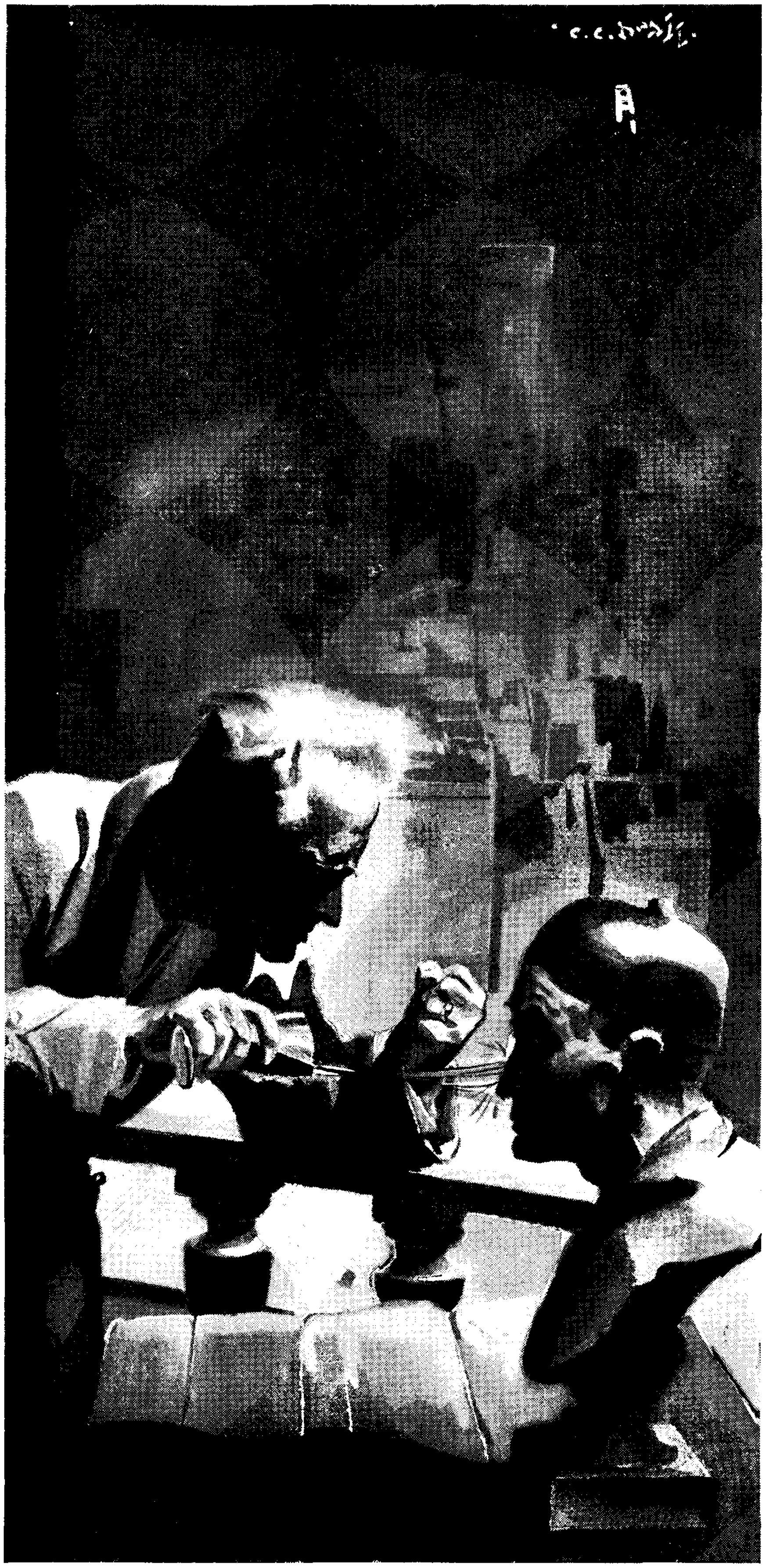
"—with Dr. Scheky."

The assistant night manager went out. Nayland Smith and Dr. Scheky were alone with the dead man.

"I have endeavored to clear this room, Doctor," Smith continued, addressing the burly physician in the topcoat, "without creating unnecessary panic. But do you realize that you and I now face risk of the same death"—he pointed—"that *he* died?"

"I had not realized it, Mr. Smith," the physician admitted, glancing down with a changed expression at the bright red blotches on the dead man's skin. "Nor do I know why you suspect murder."

"Perhaps you will understand later, Doctor. When Captain Hepburn returns I am sending for certain equipment. If you care to go to your apartment I will have you called when we are ready. . . ."



He tossed the wine contemptuously into the face of the modeled head

IN AN adjoining office, amid cleared desks and closed files, the pale-faced taximan faced Nayland Smith's interrogation.

"I picked him up in Times Square. . . . No, I never seen him before. He gave the address 'Regal-Athenian, Park entrance'. . . . Sure he seemed all right; nothing wrong with him. When we get here he says: 'Go in to the desk and ask if this man is in the hotel'—and he slips me the piece of paper through the window. 'Give 'em the paper,' that was what he said. 'It's a hard name—' "

"Sure of that?" rapped Nayland Smith.

"Dead sure. I took the paper and started . . . There was nobody about. As I moved off, he pulled out of his pocket what looks like a notebook. I guess it's out there now. . . . Next minute I hear his first yell . . . Mister, it was awful! He had the door open in a flash and falls right out on to the sidewalk."

"Where were you? What did you do?"

"I'm halfway up the hotel steps. I started to run back. He's lashing around down there and seems to be tearing his clothes off—"

"Stop. You are quite certain on this point?"

"Sure," the man declared earnestly: "I'm sure certain. He had his topcoat right off and ripped his collar open. . . . He's yelling 'The scarlet spots!'—like I told you. That's what I heard him yell. And he's fighting and twisting like he was wrestling with somebody. . . . Gee!"

The man pulled his cap off and wiped his brow with the back of his hand.

"I run in here. There wasn't a cop in sight. Nobody was in sight . . . What could I do, mister? I figured he'd gone raving mad. . . . When we got out to him he's lying almost still. Only his hands was twitching. . . ."

The night manager came into the office.

"All heat turned off on this floor," he reported, "and all doors closed. . . ."

OUTSIDE the Regal-Athenian the atmosphere was arctic. Two patrolmen watched Mark Hepburn with an electric torch and a big lens examining every square foot of sidewalk and the carpeted steps leading up to the main entrance. Residents who arrived late were directed to a door around the corner. In reply to questions the invariable answer of the police was:

"Somebody lost something valuable."

The death cab had been run into an empty garage. It had been sealed; and at this very moment two men wearing gas masks were pumping it full of a powerful germicidal gas.

Later, assisted by Dr. Scheky—both men dressed as if working in an operating theater—Hepburn stripped and thoroughly examined the body and the garments of James Richet. The body was then removed, together with a number of objects found in Richet's possession. The night manager's room was sealed, to be fumigated. The main foyer, Nayland Smith ordered, must be closed to the public pending further orders. Dawn was very near when Dr. Scheky said to Hepburn:

"You are not by chance under the impression that this man died of some virulent form of plague?"

Mark Hepburn stared haggardly at the physician.

"To be perfectly frank, Doctor," he answered, "I don't know of what he died. . . ."

IN THAT domed room, amber-lighted through curious Gothic windows, the white-haired sculptor sat smoking Egyptian cigarettes and putting the finishing touches to the sinister clay head which one might have assumed to be his life's work. Pinned upon a wood panel beside the tripod on which the clay was set, was some kind of small colored picture, part of which had been masked out so that what remained resembled a tiny face surrounded by a margin of white paper.

This the sculptor examined through a powerful magnifying glass, and then lowering the glass, scrutinized the clay. Evidently his work was to attempt to produce a life-sized model of the tiny head pinned to the wood panel beside him.

Seeming to be not wholly satisfied, the sculptor laid down the lens with a sigh, and wheeled the clay along to the end of the table. At which moment the amber light went out, the dim bell rang. A high-pitched, imperious, guttural voice spoke:

"The latest report from the Regal-Athenian."

"Received at 5:10 A. M. from Number in charge. Foyer closed to the public by federal orders. Night manager's office sealed. Taxi in garage on Lexington. The body of the dead man identified as that of James Richet, late secretary to Abbot Donegal, removed at 5 A. M. to police mortuary. Cause of death unknown. Federal Agents Smith and Hepburn in their quarters in the Tower. End of report."

Followed some moments of silence, broken only by an occasional faint ticking from an electric clock. Then:

"Fix the recording attachment, Number 81," came an order. "You are free for four hours."

Amber light poured again into the room. Number 81 stood up. Opening a cupboard in the telephone table, he attached three plugs to a switchboard contained in the cupboard. One of these connected with the curious electric clock which stood upon the desk; another with a small motor which operated in connection with the telephone; and a third with a kind of dictaphone, capable of automatically recording six thousand words or more without change of cylinder.

As he was about to close the cupboard, a dim buzz indicated an incoming message. The faint hum of well-oiled machinery followed; the receiver-rest was lifted as if by invisible fingers, and a gleaming black cylinder began to revolve, the needle point churning wax from its polished surface as the message was recorded. A tiny aluminum disk dropped into a tray below the electric clock, having stamped upon it the exact time at which the telephone bell had rung.

Number 81, as if his endless duties had become second nature, waited until the cylinder ceased to revolve. The telephone-rest sprang up into its place; from the electric clock came the sound of a faint tick. Number 81 pressed a button on the desk. The cylinder began to revolve again, and a voice spoke—that of the man whose report had just been recorded.

"SPEAKING from Base 3. The Abbot Donegal reported missing. There is reason to believe that he slipped away during the night and may be proceeding to New York to be present at the debate at Carnegie Hall. All numbers along possible routes have been notified, but no report to hand. Number 44 speaking."

Presumably satisfied that the mechanism was running smoothly, Number 81 closed the cupboard, and stood up. Thus seen, he was an even bigger man than he had appeared seated, an untidy but an imposing figure. He took up the clay model, lifting it with great care. He slipped a tin of Egyptian cigarettes into a pocket of his dressing-gown, and walked towards one of the panels which surrounded the seemingly doorless room.

This he opened by pressing a concealed switch. A descending staircase was revealed. Carrying the clay model as carefully and lovingly as a mother carries her newly-born infant, he descended, closing the door behind him. He went down one flight and entered a small, self-contained apartment. A table littered with books, plans, and all sorts of manuscripts stood by an open window. There was a bed in an alcove, and beyond, through an open door, a glimpse might be obtained of a small bathroom. Clearing a space on the littered table, Number 81 set down the clay model. He crossed the room and opened a cupboard. It showed perfectly empty. He raised a telephone from its hook. In German:

"The same as last night," he said harshly; "but the liver sausage was no good. Also, I must have the real German lager. This which you send me is spurious. Hurry, please, I have much to do."

These orders given, he crossed to the table and stared down, dully, at a large open book which lay there, its margins penciled with numerous notes in tiny neat handwriting. The book was "Interstellar Cycles," by Professor Albert Morgenstahl, Europe's greatest physicist, master mathematician, expelled a year earlier from Germany for anti-Nazi

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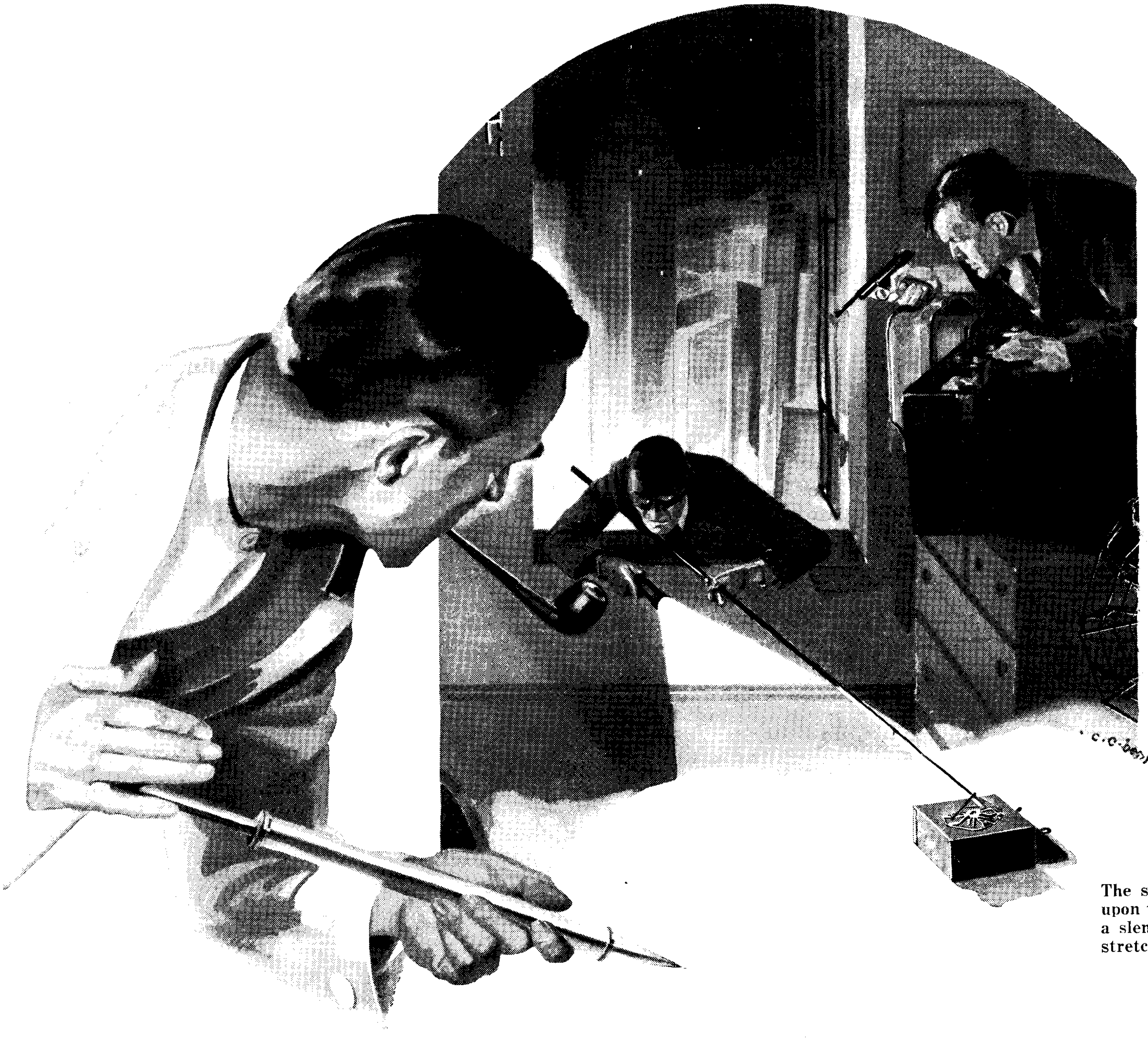

The shadowy silhouette perched upon the window ledge projected a slender rod into the room. It stretched out toward the bed

Open Wide

By

William C. Miller

D.D.S.

NESMITH—FROM LEE J. ELKINS

Dr. Miller takes a look at your teeth. If they are all present and well accounted for, then you are lucky. Here's how to see that your children's teeth fare as well as yours, or better

FEEL around in your mouth with the tip of your tongue. If you are an adult, you should have thirty-two teeth, sixteen upper and sixteen lower. Have you got them all? If you have, and they are all your own, you are fortunate.

Whatever the condition of your teeth, you may be interested to know that the care or neglect contributed to them by your parents or guardians when you were a child had a lot to do with the shape of your mouth, your looks and your expenditures on dental treatment.

The chances are that your parents thought your first permanent tooth was a temporary one. They thought it would fall out like a baby tooth and be replaced by a permanent molar. They took no particular care of it and let it decay.

This first permanent tooth is your six-year molar. It is the sixth tooth from the front on either side, upper and lower. Put your finger on your two upper front teeth. These are the central incisors. Now start counting to the right.

Next is the lateral incisor. Number three is a cuspid, or eyetooth. Number four is a first bicuspid. The next one is a second bicuspid. Next is the six-year molar. Have you got it? On the left side also? Upper and lower?

If you have all four of them you are lucky; because those teeth came in when you were about six years old. They sneaked in behind the last baby teeth; but, unlike the baby teeth, they came to stay as long as someone would take care of them.

Most parents do not recognize the six-year molars, nor do they know they are not baby teeth. Reluctant, perhaps, to spend money on teeth which, they think, will presently fall out and be replaced with permanent teeth, they let the six-year molars decay. The result is that dentists become acquainted with children through parents' neglect of the six-year molars; and the parents are chagrined to discover that four permanent teeth have sneaked in behind the baby teeth without their knowing it.

As a parent, you may now be on the alert for the appearance of your child's six-year molars, which erupt, when the child is about six years old, behind the last baby teeth.

A child of five, let us say, normally has twenty baby teeth, ten upper and ten lower. The central incisors are in front, then on each side come the lateral incisors, the cuspids, the first temporary molars, and the second temporary molars.

The care that is taken of these baby teeth will influence the position and structure of the second, or permanent, teeth.

This is what you, as a parent, may expect when your child is teething; and this is what you can do to encourage a healthy, good-looking set of teeth and minimize the amount of dental attention your child will receive in the years to come. You may be able to spare your child some of the expense, embarrassment or discomfort that you, as an adult, have had with your teeth.

Help at Teething Time

Let us start at the beginning.

The baby is between six and eight months old; girl or boy, it makes no difference.

The baby grows fretful. He cries. His digestive functions may be upset. Saliva may flow copiously from his mouth. He may have convulsions. You worry. What's the matter with the child?

Examine the mouth. You will observe that the membrane, or gum, over the area where his front teeth are to be is sore and somewhat swollen. Or it may be white and drawn.

From these signs you may be sure the baby is teething. It is a temporarily discomforting process which rarely is fatal.

If the baby has convulsions, it may be because his teeth are having difficulty breaking through the gums. Your physician can tell whether this is the cause. If necessary he will lance the gums.

Ordinarily, when the baby cries you can quiet him by rubbing the gums with your finger. As soon as you stop rubbing, the baby will be fretful again. After a while you get used to it.

Invariably, with knowledge inherited from the beginning of things, mothers supply the baby with a teething ring. This is all right. But do not let him put his thumb or his fingers or his fist in his mouth. Teeth move easily in young babies. If a child is permitted to suck his thumb or his fingers, he may change the shape of the arch in which his teeth are set, so that when his second teeth come along they are out of place, irregular or protruding.

This result is due to the fact that the crowns of the second teeth are under the roots of the first teeth and are influenced in their eruption by the position of the baby roots. In other words, if a baby tooth is tilted forward by pressure of the fingers, the second tooth may be tilted forward.

Children who suck their thumbs usually effect a forward movement of the upper front teeth. Those who use the small finger, or all the fingers, may produce the same effect upon the lower front teeth. All of which has a marked effect upon a person's appearance and also upon his ability to chew his food properly.

Several things may be done to keep a child from putting his fingers in his mouth. There are metal shields, obtainable in most drugstores, for this purpose. The sleeves of the night garment may be

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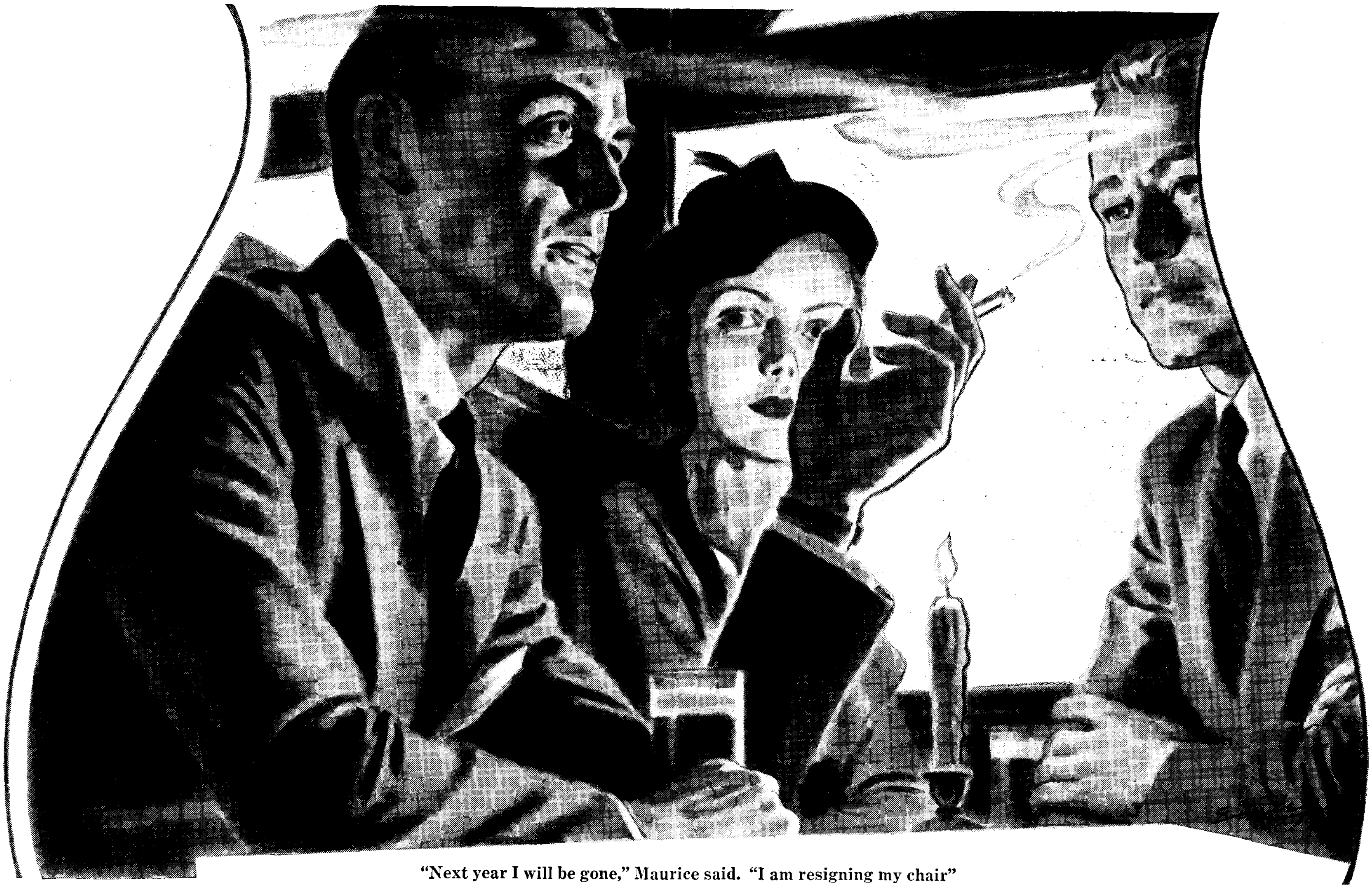

"Next year I will be gone," Maurice said. "I am resigning my chair"

Life Begins So Soon

By Bernard DeVoto

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES W. EARLEY

The Story Thus Far:

ENGAGED to Tommy Pierce, a senior at Morrison University, Caroline Fanning learns that he is merely a charming weakling and an embezzler. Whereupon, she breaks the engagement. Within a few days, Tommy is engaged to her roommate, Helen Herrick. But within a few weeks, he is having an affair with Paula Traggas, the gay young wife of Maurice Traggas, a faculty member.

Unable to warn Helen concerning Tommy's true character (her guarded comments being attributed to jealousy by her roommate), Caroline stands by and, with two prominent seniors, Emery Smith and Steve Abbott, and Maurice Traggas' best friend on the faculty — David Bingham — watches a sinister drama unfold. Eugene Fifield, a professor, has been infatuated with the flirtatious Paula; the two have given the gossips much food for discussion. But, having landed Tommy, Paula has calmly dropped Fifield—and Fifield has made it clear that he intends to get revenge.

Blissfully unaware of what is happening and what has happened, Helen promises to run away and marry Tommy. Agreeing to meet him in a town some fifty miles away, she goes there and awaits Tommy's arrival. But when hours have elapsed and he has not put in an appearance, she decides that something serious must have happened to him. So, in desperation, she telephones Caroline, who goes for her in a car and brings her back.

David Bingham is everything that Tommy is not. He is in love with Caroline; and, thrown with him constantly, Caroline finally realizes that her very real affection for him has developed into love. In every crisis, she turns to him; and he never fails her.

Now, having brought Helen back, she thinks the situation over, wondering what Tommy's disappearance can mean. She has been informed that, earlier, David had tried to get her on the telephone. It is 3:30 A.M. Nevertheless, she phones him.

And presently she is listening to a shocking announcement: "Listen, Carol," David is gasping. "Gene Fifield killed himself last night. At Maurice Traggas' summer camp!"

VII

CAROLINE fell asleep at about five Sunday morning, and church bells woke her at about eleven. The flight homeward and Dave's shocking news at the end of it at once enveloped her. Helen was in the window seat, an apparition of despair, looking out at what seemed to be a beautiful morning. There was the immediate problem of raising her spirits. But before Caroline could phrase the right greeting, there was a knock at the door. Priscilla Farley came in, dressed to the teeth and staggering under a full load of dignity. Caroline recalled that she was now a criminal and must begin some extemporizing that would probably snowball into one of the most intricate lies ever told at Morrison University. She was sleepy, breakfastless and preoccupied with matters infinitely more important than Gamma house rules. But an irrelevant mirth rose in her. Pris looked like a mother superior, a prosecuting attorney and a college girl who had got hold of something scandalous.

"Helen," Priscilla said formally, "would you mind going somewhere else? I want to talk to Caroline."

Helen said, "Oh, sure," and went out listlessly. Surely anyone on earth should observe that despair. Not Pris. Her eyes were on her duty. She sat primly erect, made her skirt modest, and fixed stern eyes on Caroline. She had done her hair faultlessly; she had even carmined her finger nails.

"Caroline," she said with a firm kindness that suggested the Girl Scouts, "I decided I had to talk to the Discipline Committee about you. We've just finished. So I have to tell you that—"

"I'm campussed."

Priscilla nodded. "You've got to be in by ten every night, and you can't go off campus after six, or—what are you laughing at?"

Caroline was laughing because the schoolgirl discipline made such a preposterous contrast to the events that had occasioned it. But she couldn't say so—and Pris' anger pointed out the answer to her problem. "You've got me at a disadvantage, Pris," she said frivolously. "You're dressed for court and I'm still in bed. All right. I'm campussed."

"That isn't all." Pris was being the president of Gamma and the keeper of its conscience. "You've got to explain to the committee about last night."

The answer was just this: if Caroline became a storm center for a few days, nobody would notice anything queer about Helen. She determined to be as criminal as possible. "I'll explain to you now," she said. "I went out for the evening. I stayed later than I meant to. When I realized how late it was I got back as soon as I could. That's all."

"That isn't all, Caroline," Priscilla said. "Whom were you with? Where did you go? What were you doing? Four o'clock! The earliest you could get back!"

CAROLINE got out of bed and picked up a bath towel. "I'm sorry, Pris. I broke the rules. You campus me for that. All right. But that's all."

Agitation appeared in Pris' face. "You think so! Gammas can't act that way. We're on trust and we've got to be—you can't be high-handed, Caroline. If you won't talk to the committee we'll simply have to bring you up before the chapter."

"We'll have loads of fun. . . . Sorry, Pris, I'm taking a bath."

She brushed past the appalled Priscilla. The house would now be so busy talking about her that nobody would have

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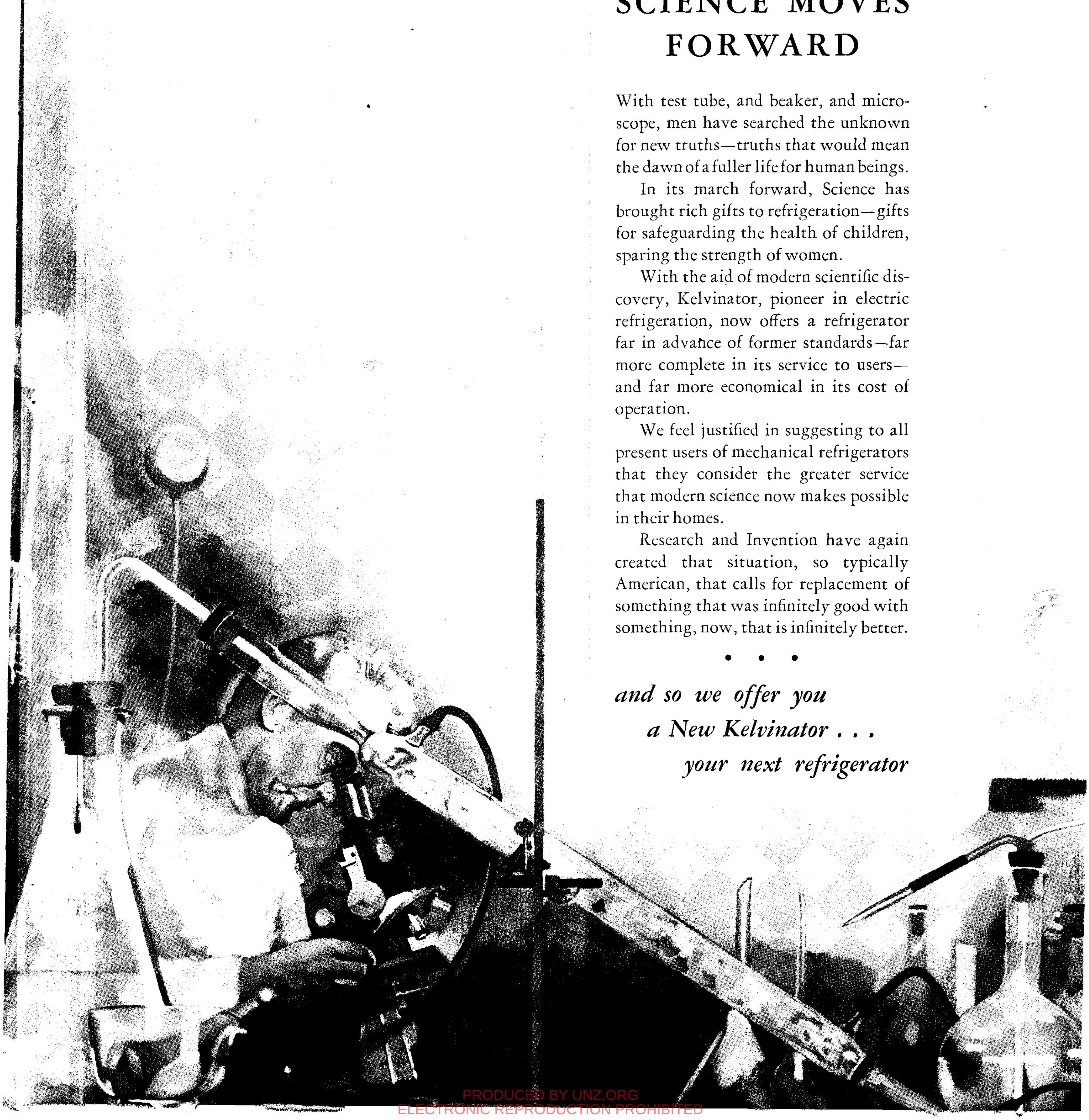


In the name of Human Health and Happiness

SCIENCE MOVES FORWARD

With test tube, and beaker, and microscope, men have searched the unknown for new truths—truths that would mean the dawn of a fuller life for human beings.

In its march forward, Science has brought rich gifts to refrigeration—gifts for safeguarding the health of children, sparing the strength of women.

With the aid of modern scientific discovery, Kelvinator, pioneer in electric refrigeration, now offers a refrigerator far in advance of former standards—far more complete in its service to users—and far more economical in its cost of operation.

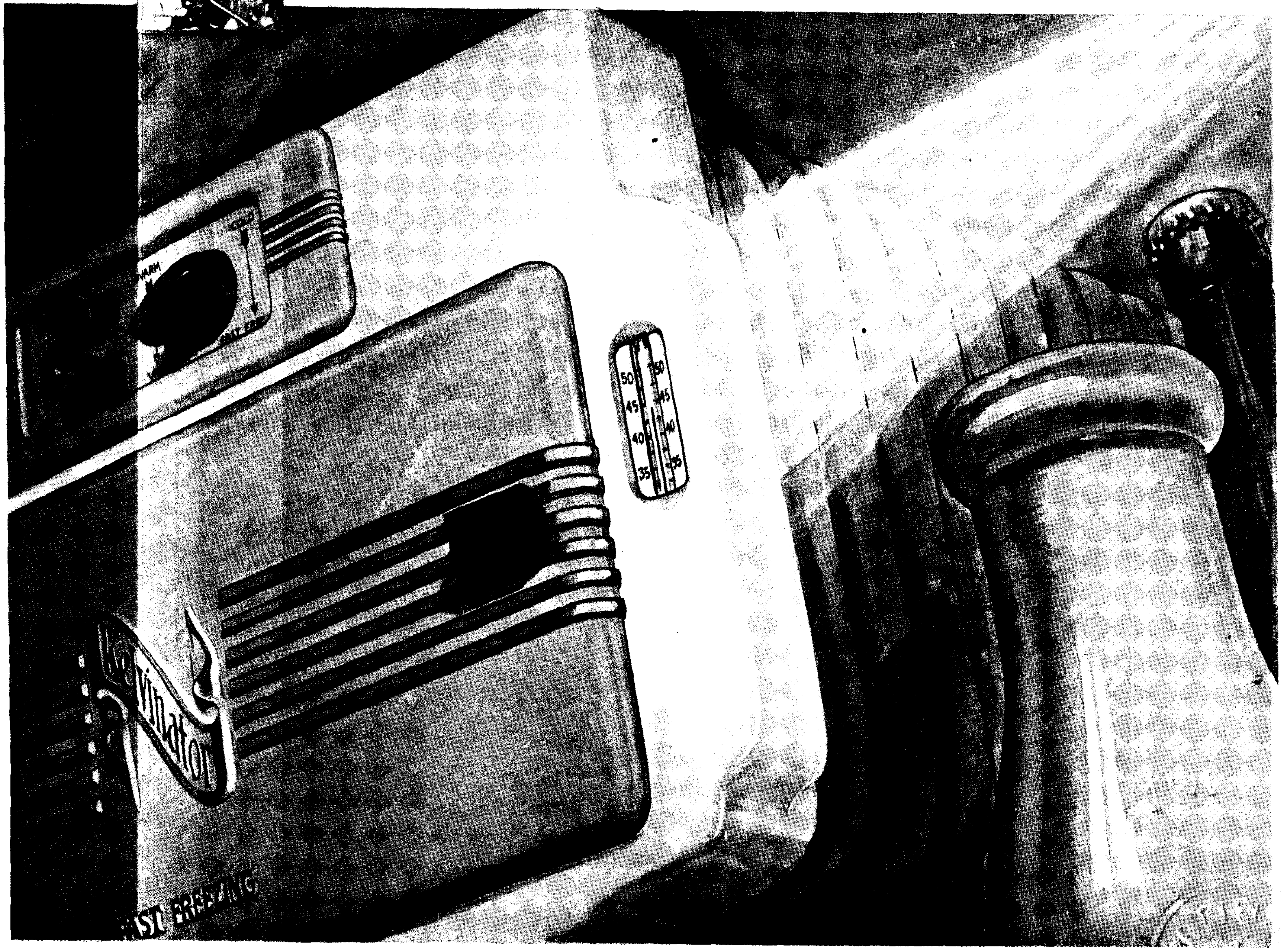
We feel justified in suggesting to all present users of mechanical refrigerators that they consider the greater service that modern science now makes possible in their homes.

Research and Invention have again created that situation, so typically American, that calls for replacement of something that was infinitely good with something, now, that is infinitely better.

• • •

and so we offer you
a New Kelvinator . . .
your next refrigerator

SCIENCE MOVES FORWARD



A Built-In Thermometer

Tells You Exactly How Cold It Is

It should always be remembered that the first, the foremost, the one greatest and most important function of a refrigerator is to keep food safely cold.

Unless a temperature within a very few degrees is consistently maintained, your refrigerator, no matter how beautiful it is, how convenient it is, nor how little it costs you to operate, fails in the one purpose for which you bought it.

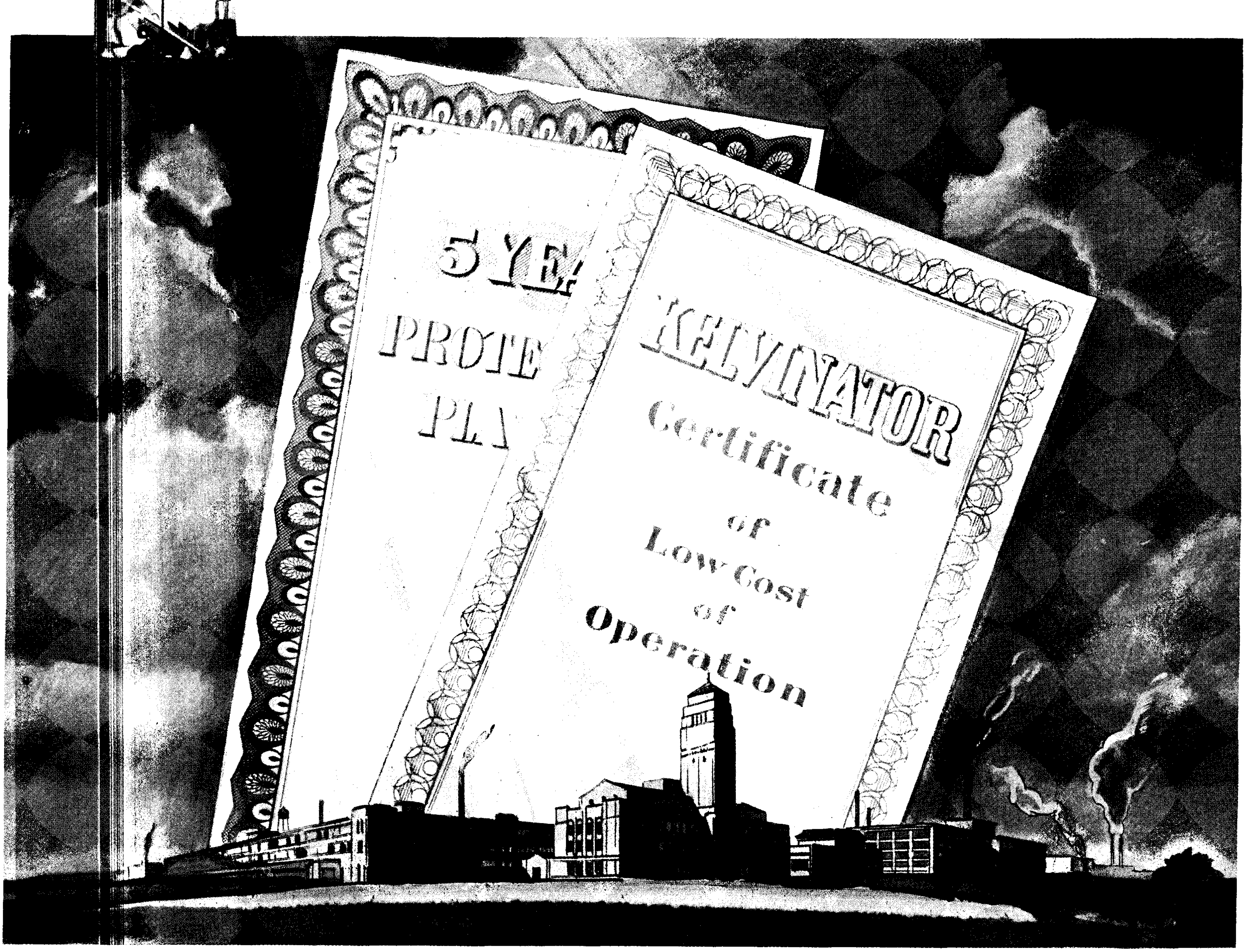
We have looked forward to the time when controls could be so sensitive, when the mechanism could be so perfectly designed, that food compartment temperatures would always be ideal.

That time has arrived. And so that you may always know that food in your Kelvinator is perfectly protected, whether the temperature in the kitchen is 50 degrees or 110 degrees, the 1936 Kelvinator is equipped with a built-in thermometer—a thermometer no different from those you have always used—a thermometer that tells you in unmistakable figures that food is being kept surely, safely, dependably cold.

If you are the owner of a mechanical refrigerator or an ice refrigerator, we suggest that you check its temperatures . . . find out for yourself whether food you trust to it is being perfectly preserved, safely below 50 degrees. If it is not, the refrigerator should be repaired, or replaced with one in which a built-in thermometer proves its performance.

***See the new* KELVINATOR**

SCIENCE MOVES FORWARD



To a 5-Year Protection Plan . . . We Have Added

Certified Low Cost of Operation

When you buy a refrigerator, you have a right to ask that the manufacturer provide you with written evidence of his confidence in his product. You have a right to know beyond a shadow of doubt that the refrigerator will give you years of service. That is why the new Kelvinator is backed by a 5-year Protection Plan written and signed by the oldest company in the electric refrigeration industry.

You also have a right to know what the operating cost will be—how much current your refrigerator will use, and so today, for the first time in the history of the industry, Kelvinator provides you with a Certificate of Low Cost of Operation.

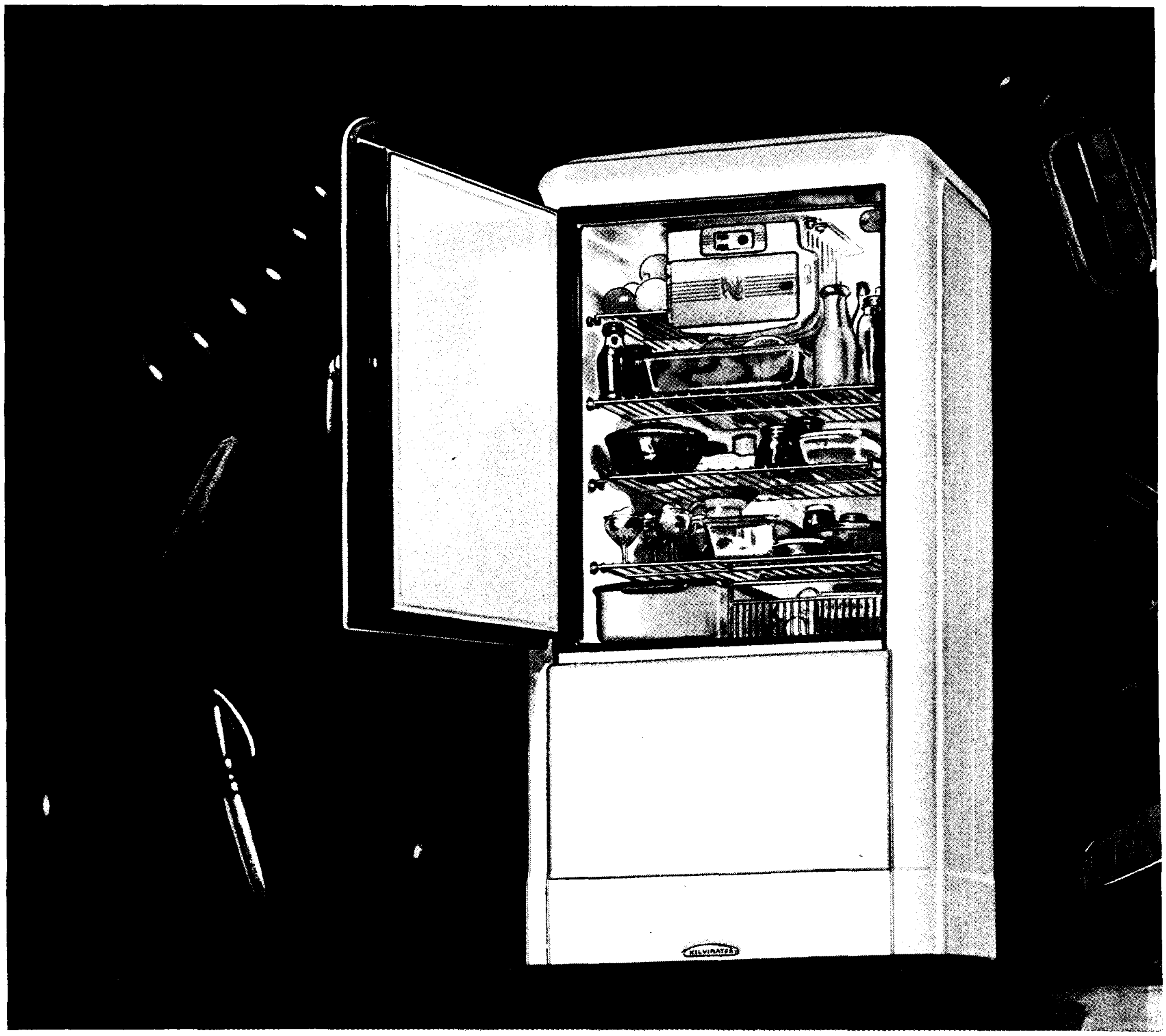
Many electric refrigerators in use today consume two or three times as much current as the new Kelvinator. This is not because the older refrigerators use an excessive amount of current but because the new Kelvinator uses so much less. In the light of new developments, old standards have been discarded. So important are the economies which have been made possible by modern improvements in design and construction that the saving in current alone may justify replacing your old refrigerator with the new Kelvinator.

It is because of performance such as this that we say that the introduction of the 1936 Kelvinator marks a new era in electric refrigeration.

Your next refrigerator

TO THE 7,000,000 OWNERS OF MECHANICAL

AND *To those who*



Beautiful CABINETS OF MODERN DESIGN

The new Kelvinator is the most beautiful refrigerator we have ever produced. It has no similarity to the old-fashioned icebox or former models of electric refrigerators.

But the beauty of the new Kelvinator goes far beyond that of outward appearance.

With the help of Count Alexis de Sakhnoffsky, world famous designer, Kelvinator engineers have combined beauty with utility in a refrigerator so efficiently planned that every inch of food storage space is most easily accessible.

Every article can be seen at a glance and reached without effort.

Here is a new kind of beauty—a practical beauty which results in the saving of time, trouble and human energy every day.

In every detail of its creation, its development, its design, its construction, the new Kelvinator reflects the progress of modern science. Contact with millions of homes has been the source of inspiration for providing conveniences that lighten the burden of housekeeping.

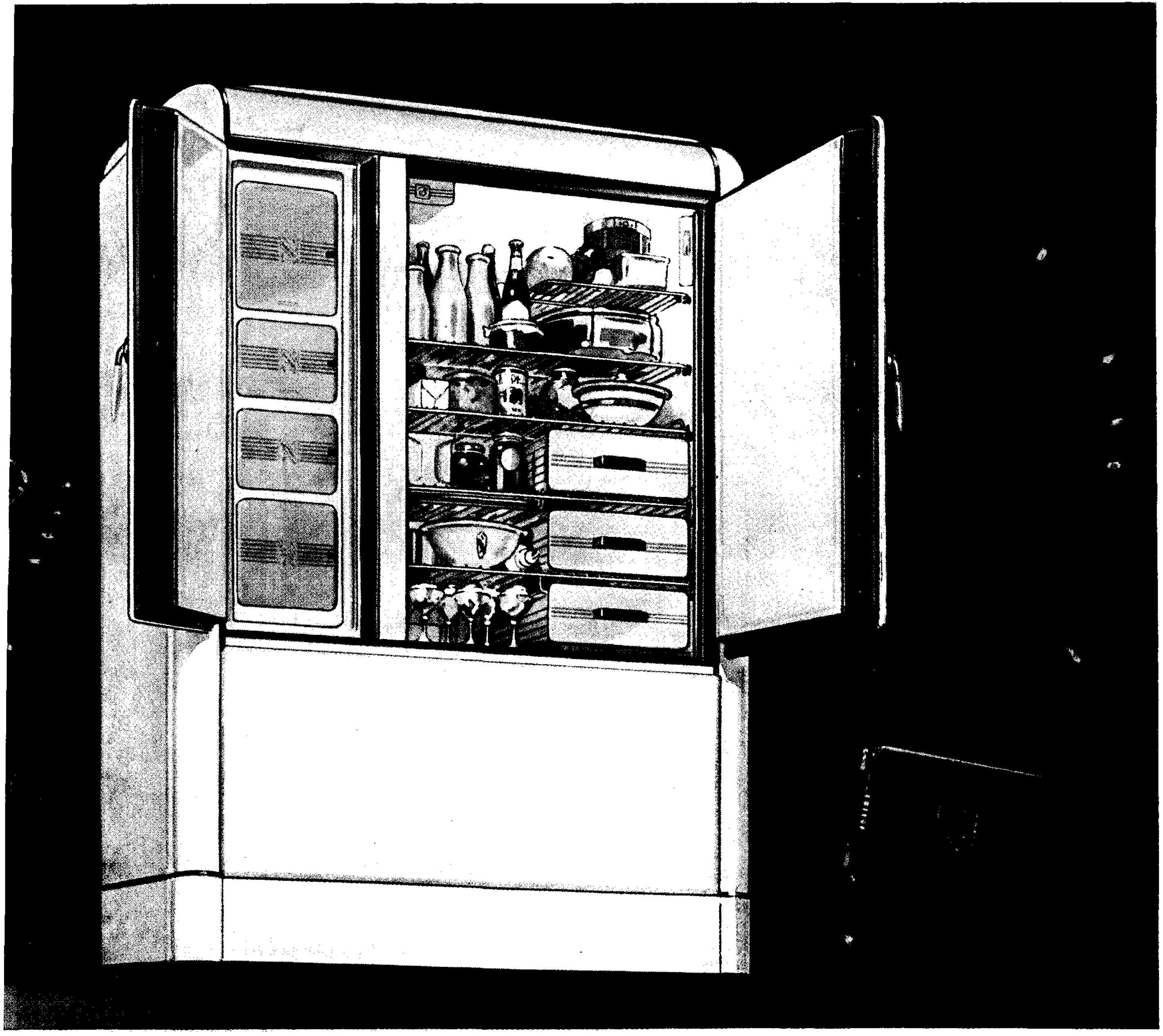
With more accurate knowledge of the effect of temperatures on foods, Kelvinator engineers have met new requirements with new controls—so that health may be safeguarded to a far greater extent.

If you were one of the early purchasers of a mechanical refrigerator, you have appreciated its benefits. It has demonstrated its economies. It has undoubtedly paid for itself many times over. Today we invite you to see the new Kelvinator. It represents progress over old-fashioned methods, just as great as did your present refrigerator at the time you bought it.

You might expect that because of the many features of the new Kelvinator, the

See the new KELVINATOR

REFRIGERATORS have not yet Bought



price might be prohibitive. This is not true. Through economies of modern production, the 1936 Kelvinator costs even less than many comparable models of former years.

With its greater efficiency, its economy in operation, and its dependability, we recommend it to you on the basis that it will cost you less to own and use and enjoy than any other refrigerator you could buy.

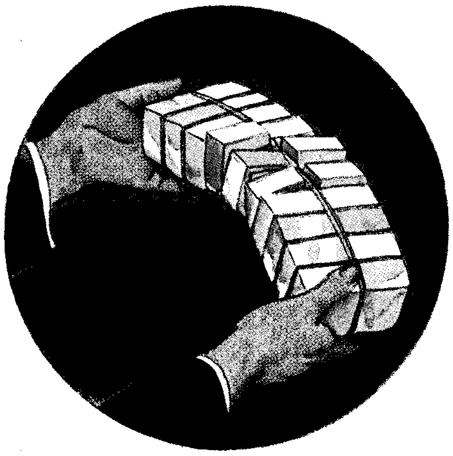
The new Kelvinator is now being shown by dealers everywhere.

KELVINATOR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICH.

THE 1936 KELVINATOR IS THE ONLY REFRIGERATOR THAT OFFERS ALL THESE FEATURES

1. A built-in thermometer.... 2. A certificate of low operating cost.... 3. New beauty in design.... 4. 5-year protection plan.... 5. Flexible grids in all ice trays.... 6. Interior light.... 7. Food crisper.... 8. Vegetable basket.... 9. Automatic defrosting switch.... 10. Sliding shelves.

A New High Standard of Modern Refrigeration



All ICE TRAYS HAVE FLEXIBLE RUBBER GRIDS

With all mechanical refrigerators you have seen and used, you probably know how difficult and inconvenient it was to take out ice cubes.

Ice had to be melted and forced out of metal trays and grids. Clothing was splashed and the ice cubes partly wasted and dripping wet.

But happily, the invention of flexible rubber grids has changed all this.

This is one of the developments that has contributed greatly to the usefulness of modern refrigeration.

In the 1936 Kelvinator all trays are of flexible rubber or have rubber grids. This means that ice cubes are instantly accessible. It means colder, larger ice cubes. It eliminates the inconvenience of ice removal, and gives you all the ice that is frozen in every tray easily and quickly.

Your next refrigerator

tendencies and later reported to be dead.

At this work Number 81 stared for some time, turning the pages over idly, and resting a long tobacco-stained finger upon certain of the notes. There was a creaking in the cupboard and a laden wagon occupied its previously vacant space. Upon this wagon a substantial repast was set. Taking out a long-necked bottle of wine and uncorking it, Number 81 filled a glass. This he tasted and then set down.

He threw open the French windows upon one side of the room, revealing a narrow balcony with a high railing of scrolled ironwork. A weather-beaten table stood there, and for a moment Number 81 leaned upon it, gazing down upon a night panorama of the great city below: snow-covered roofs, dwarf buildings and giant towers—a distant gleam of water; a leaden sky. It was bitterly cold at that great elevation, an icy breeze stirred the mane of white hair.

But, as if immune to climatic conditions, Number 81 bore out the clay head of the majestic Chinaman and set it upon the table. Below him, a dome, its veins gilded, every crack and cranny coated with snow, swept down gracefully to a lower parapet. Muffled noises from streets set in deep gulleys reached his ears. He returned for his glass of wine, raised his head to the leaden sky, and:

“To the day of freedom!” he cried, “to the day when we meet face to face.” And now, his eyes, glaring insanely, were lowered to the clay head—“to the day when we meet face to face; when those wheels in which I am trapped, which seem to move, inexorable as the planets in their courses, are still forever.”

He drank deeply, then tossed the remainder of the wine contemptuously into the face of the modeled head. He dashed the glass on the paving at his feet, and picking up the work to which he had devoted so many hours of care, raised it in both hands high above his head.

His expression maniacal, his teeth bared in a wolfish grin, far out over the dome he hurled it. It fell with a dull thud on the leaden covering. It broke, the parts showering down to the parapet, to fall, meaningless fragments, into some street far below.

IN THE light of a gray wintry dawn creeping wanly through the windows, Nayland Smith and Mark Hepburn stood looking down at some curious objects set out upon the big corner table. These had been found in Richet's possession.

One was a gold and ivory badge. Hepburn took it up and stared at it curiously. It bore the number 38.

“According to the taximan,” said Nayland Smith, “to whom I showed it, these badges simply mean that the wearer is an official of Harvey Bragg's League of Good Americans. It appears that no man is eligible for employment by the Lotus Cab Corporation who is not a member of this League.”

“There's more in it than that,” Hepburn murmured thoughtfully.

“I agree. But I don't think the man knew it. He admitted that they sometimes had orders from wearers of such badges requiring them to pick up certain passengers at indicated points and to report where they set them down.”

“But he denied that he had any such orders last night?”

“He stuck to it grimly. According to his account, the choice of his cab by Richet was a coincidence.”

Hepburn laid the badge down.

“There are only two other points of interest,” said Nayland Smith—“although we may learn more if we can trace Richet's baggage. These are his note of Weaver's Farm and of this address, and . . . that.”

The Invisible President

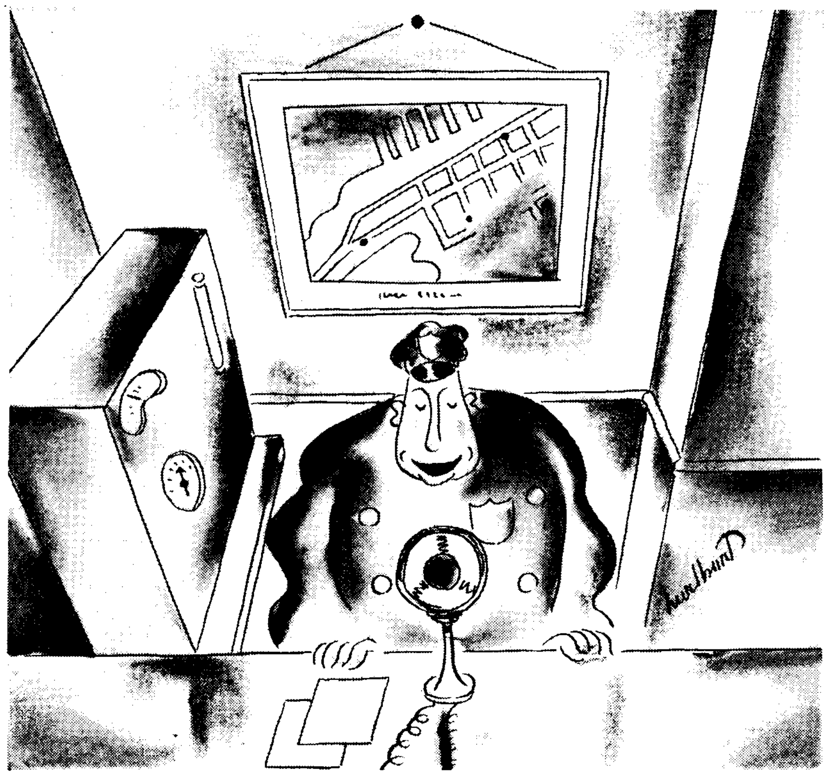
Continued from page 20

The object to which he pointed, found upon the floor of the taxi, was certainly an odd thing for a man to carry about. It was a cardboard case made to hold a pack of playing cards . . . but there were no cards!

Several sheets of blank paper had also been found, folded in a manner which seemed to indicate that they had been in the cardboard case. This case, in Smith's opinion, was the object which the driver had mistaken for a notebook.

“Richet was actually holding it in his hand, Hepburn,” he said energetically, “at the moment of the attack. This fact is of first-rate importance.”

Hepburn, eyes half-closed, nodded slowly. The nervous energy of this man surpassed anything in his experience. And as if in recognition of his companion's weariness had come to him suddenly, Nayland Smith grasped Hepburn's arm.



“Calling all cars! Calling all cars!
I'm a very proud father and you all get cigars!” ALLEN F. HURLBURT

“You are asleep already!” he declared, and smiled sympathetically. “Suppose we arrange to meet for ham and eggs at noon. Don't forget, Miss Lakin is due at four o'clock. If you meet her—not a word about Richet.”

THE bell rang and Fey, his leathery face characteristically expressionless, crossed the vestibule and opened the door. A woman stood there, tall and composed, her iron-gray hair meticulously groomed as it peeped from beneath the brim of a smart but suitable hat. She was wrapped in furs. Beside her stood a man who wore the uniform of the Regal-Athenian Hotel. He exchanged a glance with Fey, nodded, turned and went away.

“Sir Denis is expecting you, madam,” said Fey, standing aside.

And as the visitor entered the vestibule, Nayland Smith hurried from the adjoining sitting-room, hand outstretched. His lean brown features exhibited repressed excitement.

“Miss Lakin,” he exclaimed, “you are very welcome. I received the letter which you sent by special messenger, but your phone message has interested me more than the letter. Please come in and sit down and give me all the details.”

The sitting-room in which Miss Lakin found herself possessed several curious features. The windows, which occupied nearly the whole of one wall, afforded a view of a wide area of New York. Storm clouds had passed; a wintry sun lighted a prospect which had a sort of uncanny beauty. Upon countless flat roofs far below, upon the heads of gargoyles and other grotesque ornamentations breaking the lines of the more towering buildings, snow rested. The effect was that of a city of ice gnomes magically magnified. Through clear, frosty air, the harbor was visible, and one might obtain a glimpse of the distant sea. Above a littered writing table, set near one of the windows, a huge map of the city was fixed upon the wall; the remainder of this wall was occupied by a map, on a much smaller scale, of the whole of the United States. These maps had one character in common: they were studded with hundreds of colored pins which appeared to have been stuck in at random.

“The room is rather warm, madam,” said Fey. “Allow me to take your coat.”

The heavy fur coat draped carefully across his arm:

“A cup of tea, madam?” he suggested.

“Thank you,” said Miss Lakin. “I think I should enjoy a cup of tea.”

Nayland Smith stood before the mantelpiece, hands behind him. He had that sort of crisp, wavy hair, silvery now at the sides, which always looks in order; he was cleanly shaven, and his dark-skinned face offered no evidence of the fact that he had had only six hours sleep in the past forty-eight. He wore a very old tweed suit, and what looked like a striped shirt with an attached collar, but which closer scrutiny would have revealed to be a pajama jacket. As Fey went out:

“Miss Lakin,” he continued, feverishly anxious, “you have brought the letter to which you referred?”

Sarah Lakin from her handbag took out an envelope and handed it to Nayland Smith, watching him with her steady, grave eyes. He took it, glanced at the handwritten address, then crossed to the writing-table.

“I have also,” she said, “a note of the place at which we were to communicate with the very unpleasant person who called upon me yesterday.”

Nayland Smith turned; his expression was grim.

“I fear,” he said rapidly, “that we cannot hope for much help from that quarter.” He turned again to the littered table. “Here are three letters written by Orwin Prescott at Weaver's Farm, immediately prior to his disappearance. You know why I detained them and what I have discovered?”

Miss Lakin nodded.

“Copies have been sent to the persons to whom the letters were addressed, but I should judge, although I am not a specialist in the subject, that this is in Dr. Prescott's handwriting?”

“I can assure you that it is, Sir Denis. Intellectually my cousin and I are too closely akin for any deception to be possible. That letter was written by Orwin. Please read it.”

A SUBDUED clatter of teacups became audible from the kitchenette to which Fey had retired, as Nayland Smith extracted the letter from the envelope. Sarah Lakin watched Sir Denis intently. He fascinated her. Brief though her acquaintance with him had been, her own fine nature had recognized and welcomed the keen, indomitable spirit of this man who in an emergency, personal and national, had thrown the weight of his trained powers into the scale.

He studied the letter silently, reading it once, twice. He then read it aloud:

> “DEAR SARAH:
>
> This is to relieve your anxiety. By this time you will know that I am the victim of a plot; but I have compromised with the enemy, *pax in bello*, and I congratulate you and those associated with you upon the manner in which you have succeeded in restraining the newspapers from reference to the subject of my temporary disappearance. I have instructed Norbert, who will communicate with you. The experience has been unpleasant and even now I am not wholly my own master. Please conduct yourself as though you were ignorant of this misadventure, but have no fears respecting my appearance at Carnegie Hall. I shall be there. I dislike seeming to mystify, but it would be to my best interests if you make no attempt to communicate with me until the night of the debate. It is unnecessary that I should tell you to have courage.
>
> Always affectionately yours,
>
> ORWIN.”

“No date,” Nayland Smith commented. “No address. A sheet torn from a common type of writing pad. The envelope, also, is of a very ordinary kind, bearing a New York postmark. H'm . . . !”

He dropped letter and envelope upon the desk and, taking up a tobacco pouch, began to load his pipe. Fey entered with a tea tray which he placed upon a small table before Miss Lakin.

“Cream or milk, madam?”

“Milk and one piece of sugar, thank you.”

Except for a certain haggardness visible on the face of Nayland Smith, and the strangeness of his attire in one obviously trained to conform to social custom, there was little in the atmosphere of this room high above the turmoil of New York to suggest that remorseless warfare raged about the pair who faced one another across a tea table.

“I am entirely at a loss what to do, Sir Denis.”

As Fey withdrew, the deep voice of

Would it be worth 35 cents a day?

TUCKED away in countless hearts lies this bright hope—"Someday, a little place in the country."

It whispers to the weary, trudging homeward from their work. It heartens the harried. It is the Green Pasture, the Great Reward. It is the week-end shrine of thousands.

The father herds his little brood into the family car. Away they go—to the crest of some far hill. In the valley nestles a snug little home. And there are trees and soft, warm fields, and there is peace. "Look!" he says, "*We'll* have a place like that one of these days."

Tragic indeed, that only the few will ever have it. For, left to ways of their own designing, few will ever have sufficient money.

Tragic indeed, when we realize that, whatever a man's ambition may be—a care-free old age of leisure in a garden-spot like this, a college education for his son or daughter, or a business of his own—the Almighty places in the hands of virtually all the means of realizing that ambition.

Yes, *any* man who has fifteen years of earning power left—*even a moderate earning power* can make a financial success of his life *if* he will but realize and apply this simple truth:

"If you add only a little to a little and do this often enough, soon that little will become great."

Small sums of money put aside *regularly*, can, through the power of compound interest, return to you at the end of fifteen years $5,000, $10,000, $25,000 or more. An Investors Syndicate representative can tell you all about it.

He can show you how this money will be protected during these years, by an institution which has mastered and will apply for you the best rules of finance as history and experience have developed them.

Ask him to see you. Ask him to explain the *Living Protection* plan, and in the meantime, write Investors Syndicate, Dept. C63, for a booklet every thinking man should read—*"A New Plan of Life."*

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The Invisible President

Continued from page 28

Miss Lakin broke the silence; her steady eyes were fixed upon Nayland Smith. He lighted his pipe, paused, looked down at her, and:

"A very foul brier is unusual at tea-time," he said, and dropped his pipe in an ashtray. "Please forgive me. I am up against the greatest and perhaps the last problem of my life."

"Sir Denis . . ." Miss Lakin bent forward, took up the charred pipe from the tray and extended it toward him. "Surely you know that I understand. I have lived in a wider world than Connecticut, and I want your advice badly. Please concentrate upon the problem in your own way. What should I do? What do you advise me to do?"

NAYLAND SMITH stared hard at those grave eyes of the speaker, then, pipe in hand, began to walk up and down the room, tugging at the lobe of his left ear. They were forty floors above the streets of New York, and yet the ceaseless bombilation of those amazing thoroughfares reached them through such windows as were open; the hooting of taxicab horns, the roar of ten thousand engines, the boom of a distant train rumbling along the rails; the warning siren of a tugboat on East River. The city was around them, throbbing, living, an entity, a demigod, claiming them—and as it seemed in this hour, demanding their destruction.

"Is the phrasing characteristic of your cousin's style?" Nayland Smith demanded.

"Yes, broadly."

"I understand. It struck me as somewhat pedantic."

"He has a very scholarly manner, Sir Denis, but as a rule it is not so marked in his intimate letters."

"Ah . . . Who is Norbert?"

"Maurice Norbert is Orwin's private secretary."

"I see. May I take it, Miss Lakin, that in this fight for domination of the United States your cousin did not actually aim at the presidency?"

"He did not even desire it, Sir Denis. He is what our newspapers term a hundred per cent American, but in the best sense of the phrase. He hoped to break the back of Harvey Bragg's campaign. His aims were identical with those of the Abbot Donegal. His disappearance from the scene at this time would be fatal."

"I agree! But it seems that he is not going to disappear."

"Then do you believe that what he says is true?"

"I am disposed to believe it, Miss Lakin. My advice is to conform strictly to the letter and spirit of his request."

Miss Lakin was watching him intently, then:

"I am afraid I don't agree with you, Sir Denis," she said.

"Why?" He turned and faced her.

"That Orwin was kidnapped we know. Thank God he is alive! Surely, he was forced to write this letter by the kidnappers. They are playing for time."

IN A SMALL, book-lined room, high above New York City, dimly lighted and pervaded by a faint smell of incense, Dr. Fu Manchu, wearing a yellow robe, but with no cap crowning his massive skull, sat behind a large lacquered table, his eyes closed. From a little incense burner on one corner of this table a faint spiral of smoke arose. Some might have ascribed this to a streak of effeminacy in an otherwise great man, but one who knew the potency of burning perfumes, as understood in the ancient Orient, would have placed a different construction upon the circumstances. The Delphic oracle was so inspired; incense cunningly prepared, such as the *khyfi* of the Ancient Egyptians, can exalt the subconscious mind. A voice was speaking as though someone stood in the room, although except for the presence of the majestic Chinese it was empty.

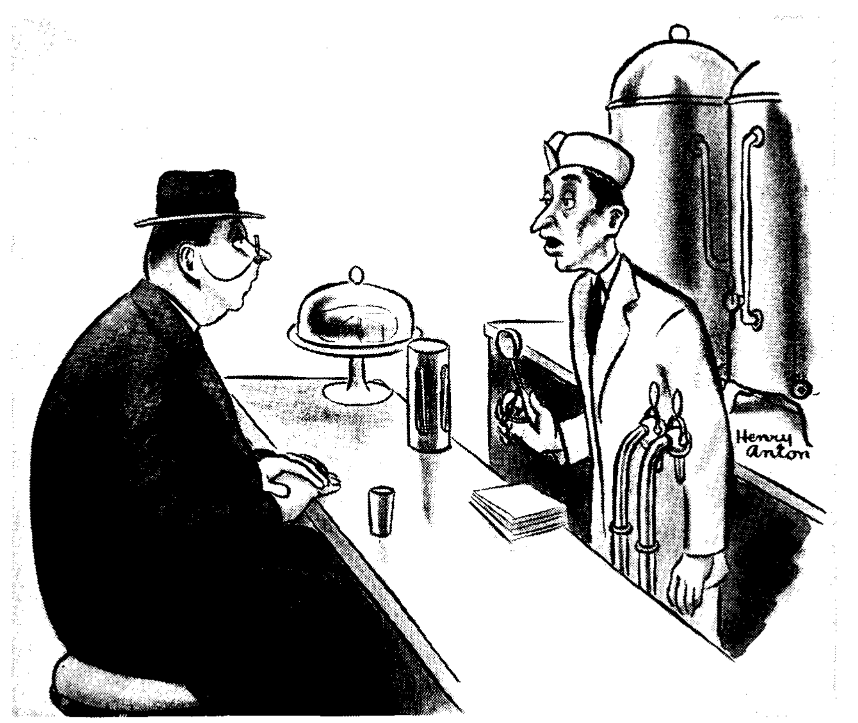
Dr. Fu Manchu pressed a button, the voice ceased, and there was silence in the incense-laden place. For two, three, five minutes, the Chinese sat motionless, his lean, long-fingered hands resting upon the table before him, his eyes closed.

"I am here, Master," said a feeble voice speaking in Chinese.

"Listen carefully . . ." Dr. Fu Manchu replied in the same language. "It is urgent. How many of our Scarlet Brides from New Zealand have you in reserve?"

"Fifteen, Master. I sacrificed five in the case of the man James Richet, fearing that some might not survive the cold."

"It is reported that Danger Number One—I hear you hiss, my friend—invariably sleeps with his windows open. Sacrifice ten more of our little friends. See that he does not sleep alone tonight."



"You mean vanella!"

HENRY ANTON

"My Lord, I have no one who could undertake the work. If I had Ali Khân or Quong Wah, or any one of our old servants. But I have none. What can I do in this uncivilized land to which my lord has exiled me?"

Several moments of silence followed. The long ivory hands with their incredible nails, beautiful even in their cruelty, rested motionless upon the table, then:

"Await orders," said the imperious, guttural voice.

Another button was depressed and there was silence. The pencil of smoke rising from the incense burner was growing more and more faint. Dr. Fu Manchu opened his eyes, staring straight before him; his eyes were green as emeralds, glittering gems reflecting an inexorable will. His right hand moved to a small switchboard. He inserted a plug, and presently a spot of red light indicated that he was connected.

"Is that 'A' New York?"

"Kern Adler here."

"You know to whom you are speaking?"

"Yes. What can I do for you, President?"

The voice was unctuous but nervous.

"We have not yet met," the imperious tone continued, "but I assume, otherwise I should not have appointed you, that you can command the services of the New York underworld?"

There was a perceptible pause before Kern Adler replied.

"If you would tell me, President, exactly what you want, I should be better able to answer."

"I want the man called Peter Carlo. Find him for me. I will then give you further instructions."

Another pause . . .

"I can find him, President," the nervous voice replied, "but only through Blondie Hahn."

"I distrust this man Hahn. You have recommended him, but I have not yet accepted him. I have my reasons. However, speak to him now. You know my wishes. Report to me when they can be carried out."

The red light continued to glow; one yellow finger pressed a small switch with the result that the office of Kern Adler, attorney, and one of the biggest survivors of the underworld cleanup, seemed to become acoustically translated to the study of Dr. Fu Manchu. Adler could be heard urgently calling a number; and presently he got it.

"HELLO, Kern," came a coarse voice, "want the boss, I guess. Hold on; I'll get him." There was an interval during which dim sounds of dance music penetrated to the incense-laden room, then:

"Hello, Kern," came in a deep bass; "what's new with you?"

"Listen, Blondie. I'm telling you something. If you want a quiet life you have to fall into line. I mean it. It'll be good for your health to go to work again. Either you come in right now or you stay right out. I want something done tonight—you have got to do it."

"Listen to me, Kern. You've spilled a mouthful. But what you don't seem to know is this: you've been washed up—and you figure you're still afloat. You're stone dead but you won't lie down. Come clean and I'll talk to you. I'm standing all ready on my two big feet. I don't need your protection."

"I want 'Fly' Carlo, and I'm prepared to pay for him. He has to get busy tonight. President's orders—"

"President nothing! But listen—you can have Carlo, and *I* hold the pay roll. That's my terms now and always. What's the figure? Carlo will cost the President (like hell he's President!) all of two thousand dollars. He can only get him through me. I'm his sole agent and my rake-off is my own pidgin."

"Your terms are ridiculous, Blondie. Talk sense."

"I'm talking sense all right. And I've got something very particular to say to *you*." The deep, gruff voice was menacing. "Somebody got busy in my records last night while I was at a party. If I thought it was *you*, I'd steal you away from your girl friends, little man. Next time you wrote a love letter it'd be with a quill from an angel's wing."

At which moment, Kern Adler's line became suddenly disconnected.

"Hello, there!" Hahn bawled. "You cut me off! What in hell's the matter?"

His protests were silenced. A guttural voice came across the wires:

"You have been put through to *me*—the President . . . Paul Erckmann Hahn—I believe this is your name?—you possess a certain brute force which attracts me. You are crude; but you might possibly be used."

"Used?" Hahn's voice sounded stifled. "Listen—!"

"When I speak, it is *you* who must listen. The person 'who got busy in your records,' as you term it, was one of my own agents—in no way connected with Kern Adler. I learned much that I had wished to know about you, Mr. Hahn . . ."

"Is that so?" came a bull-like bellow. "Then listen, pet!—You're a Chink if I ever heard one. That tells me plenty. I've been checking up on *you*. The G-men are right on your tail, yellow baby."

Long ivory fingers remained quite motionless upon the table. Dr. Fu Manchu's eyes were closed.

"Your remarks impress me," he said, softly, sibilantly. "I feel that you are indispensable to my plans. By all means let us talk terms. The matter is urgent."

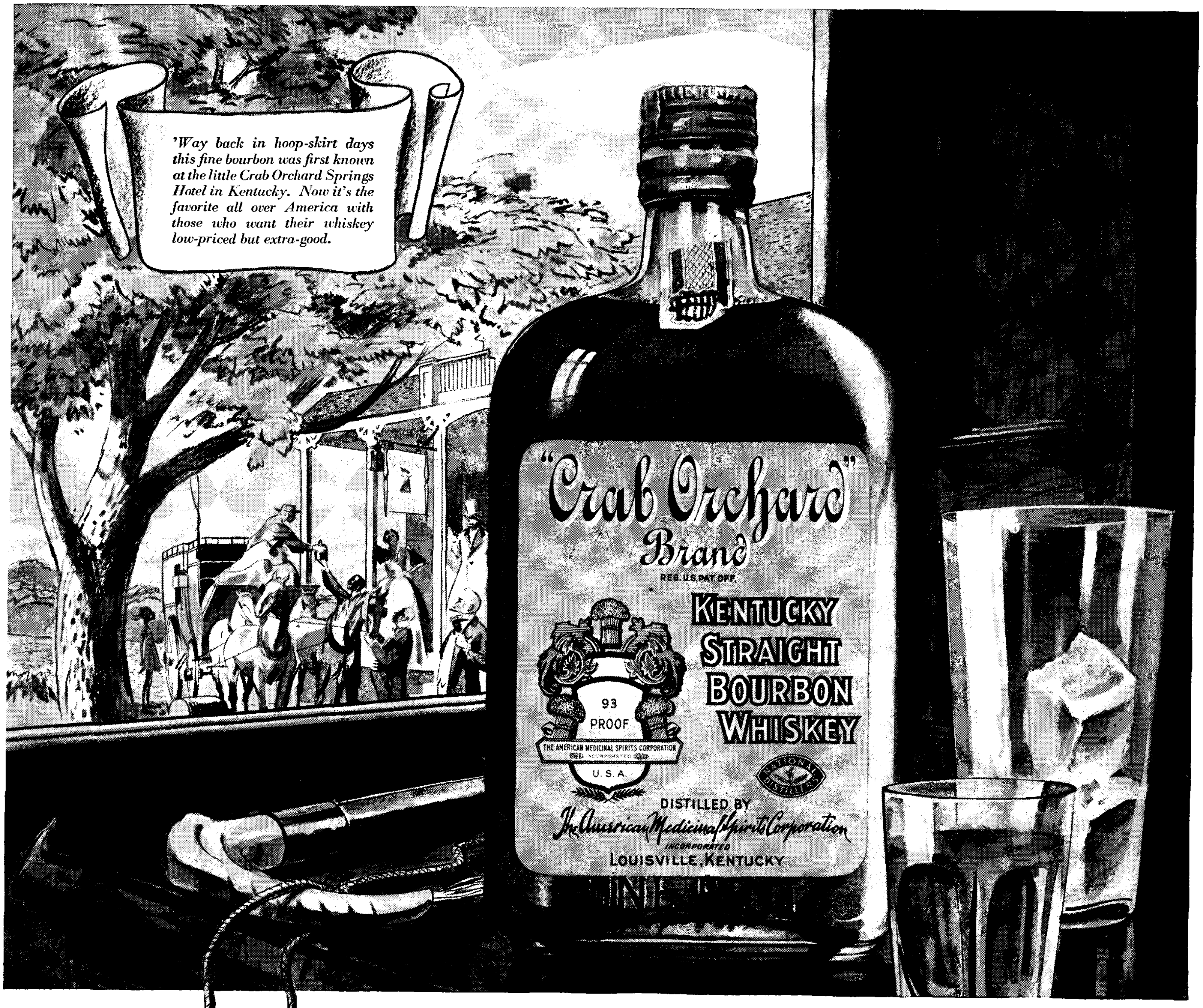
MARK HEPBURN tried and tried in vain to sleep. The image of a woman haunted him. He had checked her up as far as possible. He thought that he had her record fairly complete.

She was the widow of a United States naval officer. Her husband had been killed in the Philippines three years before. There was one child of the marriage—a boy. In fact, the credentials with which she had come to Abbot Donegal were authentic in every way. A thousand times, day and night, Hepburn had found himself in an imaginary world sweeter than reality—looking into those deep blue eyes. He found it impossible to believe that this woman would stoop to anything criminal. He would not entertain the idea despite damning facts against her.

He wanted to hear evidence for the defense, and he was fully prepared to take it seriously. In all his investigations he hoped, yet feared to come across her. He wondered if at last he had fallen in love—and with a worthless woman. Her flight on that night from the Tower of the Holy Thorn, the fact that she had been endeavoring to smuggle away the incriminating manuscript, which explained the collapse of Abbot Donegal; these things required explanation. Yet the official record of Moya Eileen Adair, as far as he had traced it, indicated that she was a young gentlewoman of unblemished character.

She came from County Wicklow in Ireland; her father, Commander Breon, was still serving with the British Navy. She had met her late husband during the visit of an American fleet to Bermuda, where she had been staying with relatives. He was of Irish descent; he, too, was a man of the sea, and they had been

(Continued on page 32)



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Can this Old Kentucky goodness be matched under $^{\$}1\underline{50}$ a pint?

All these months you might have been thinking that it takes important money to enjoy a really good straight whiskey.

That would be because you haven't tried Crab Orchard lately. Here is true straight bourbon whiskey from Old Kentucky. Its quality pedigree reaches back sixty years and more. Its price is plenty low enough for anyone to afford.

Now fifteen full months of aging in the wood ripen the quality which starts with choice grains and Kentucky limestone water, finest in the world for distilling.

Straight as whiskey can be, Crab Orchard sparkles with its own natural brilliance and ruddy color. You'll see the bead of its warm tasty 93 proof clinging to the glass.

Do what a lot of other smart fellows are doing today. Try Crab Orchard at its thrifty low price. Then you'll know from experience and your own taste whether it can be matched this side of $1.50 per pint.

Eight times as many buyers as compared with last year, apparently are finding that it can't. They know they are getting the kind of good whiskey that they like, and they're money ahead, too.

So why don't you try Crab Orchard? Get it at bars as well as at stores. Accept no substitutes.

A GOOD GUIDE NATIONAL DISTILLERS TO GOOD WHISKEY

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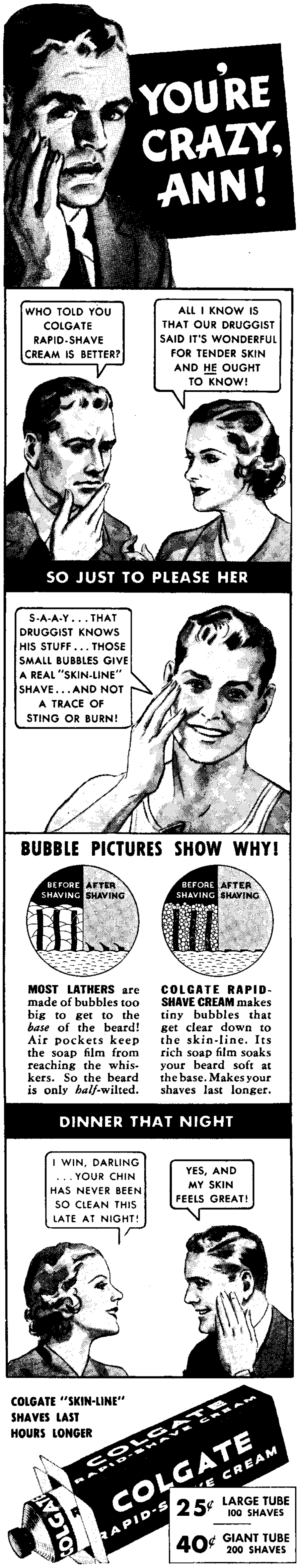


YOU'RE CRAZY, ANN!
WHO TOLD YOU COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM IS BETTER?
ALL I KNOW IS THAT OUR DRUGGIST SAID IT'S WONDERFUL FOR TENDER SKIN AND HE OUGHT TO KNOW!
SO JUST TO PLEASE HER
S-A-A-Y . . . THAT DRUGGIST KNOWS HIS STUFF . . . THOSE SMALL BUBBLES GIVE A REAL "SKIN-LINE" SHAVE . . . AND NOT A TRACE OF STING OR BURN!
BUBBLE PICTURES SHOW WHY!
BEFORE SHAVING
AFTER SHAVING
BEFORE SHAVING
AFTER SHAVING

MOST LATHERS are made of bubbles too big to get to the *base* of the beard! Air pockets keep the soap film from reaching the whiskers. So the beard is only *half*-wilted.

COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM makes tiny bubbles that get clear down to the skin-line. Its rich soap film soaks your beard soft at the base. Makes your shaves last longer.

DINNER THAT NIGHT
I WIN, DARLING . . . YOUR CHIN HAS NEVER BEEN SO CLEAN THIS LATE AT NIGHT!
YES, AND MY SKIN FEELS GREAT!
COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM

COLGATE "SKIN-LINE" SHAVES LAST HOURS LONGER

25¢ LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES

40¢ GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES

The Invisible President

Continued from page 30

married before the American fleet sailed. All this Mark Hepburn had learned in the space of a few days, employing those wonderful resources at his disposal. Now, tossing wearily on his bed, he challenged himself: Had he been justified in instructing more than twenty agents, in expending nearly a thousand dollars in radio and cable messages, to secure this information?

The fate of the country was kept spinning in the air by those who juggled with lives. Some men prayed that the Constitution should stand four-square; others believed that its remodeling as preached by Dr. Prescott would form the foundations of a new Utopia. Others, more mad, saw in the dictatorship of Harvey Bragg a Golden Age for all. . . . And the Abbot of Holy Thorn held a choir of seven million voices in check awaiting the baton of his rhetoric.

Bribery and corruption gnawed ratlike into the very foundations of the state; murder, insolent, stalked the city streets. . . . And, he, Mark Hepburn, expended his energies upon tracing the history of one woman. As he lay tossing upon his pillow, the whole-hearted enthusiasm of Sir Denis Nayland Smith became a reproach.

Then, suddenly, he sprang upright in bed, automatic in hand. The door of his room had been opened very quietly . . .

"Hands up!" he rasped. "Quick!"

"Not so loud, Hepburn—not so loud." It was Nayland Smith.

"Sir Denis!" Hepburn exclaimed.

Smith was crossing the room in his direction.

"I don't want to arouse Fey," the incisive but guarded tones continued. "He has had a trying day. But it's *our* job, Hepburn. Don't make any noise; just slip along with me to my room. . . . Bring the gun."

IN SILENCE, pajama-clad, bare-footed, Hepburn went along the corridor, turning right just before reaching the vestibule. In the room occupied by Nayland Smith the atmosphere was perceptibly cooler. The windows were wide open; heavy curtains were drawn widely apart; a prospect of a million lights gleamed far below; the muted roar of New York's ceaseless traffic rose like the rumbling of distant thunder.

"Close the door."

Mark Hepburn closed the door behind him as he entered.

"You will notice," Nayland Smith continued, "that I have not been smoking for some time, although I have been wide awake. I was afraid of the glow from my pipe."

"Why?" Hepburn asked, puzzled.

"For this reason, Hepburn. Our brilliant enemy has become a slave of routine. It is now almost a habit with him to test his death agents upon someone else, and if the result is satisfactory to try them on me. . . ."

"I'm not clear about what you mean—"

"I mean that, unless I am greatly mistaken, I am about to be subjected to an attempt upon my life by Dr. Fu Manchu!"

"What! But you are forty stories up from the street!"

"We shall see. You may remember that I deduced the arrival of certain weapons in the Doctor's armory from circumstances connected with the death of Richet. . . ."

"I remember. But a long night's work was wasted."

"Part of our trade," said Nayland Smith dryly. "You will notice, Hepburn—there is ample reflected light—two suitcases upon the top of a chest of drawers set against the wall on your left. Climb up and hide yourself behind the suitcases—I have placed a chair for the purpose. Your job is to watch the windows but not to be seen . . ."

"Look!" Hepburn whispered and clutched Smith's arm.

"What is it?"

"There's someone in your bed!"

"There's no one in my bed, Hepburn, nor is there any time to waste. This job is life or death. Get to your post."

MARK HEPBURN rallied his resources: that shock of discovering the apparent presence of someone in the bed had shaken him. But now he was icily cool again, as cool as Nayland Smith. He climbed on to the chest of drawers, curled up there behind the suitcases, although space was limited in such a manner that he had a view of the windows while remaining invisible from anyone in the room. This achieved:

"Where are you, Sir Denis?" he asked, speaking in a low voice.

"Also entrenched. Do nothing until I give the word. And now, listen . . ."

Mark Hepburn began to listen. Clearly he sensed that the menace came from the windows although its nature was a mystery to him. He heard the hooting of taxis, the eerie wail which denotes that the fire department is out, the concerted whine of innumerable motor engines. Then, more intimately, these sounds becoming a background, he heard something else—

It was a very faint noise but a very curious one; almost it might have been translated as the impact of some night bird, or of a bat, against the stone face of the building. . . .

He listened intently, aware of the fact that his heartbeats had accelerated. He allowed his glance to wander for a moment in quest of Nayland Smith. Presently, accustomed now to the peculiar light of the room, he detected him. He was crouching on a glass-topped bureau, set just right of the window, holding what Hepburn took to be a sawed-off shotgun in his hand.

Then again Hepburn directed the whole of his attention to the windows.

Clearly outlined against a sullen sky, he could see one of New York's tallest buildings. Only three of its many windows showed any light—one at the very top, just beneath the dome. Tensed-up as he was, listening, waiting for what was to come, the thought flashed through his mind: Who lived in those high, lonely rooms?—who was awake there at this hour?

Another curious light was visible from where he lay—a red glow, somewhere away to the left towards the river; a constantly changing light of which he could see only the outer halo. Then a moving blur appeared far below, and a rumbling sound told him that a train was passing. . . .

Suddenly, unexpectedly, a sharp silhouette obscured much of this dim nocturne. . . .

Something out of that exotic background belonging to the man who, alone, tonight, shared this vigil, had crept up between the distant twinkling lights and Mark Hepburn's view.

Vaguely he realized that the phenomenon was due to the fact that someone, miraculously, had climbed the face of the building, or part of it, and now, as he saw, was supporting himself upon the ledge. There was a moment of tense silence. It was followed by activity on the part of the invader perched perilously outside. A light, yellow, muffled, shone into the room, its searching ray questing around, to rest finally for a moment upon the bed.

Mark Hepburn held his breath: almost, he betrayed his presence.

The appearance of the disordered bed suggested that a sleeper, covers drawn up right over his head, lay there!

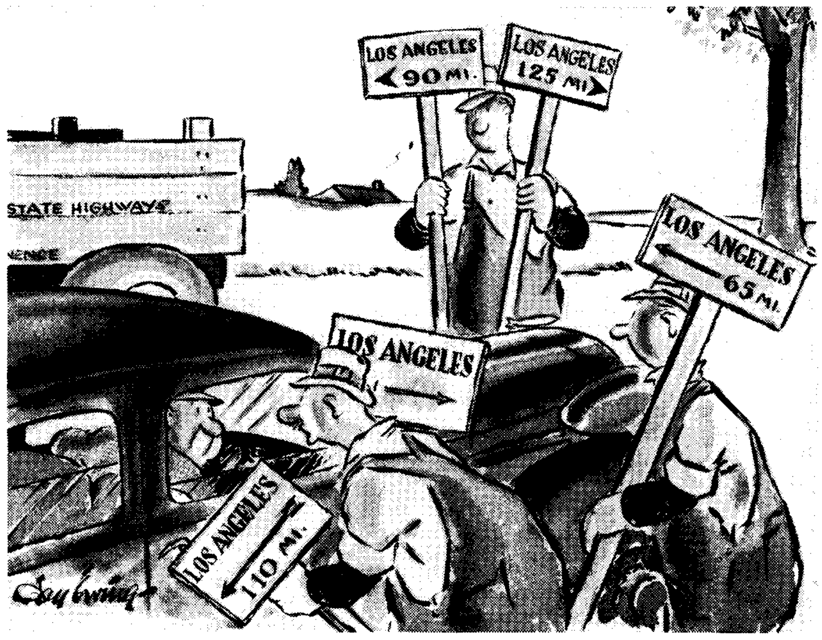
"Dr. Fu Manchu has become a slave of routine"—Nayland Smith's words echoed in Hepburn's mind. "It is almost a habit with him to test his death agents upon someone else, and if the result is satisfactory to try them on me."

The shadowy silhouette perched upon the window ledge projected some kind of slender telescopic rod into the room. It stretched out towards the bed . . . Upon it depended what looked like a square box. The rod was withdrawn. The visitor accomplished this with a minimum of noise. Hepburn, his ears attuned for the welcome word of command, watched. An invisible line was wound in, tautened, and jerked.

Suddenly came a loud and insistent hissing, and:

"Shoot!" snapped the voice of Nayland Smith. "Shoot that man, Hepburn!"

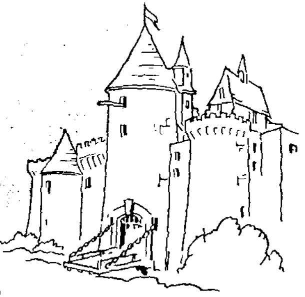
(To be continued next week)


LOS ANGELES 90 MI.
LOS ANGELES 125 MI.
STATE HIGHWAYS
LOS ANGELES 65 MI.
LOS ANGELES
LOS ANGELES 110 MI.
Jay Irving

"Excuse me, mister; which way is Los Angeles?"

JAY IRVING

YOUR HOME IS YOUR Castle . . .



. . . DON'T LET "CHEAP" PAINT MAKE IT A Shanty

IN THE eyes of the law your house is your castle. In your own eyes it's a castle, too . . . a home worthy of the best protection you can give it.

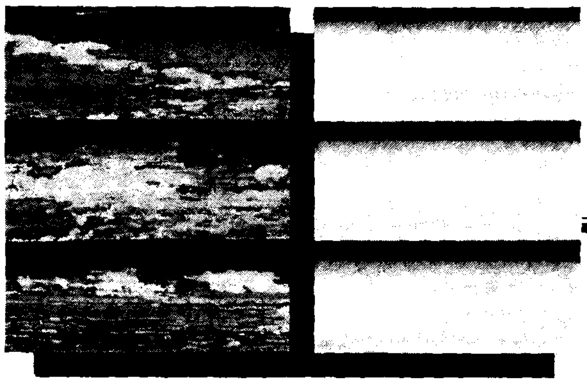
What a pity then to let "cheap" paint spoil it. For "cheap" paint quickly cracks and scales away in spots, not only ruining the appearance of your home but exposing it to the ravages of the weather.

Moreover, it's really the *most* expensive. When you come to repaint, you find you haven't saved money at all. For the remains of the "cheap" paint job must be burned and scraped off down to the bare wood . . . a heavy extra expense that more than wipes out what you thought you saved. Also, before the customary repaint coats are applied a new priming coat is needed, and that's another extra expense.

What a difference when you paint with Dutch Boy!

Here's a paint that does not crack and scale. It resists the weather . . . wears down stubbornly by gradual chalking which leaves a smooth, unbroken surface, an ideal foundation for new paint.

The experienced painter recommends Dutch Boy White-Lead. Its durability always backs up his reputation. He can mix it to suit the requirements of your job and tint it to the exact color you specify. No one knows paint like a painter.



"CHEAP" PAINT
after 1½ years

Cost $110. Now the paint must be burned and scraped off at $60 more. Total, $170, or $113 per year. And on top of all that there's more expense — an extra coat (a new priming coat) will be needed in repainting.

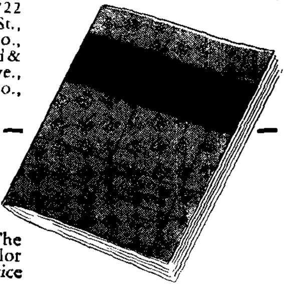
DUTCH BOY
after 4 years

Located in the same community as the "cheap" paint job. Cost $120 or $30 per year to date, which will be still less as time goes on. No burning and scraping, no new priming coat will be needed at repaint time.

Easy to Pay via the N. H. A.

If lack of ready cash prevents you from painting, take advantage of a National Housing Act loan. Monthly payments are surprisingly small. Send the coupon below. It brings you complete information and a copy of our illustrated booklet, "The House We Live In", which tells how to modernize with paint and what to look for when buying a paint job. Address Department 203, care of the nearest branch.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY, 111 Broadway, New York; 116 Oak St., Buffalo; 900 W. 18th St., Chicago; 659 Freeman Ave., Cincinnati; 820 W. Superior Ave., Cleveland; 722 Chestnut St., St. Louis; 2240 24th St., San Francisco; National-Boston Lead Co., 800 Albany St., Boston; National Lead & Oil Co. of Penna., 316 Fourth Ave., Pittsburgh; John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Widener Bldg., Philadelphia.



NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY
Department 203
(See list of branches above)

Please send me your free booklet "The House We Live In," containing color scheme suggestions and practical advice on interior and exterior painting.

*Name*______________________________

*Street*______________________________

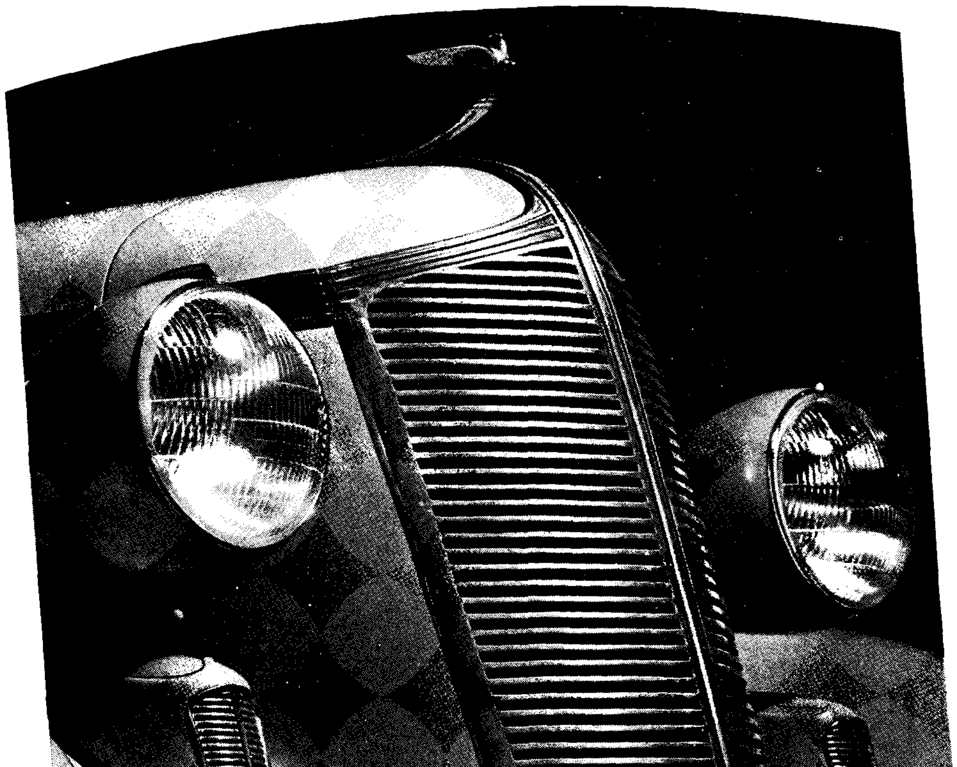
*City*____________________*State*__________

Dutch Boy White Lead

GOOD PAINT'S OTHER NAME

You'll get a New Thrill

BENEATH THE SPARKLING BEAUTY OF THE $695* DE SOTO, THERE'S PERFORMANCE WORDS CANNOT DESCRIBE



In a year of "look alike" cars, De Soto's dashing styling stamps it as one of the most distinctive cars of 1936. You can identify it 'way down the boulevard.

Custom appointments, once exclusive with the most expensive cars, are part and parcel of this new, lower-priced Airstream De Soto. You never saw such styling!

Save with De Soto's Gas-Saver Transmission, Safety-Ste

HAVE CARS CEASED to be a Great Event in your life Have you begun to take them all for granted? The it's time you became acquainted with the new De Sot

You get a hint of something extraordinary the instar you see the flash of its military lines...the sparkle of i chromium-crowned radiator.

Your wonder grows when you step inside. Examine inch by inch. The jeweled beauty of the instrument pan with its cloisonné-finish dials. The luxurious ease of extr deep French roll cushions. The exquisite pleating an tufting of the door panels. The infinite care lavished o each tiny detail...every appointment you can possibl think of is here!

Then take the wheel and go exploring. Try to get "rise" out of the roughest road in town. Bumps and ru are smothered, in the style of the "Airflow" De Soto.

Then give De Soto's 93 horses the gun. Feel arrow swif ness that makes other cars seem slow and cumbersome. power that zooms you over the steepest hills. Try the brake they are genuine hydraulics; money can buy no safer.

Now for a final surprise! Usually a penalty is attache

ody and Genuine Hydraulic Brakes

to owning a big, custom car . . . in heavy gasoline bills. But De Soto is different. Owners are reporting up to 23 miles a gallon with the new Gas-Saver Transmission! Nothing less than sensational for a car so big and powerful!

As for engineering, it's enough to say that De Soto is built by Chrysler Motors.

Nowhere else in the low-price field...nor in any price field...will you find the particular thrill this De Soto gives you. Drive it today! Call your nearest De Soto dealer.

De Soto is a *big* car...over 196 inches overall...with far more elbow room, foot room and head room than most cars offer. You'll find new comfort in its chair-high seats.

Beneath its beauty is the super-strength of a Safety-Steel body. This streamlined trunk holds enough baggage for long trips and carries the spare tire locked inside.

ONLY IN DE SOTO . . . ALL THESE FEATURES

Genuine Hydraulic Brakes . . . Safety-Steel Body . . . Floating Ride . . . Custom Styling . . . Independent (knee-type) Front Wheel Springs . . . Automatic Choke . . . 93 Horsepower Engine . . . All-Silent Transmission . . . Floating Power Engine Mountings . . . Shockless Steering.

Ask for the New

Official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Co. 6% TIME PAYMENT PLAN

You can figure it out for yourself. **1.** Start with your unpaid balance. **2.*** Then add insurance cost. **3.** Then multiply by 6%—for a 12 months' plan. One-half of one per cent per month for periods more or less than 12 months.

* In some states a small legal documentary fee is charged.

NO OTHER CHARGES

Graduate
to a
DE SOTO

De Soto

*AND UP, LIST AT FACTORY, DETROIT
SPECIAL EQUIPMENT EXTRA

PRODUCT OF THE CHRYSLER CORPORATION

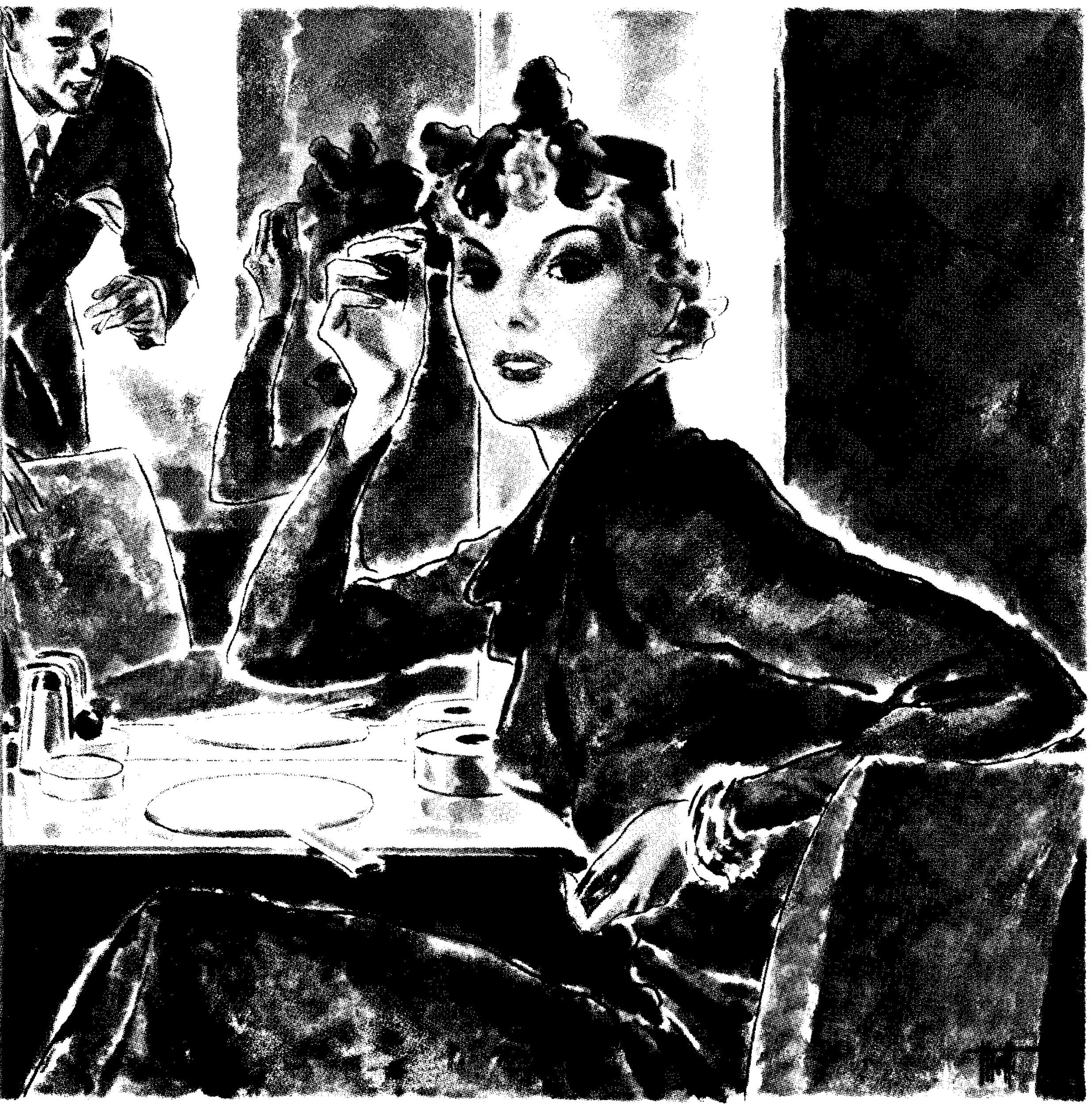
COMPANION TO THE DE SOTO AIRFLOW III

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

The Hat Test

By Henri Duvernois

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER C. KLETT



"So you don't like my hat, don't you?" Theresa cried. "My taste in clothes doesn't suit you, eh?"

WHAT do you think of my new hat?" Theresa asked her young husband.

"It's lovely."

"Will you please be serious and answer me as if you were talking to a man?"

"Ah, that's something else again. Wait till I look at you. There! Turn around. . . ."

"Well?"

"It's hideous."

"Why, you fiend!"

"I'm not a fiend; I'm a nice young fellow, and very fond of you. As for your hat, take it off at once before it makes me ill. What's that plaid ribbon doing on it, and a weeping-willow plume and those white jade pendants? Why not add a stuffed pigeon, a cardboard melon and a bunch of onions, eh? Why didn't you have the milliner do that while she was here?"

"To wear simple hats you have to have an income of fifteen thousand dollars a year," Theresa declared in a trembling voice.

"Are you sure of that?"

"Absolutely sure."

"Could you tell me why?"

"You wouldn't understand; but if a woman were here, she'd understand."

"Well, then, talk to me as if I were a woman."

"If that's what you want, here goes: I'm sick and tired of it all. Tired of the milliner, tired of marriage, tired of you! This is the last straw. So you don't like my hat, don't you? My taste in clothes doesn't suit you, eh? That's just too bad. The remedy's simple enough: be successful, speculate, make money—do what Tom, Dick and Harry have done—"

"Hold on! You choose your examples badly: Harry was sent to prison yesterday."

"All right, Philip, you're witty—I grant you that. But you always have your fun at my expense. Don't shrug your shoulders and look bewildered. At my expense! You thought I didn't realize it. When you enjoy a play, I always know that the actress you think grotesque is like me in some respect. What do you look for in books? Something to justify your contempt for me. If the book's about some little fool or flirt or madwoman, you see me in the part and are greatly pleased to find someone foul enough to express your low ideas. Well, my nice young fellow, as you call yourself, I leave you to your cherished pursuits. I'm clearing out. My mind is definitely made up. I'm going to try one last experiment."

"On a hat?"

"I can't very well try it on a Greek manuscript. Goodby, Philip!"

"Goodby, Theresa! What time are we having dinner?"

"I'll not be home for dinner tonight—nor tomorrow, nor ever. Goodby!"

"I'M ON my own now," Theresa thought when she was out in the street. But her anger kept her company so she didn't feel lonely. Where should she go? Her mother and father were of the same sort as her husband, sensitive souls who had retreated from the storms of life, who hated tears and drafts, and never asked you how you felt for fear you would tell them your symptoms. Then Theresa thought of her two intimate friends, Nicole Mangot and Gilberte Houret. She hurried to Nicole's house and found her in bed with a bad headache.

"You poor dear," she cried, "you're sick and I, worse luck, haven't come to cheer you up I'm going to get a divorce!"

Nicole forgot her headache.

"You're getting a divorce? Oh, my dear, how I envy you! I know, I know, your husband wasn't very attentive. Mine is too attentive! What a bore! August has just gone out. I finally succeeded in making him leave to smoke a cigarette. Not a cigar, mind you—that would be too much to expect! That would keep him away too long! Oh, he tires me to death with his attentions. I have been married for seven years and five months; it's just as if I had been engaged for eight years!"

"But he's very attractive."

"You think so?" cried Nicole. "Well, maybe. . . . And so you're free again. You must come to see us often. Please do. August really is very fond of you; you're the only third person he can stand to have here. And for a start, stay for dinner tonight. I'm not sure that I'll be able to get up—I'm really suffering dreadfully. You will keep August company, and I can get a little rest. He'll be delighted to see you. Take off your hat."

"By the way, how do you like it?"

"What?"

"My hat."

"August will certainly like it; it's just the sort he admires. . . ."

She went to Gilberte Houret's and was received with cries of joy:

"There you are, you stunning creature. You look good enough to eat. What's the news with you, darling?"

"I'm getting a divorce."

Gilberte choked. "You don't mean it! Then you'll be free?"

"Naturally!"

"Naturally! And you can be gay about a thing like that! It's very serious. If you haven't any place to go you must, of course, have dinner with us. . . . Still, you know Emile. He's the most frivolous, unreliable boy. He worries me so! When he finds out that you're no longer his friend's wife, that you're free, I'm sure he will look at you differently. Yes, I know he will. With the eyes of a Don Juan—his whole attitude will change. . . . Perhaps he won't go so far as to make love to you—immediately, that is—but there will be a feeling there, a little flirtatiousness. Men—"

"Yes, I know, men! And women! Just one question before I go. Do you think my hat's becoming?"

"It's perfect! Never wear any other!"

"Thanks; you've helped me make up my mind: I'm on my way to the milliner's."

AT SEVEN o'clock Theresa went home. On her way up in the elevator she thought: "Between that scheming creature Nicole, who hates her husband and would like to throw me at his head so she can be rid of him, and the melting Gilberte, who adores hers and will avoid me like the plague from now on, what would become of me? I'd either be just a convenience or a public menace! And there's no other crowd: all my friends are more or less like Nicole or Gilberte. I hadn't thought of that before. There's nothing like a little experience. . . ."

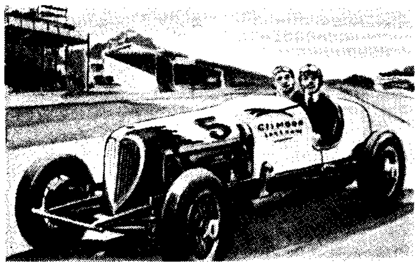
Hesitantly she opened the door and was pleased to see that two places had been set in the dining-room as usual. Philip was quietly at work in his study.

"Come and look at me, darling!" she cried. "I've bought another hat!"

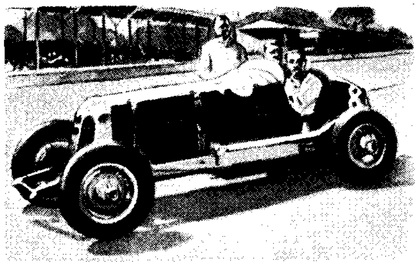
PREFERRED AT HOME—PREFERRED ABROAD

GUARANTEED
DEPENDABLE
CHAMPION
SP
PL
CHAMPION
PATENTED

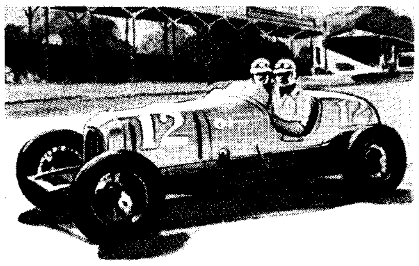
Want More Speed?



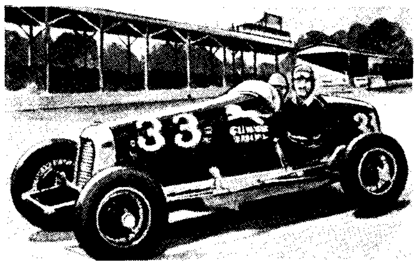
KELLY PETILLO—*1935 Indianapolis 500 Mile Race winner, 1935 National A.A.A. champion and new member of the Champion 100 Mile-an-Hour Club uses Champions exclusively. Sillimanite insulators and sillment sealing of center electrode make Champions the spark plugs of champions.*



DOC MacKENZIE—*Newly crowned Eastern A.A.A. champion for 1935, used Champions exclusively. Like Petillo, MacKenzie earned the right to membership in the exclusive Champion 100 Mile-an-Hour Club by averaging over 100 m.p.h. at Indianapolis for the full 500 miles, without relief.*



BABE STAPP—*1935 Mid-Western A.A.A. champion used Champions to secure this coveted rating. Like every A.A.A. champion for the past twelve years, Stapp found Champions gave him the Extra-Range performance so necessary for maximum engine performance and dependability.*



REX MAYS—*Pacific Coast A.A.A. champion in 1934, repeated in 1935, using Champions, with a perfect record. Champions' exclusive sillimanite core is practically impervious to heat and mechanical shock and accounts for the better performance Champions yield in every engine.*

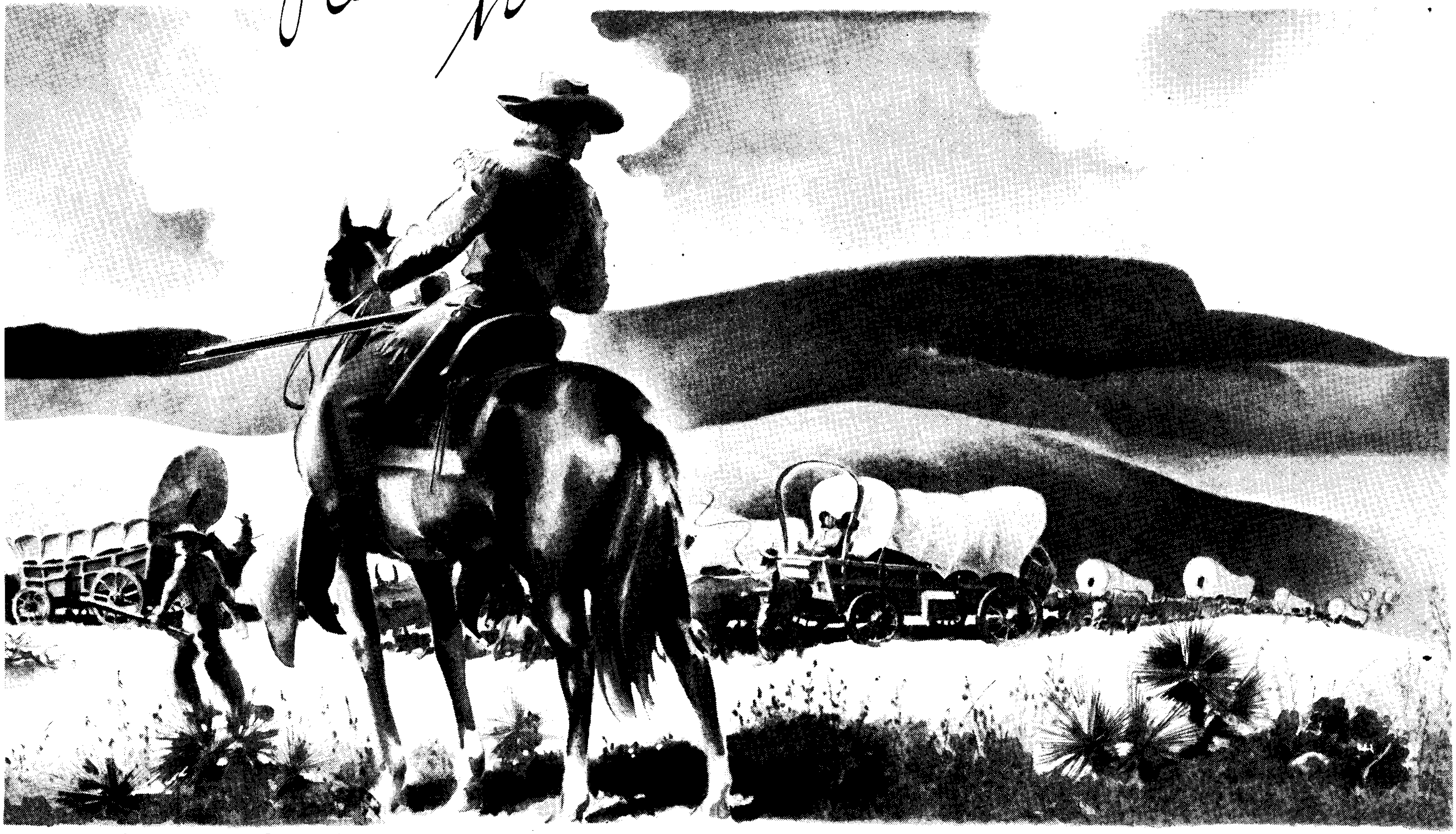
Use the Spark Plugs

Use

If you were a racing driver, preparing for a great race, you would certainly test your car with every type of equipment. You would quickly discover that you could reach your highest speed only when your engine was equipped with Champion Spark Plugs. That is why every important race event throughout the world in the last twelve years—whether on land or water—has been won with Champions. Can you afford to penalize the performance of your car with spark plugs less dependable than those chosen by the world's racing champions?

TO KEEP ENGINES YOUNG TEST, CLEAN AND REPLACE SPARK PLUGS AT REGULAR INTERVALS

New homes ahead....

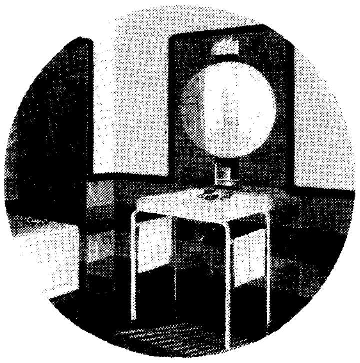


There is no word in our language that means quite so much to so many people as the one simple syllable "home". It is the basis of our whole social structure. And planning a new home, today, is once again as great an adventure as it was when that sea of white-capped covered wagons surged across the prairies. The fascination of new building materials and the new trends in architecture that they have been instrumental in creating exert as compelling an influence now as did the lure of blue horizons a hundred years ago.

The more generous use of glass, for example, brings new beauty and a stimulating air of distinction to even the most modest residence. Sunlight. Fresh air. Spaciousness. An atmosphere of graceful living. These are the fundamental elements of home. Glass enables everyone to have them.

And glass, despite its new importance, is but one of countless considerations in building that have changed radically within the past few years. That is why it is as unwise to start your journey new-homeward without an architect to guide you as it would have been for the early pioneers to venture into unknown lands without the guidance of a skilled and competent plainsman. When you take advantage of favorable building costs and improved economic conditions, remember that one of the most important elements of all is to RETAIN AN ARCHITECT.

Libbey•Owens•Ford Glass Company, Toledo.



VITROLITE FOR BATHROOMS AND KITCHENS

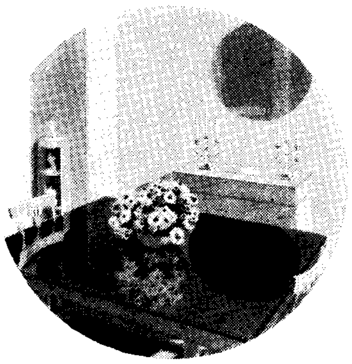
This colorful structural glass is available in sixteen striking colors. Will not dull with age. Surface will not check or craze. A damp cloth keeps it lustrous and beautiful.

PICTURE WINDOWS

In every home there is an ideal spot for a Picture Window, that generously proportioned expanse of Polished Plate Glass that frames your favorite view and makes it seem a part of the room.

PLATE GLASS MIRRORS IN COLOR

Introduce a new note into your decorative scheme. Reflect your furnishings with added richness and warmth. Deep or delicate blues. Peach. Green. Color is the crowning glory of glass.



LIBBEY-OWENS-FORD

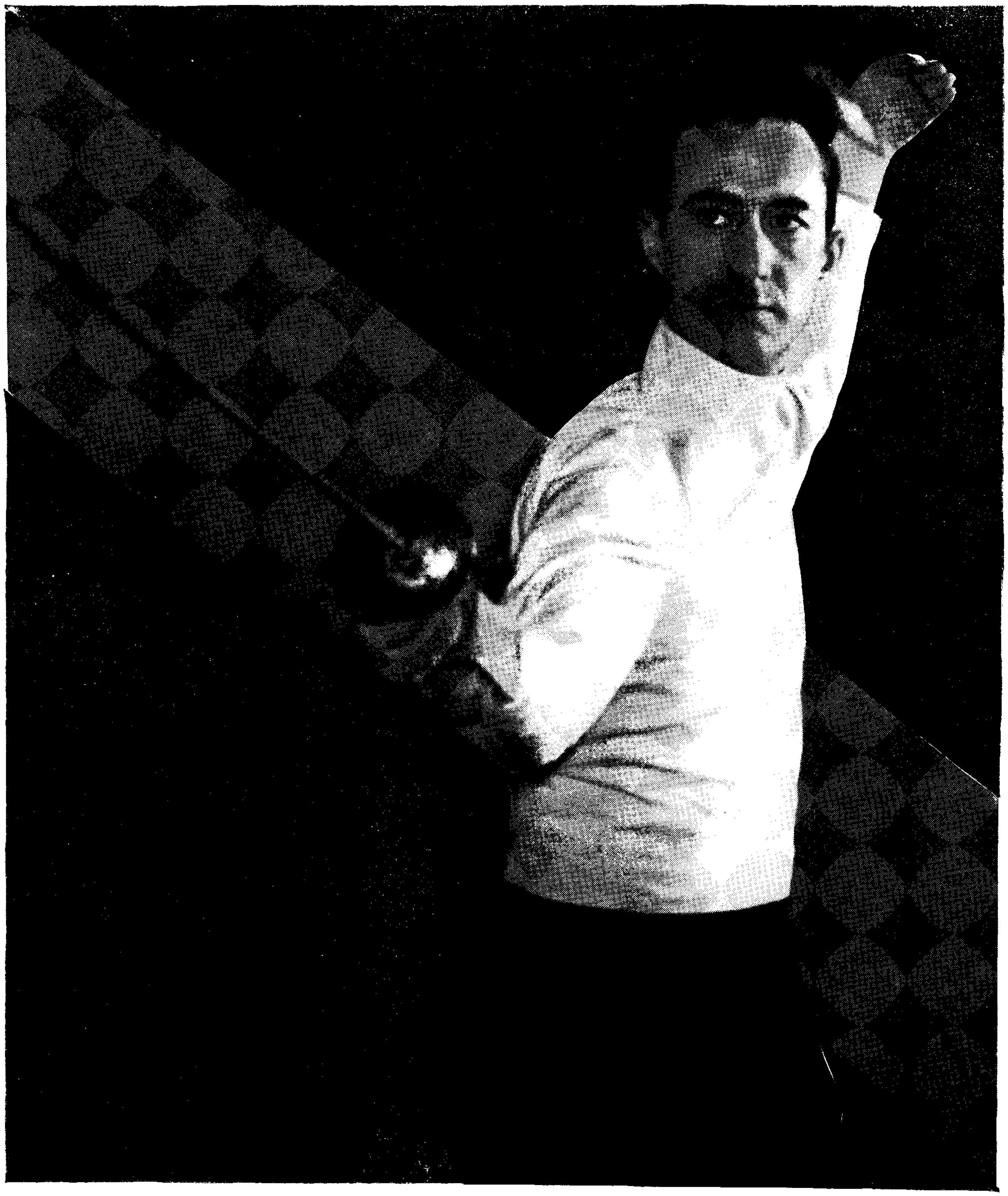
Quality Glass

On Guard!

By Arthur Mann

For those who find bridge too dangerous, there's a new social diversion—fencing. Its popularity in this country is growing by strikes and parries, especially those executed by Signor Aldo Nadi, the current and ornamental champion of the world

PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff Photographer


Aldo Nadi, the world's greatest fencer

PIN the modern fencing fans down to a confession and you will discover that they would substitute sword-swinging for contract bridge as a parlor pastime. Their reasons for the change are many and somewhat logical.

First, they explain, a fencing bout requires only half as many players as contract bridge. Secondly, the fencers can start in the parlor, but they don't have to remain there. They can move out into the hallway and have at it, because the regulation fencing strip is three feet wide and from twenty to thirty feet long. They can even fence up and down the stairway and over balconies, thrusting, parrying and riposting as seen in the screen thrillers.

But what about injuries?

"Nonsense!" is the scoffing retort. "The hazards of fencing are nowhere near as great as those encountered in the average mixed bridge game. Look up the annual list of casualties!"

And so the bull market in fencing is in full swing. It reached some kind of a high mark recently when the world's greatest fencer, Aldo Nadi, a handsome, tall and willowy Italian, filled the grand ballroom of a New York hotel with a bejeweled and otherwise swanky group at admission prices that sounded as though Mike Jacobs had something to do with the promotion. Tickets were five and seven dollars a copy, plus tax.

New York City, of course, is the fencing center of the country. Most of the championships are held in the East and won by members of the pioneer organizations, such as the New York A. C., Fencers Club, J. Sanford Saltus Club, Salle d'Armes Vince, etc. Many of the eastern colleges have strong swordsmen. The Amateur Fencers League of America, formed forty-five years ago to control the sport, does its controlling from New York and has the final say in the selection of the Olympic team.

But the American debut of this master swordsman from Italy brought out the fact that all the big cities from coast to coast and as far south as Texas were clamoring for his services as an entertainer, or an instructor, or both. It was surprising to learn that peaceful communities which, you imagine, would encounter trouble opening a can of sardines, have fencing clubs and have been at swords' points for years.

Boston, Detroit, Chicago, Washington, Dallas and Pacific Coast cities put in attractive bids to the Italian for early appearances. This indicated that Signor Nadi's visit here would be a lengthy one. The offer from Cleveland, of $1,200 for a single exhibition, indicated that his visit would be profitable as well.

Less imaginative humans are inclined to puzzle over the appeal of fencing, because they fail to grasp its subtleties. They see no reason for wasting time with a blunt sword, when it would be infinitely more effective to go out and slap somebody down with a clenched fist.

No real fencer would stoop to conquer in that fashion. It smacks of prize-fighting, or a Pop-Eye cartoon. It would be like getting out a sheriff's warrant and hauling your enemy off to the jug.

In a fencing bout you can play your opponent into strategic positions, wear him down as a cat wears down a mouse before cracking its vertebrae—as a matador wears down the bull before the final thrust.

Swording is the oldest form of weapon combat since the Cenozoics quit throwing rocks at each other. The flashing steel blade brings a man closer to the thrill of medieval daring than any other form of quarrel. It is an ideal outlet for chronic hatred or sadism, because everything can be settled without giving or taking physical damage. It provides more satisfaction than initiation night at the lodge.

The Heidelberg System

Modern fencers are well protected from injury. Their chests are padded and torsos covered with a heavy canvas jacket. They always protect their heads with a mask of heavy wire mesh, which makes them look like beekeepers who do not trust their bees. Very rarely does a modern fencer suffer injury, other than a dent or two in his ego.

Students at the University of Heidelberg are exceptions. They cling to an old custom, probably born with the college back in 1380, at which time fencing as a sport in Germany was at least fifty years old.

These Heidelberg students have a peculiar pledge which each must take upon joining a corporation, or fraternity. It consists of swearing to fight a sword duel with a member of a rival corporation, thus preserving the honor of the group, if not the membership list.

Eyewitnesses say that these duels have a Joe Louis quality. The boys strip to the waist, pick a saber (double-edged) and slash away. The one who slashes his opponent's face wins. All other cuts are disregarded. A cut on the face is the goal.

Needless to say, most of the duelists' torsos look like a waffle iron before either executes a facial sideswipe. And the Heidelberg student with no scar at all is either a master swordsman or a sissy.

These Heidelberg corporation duels were so bloody and devastating that the city banned them. Today the combatants must sneak out under cover of night to

(Continued on page 67)

Who Wouldn't Prefer a

MANY OWNERS REPORT IT COSTS

—based on gas, oil and upkeep savings . . .

"IF MY new Dodge continues to use so little gas, it's going to save me enough to more than make up the difference in price between it and a small car," says Thomas L. Doris, New York.

Mr. Doris is only one of the thousands of Dodge owners who report Dodge gives unusually high gas mileage and remarkable oil economy . . . who say Dodge will actually cost them *less to own* than small, lowest-priced, competitive makes.

Yet Dodge gives you far more than economy! It gives you the safety-steel body . . . *genuine* hydraulic brakes . . . Airglide-Ride . . . redistribution of weight equally to all four wheels . . . Chair-Height seats . . . patented Floating Power engine mountings . . . and many other features! And Dodge, above all, gives you dependability! It is not uncommon for dependable Dodge cars to give their owners up to 200,000 and even more miles of service!

Drive this new Dodge today! Prove to yourself how much extra value Dodge—now at new, low prices—gives you for only a few dollars more than the lowest-priced cars!

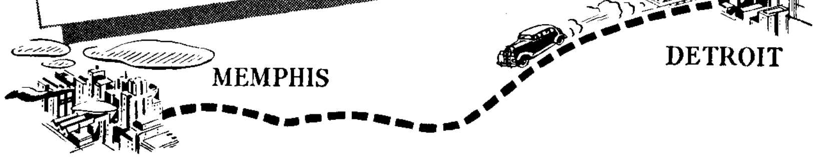
DODGE

Division of Chrysler Corporation

This advertisement endorsed by the Department of Engineering—Chrysler Corporation

DRIVES 800 MILES ON 34 GALLONS OF GAS

"I recently drove my new 1936 Dodge coupe from Detroit to Memphis, Tenn., a distance of 800 miles," says S. Richard Mook, Hollywood, Cal. "I averaged 23 miles per gallon, which is slightly over 34 gallons of gas for the entire trip. I am thoroughly satisfied with my Dodge's performance and particularly pleased with its economy."

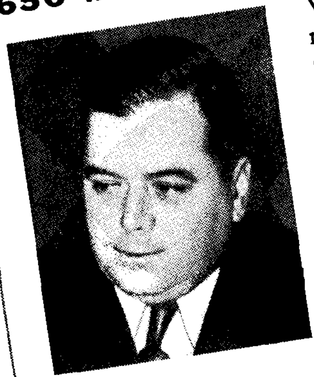


*Big, New, Money-Saving Dodge Touring Sedan (4-door with built-in trunk) $760**

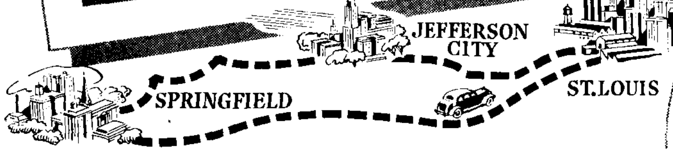
Big DODGE *"Beauty Winner"*

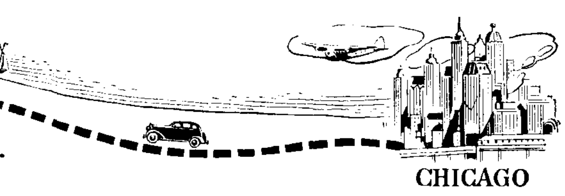
LESS TO OWN THAN SMALL CAR

AVERAGED 19½ MILES TO THE GALLON ON 656-MILE TRIP



"I bought my new Dodge 'Beauty Winner' because of its smart, new lines," writes John P. English, St. Louis, "but, although I'd heard it had broken all economy records, I wasn't sure it saved so much on gas and oil. On a recent long trip—656 miles, from St. Louis to Jefferson City, to Springfield, Missouri, and return—I averaged 19½ miles to the gallon. That's *real* economy!"

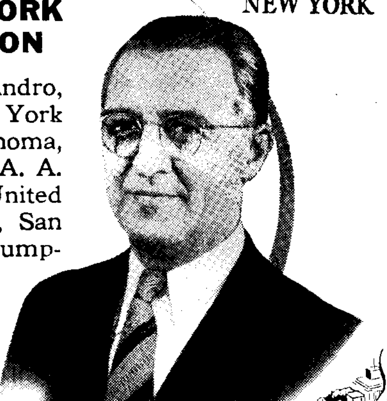




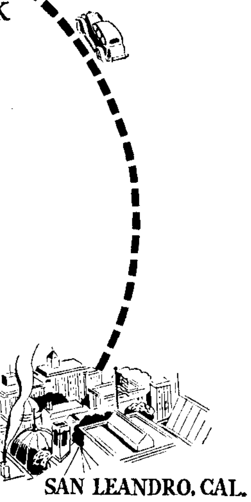
CHICAGO TO MILWAUKEE ON 5 GALLONS OF GAS

"I have often driven from Chicago to Milwaukee in a small, lowest-priced car," says George L. Dautel, of Chicago, "but until I got my 1936 Dodge, I never realized what real gas economy was. My big, new Dodge used only 5 gallons. That's better than 18 miles to the gallon."

CALIFORNIA TO NEW YORK —20 MILES PER GALLON



"On October 25, I left San Leandro, California, and drove to New York City, via New Mexico, Texas, Oklahoma, St. Louis and Chicago," writes A. A. Sinclair, sales manager of the United Engine and Machine Company, San Leandro. "I watched my gas consumption very carefully and averaged 20 miles to the gallon. I made one oil change and used only three quarts of oil besides!"



280,000 MILES!

"I bought this car in 1920, and have driven it 280,000 miles," says Fred C. Capron, Dodge owner in Spokane, Washington. "I drive this car every day in all kinds of weather. Is a Dodge dependable? Well, this record speaks for itself. In my opinion, there is no car to equal the Dodge for dependability and economy. I am known by my car and, believe me, it is a real advertisement!"

"The most beautiful, most fashionable body I've seen this year," says Mary Craig, fashion authority of Bonwit-Teller, New York.

"The most beautiful Dodge I have ever seen,"... says Elinor Williams, fashion editor of the Boston Herald-Traveler.

"I haven't seen anything quite as smart as the new Dodge,"—Frances Goodacre, fashionist of the Hecht Co., Washington.

FAMOUS for safety, sturdiness, dependability and amazing economy of operation, the new 1936 Dodge is provoking enthusiastic praise—for its breath-taking beauty—from those who know—everywhere.

"The best looking, handsomest, and smartest Dodge I've ever seen," says one. "Lines sparkling with a new spirit of youthful swagger and sophistication," writes another.

And no wonder they all rave—these women who know. At very first glance, you'll recognize the sheer beauty and smartness of this new Dodge . . . the car that has thrilled America by smashing records for gas, oil and upkeep savings; that has survived the most terrific and tortuous safety tests ever devised; the car that everybody knows is built to "take it."

Inspect the new 1936 Dodge at once. Take the wheel and drive it. You'll be amazed at how much extra value the "Beauty Winner" of 1936 gives you for just a few dollars more than the lowest-priced cars.

Through the Official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Company New 6% Time Payment Plan you will find it easy and economical to arrange time payments to fit your budget.

Big MONEY SAVING DODGE *at new low price—only* $640*

*BIG, NEW, MONEY-SAVING DODGE: Coupe $640, Rumble Seat Coupe $695, 2-door Sedan $695, Touring Sedan (2-door with built-in trunk) $720, Sedan $735, Touring Sedan (4-door with built-in trunk) $760, Convertible Coupe $795, 7-pass. Sedan (with built-in trunk) $975, Convertible Sedan (with built-in trunk) $995. Dodge Trucks $370 and up. *List prices at factory, Detroit, subject to change without notice. Special equipment extra.*

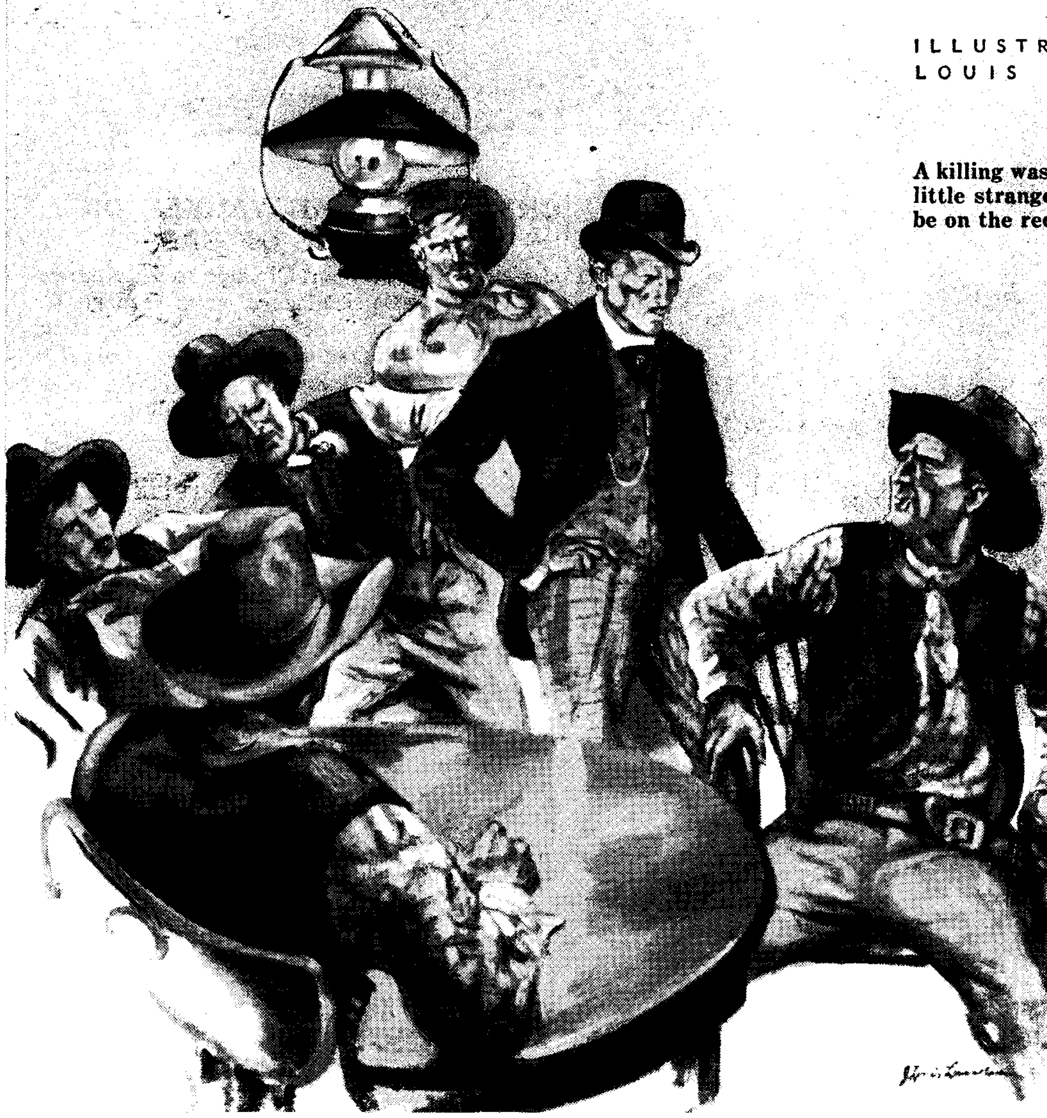
DELIVERS NOW FOR JUST A FEW DOLLARS MORE THAN THE LOWEST-PRICED CARS

Man of War

By Owen P. White

During Luke Short's calico career he owned and operated a liquor store and a private cemetery (both exclusively for Indians); a dazzling wardrobe; assorted saloons and gambling halls, and—what proved his greatest asset—a deadly trigger finger

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS LUNDEEN



A killing was coming and the little stranger was bound to be on the receiving end of it

BY THE time he was twenty Mr. Luke Short had completed his education. He couldn't read and write, of course, except to print his own name, but what of it? He wasn't planning to run for Congress, or clamber into the pulpit, and so why waste his time over a Blue Back Spelling Book or McGuffey's Third Reader?

In other directions, though, Mr. Short was fully equipped to meet life's emergencies. He could ride anything that galloped, he knew all about a six-shooter, he handled a mean running-iron, and in pitching a rope it was said of him that he never missed a loop no matter whose yearling he might be after. Thus, despite the embarrassing fact that he was only five feet, six inches, and weighed a mere hundred and forty, he was able to travel in the very fastest company that the Fort Worth cow-country afforded.

But for Luke that wasn't fast enough. What he craved was something that had more of a future to it than the prevailing wage of thirty dollars a month, *an' prunes*. T'ell with prunes! What Luke pined for was a checked suit and a derby hat; a diamond stickpin and a gold watch chain as thick as a dally rope; plenty of whisky and plenty of women. But where to get them? Well, Luke knew, and thus when we begin to chronicle the young man's career we find him, along with six or eight other cowboys, easing a herd of longhorns over the long trail that led to Dodge City.

Dodge City! That was the place. In 1875 it was the gaudiest town in America. When Luke arrived there he began to realize at least two of his most urgent ambitions. Twenty-four hours of this, though, and he was through. Plenty of Pine Top whisky and plenty of blond-top girls. All he had left was a saddle, a six-shooter and a headache. The girls had been all right, so Luke thought, but that Pine Top was terrible. It was so terrible, had such a lure to it, that after he had hocked his saddle for ten dollars he started out to see what a couple dozen more snorts of it could really do to him. He found out. It made him rich.

In about the third saloon he visited Luke ran into an old friend from Austin and asked him to have a drink. One drink, of course, called for another and within an hour a two-man celebration, with Pine Top as its underlying theme, was well under way. But nobody noticed it, and neither the next day did Dodge City care when the two friends, still lit, but now mounted on a pair of ponies provided by the man from Austin, went careening down Front Street to disappear in a cloud of dust.

They rode for days; crossed Kansas, veered west in Nebraska, stopped at Sidney, swapped their saddle horses for a four-mule team and a wide-tire wagon, loaded her down as heavy as she'd hold, and, heading north once more, they again hit the road. Again it was days and days before they quit traveling. Finally, when they were almost at the Dakota line they stopped in a thicket, unhooked their mules and went to work on a wickiup or lean-to. Then they unloaded their merchandise—a hundred and fifty cases of good old reliable Pine Top, all in pint bottles.

Their business plan was elementary: Pine Top cost ninety cents a pint, a buffalo robe was worth ten dollars. One pint: one robe, and the profit would be nine dollars. But out here in the wilderness who'd furnish the robes? They knew the answer. Just ten miles to the north was the Red Cloud Indian Agency with a population of several thousand perpetually thirsty Sioux warriors, every one of whom could be counted upon to deliver at least two hides a season.

Before the men had been in camp two weeks a procession of redskins bearing buffalo robes was beating a straight path to their doorway, but a very crooked one away from it. That was the trouble. Pine Top handled the Indians a whole lot better than the Indians handled the Pine Top. As a result Little Luke, who looked out for the bottle trade while his partner took care of the hides, would every now and then have to administer correction to an illuminated redskin. In fact in a year and a half the young Texan so completely reformed six recalcitrant Sioux braves that their widowed squaws never even saw their remains, which Luke, for obvious reasons, quietly interred in a private cemetery of his own behind the wickiup.

Luke was pistol-quick. One day when four tipsy braves started to sing, he ordered them to shut up. They didn't; he repeated the order; one of them heaved a bottle at him. With a roar bigger than he was Luke leaped the counter, snatching out the "Old Lady" as he went, and in thirty seconds he had the entire quartet down. Two of them he had slapped to sleep, the third was already in the Happy Hunting Ground, while the fourth had a bullet through his pistol-arm. "And yet," said Luke, "every damn' one of them Indians had a gun on. I know 'cause I got 'em all, but not even one of 'em had started to draw."

The End of a Good Business

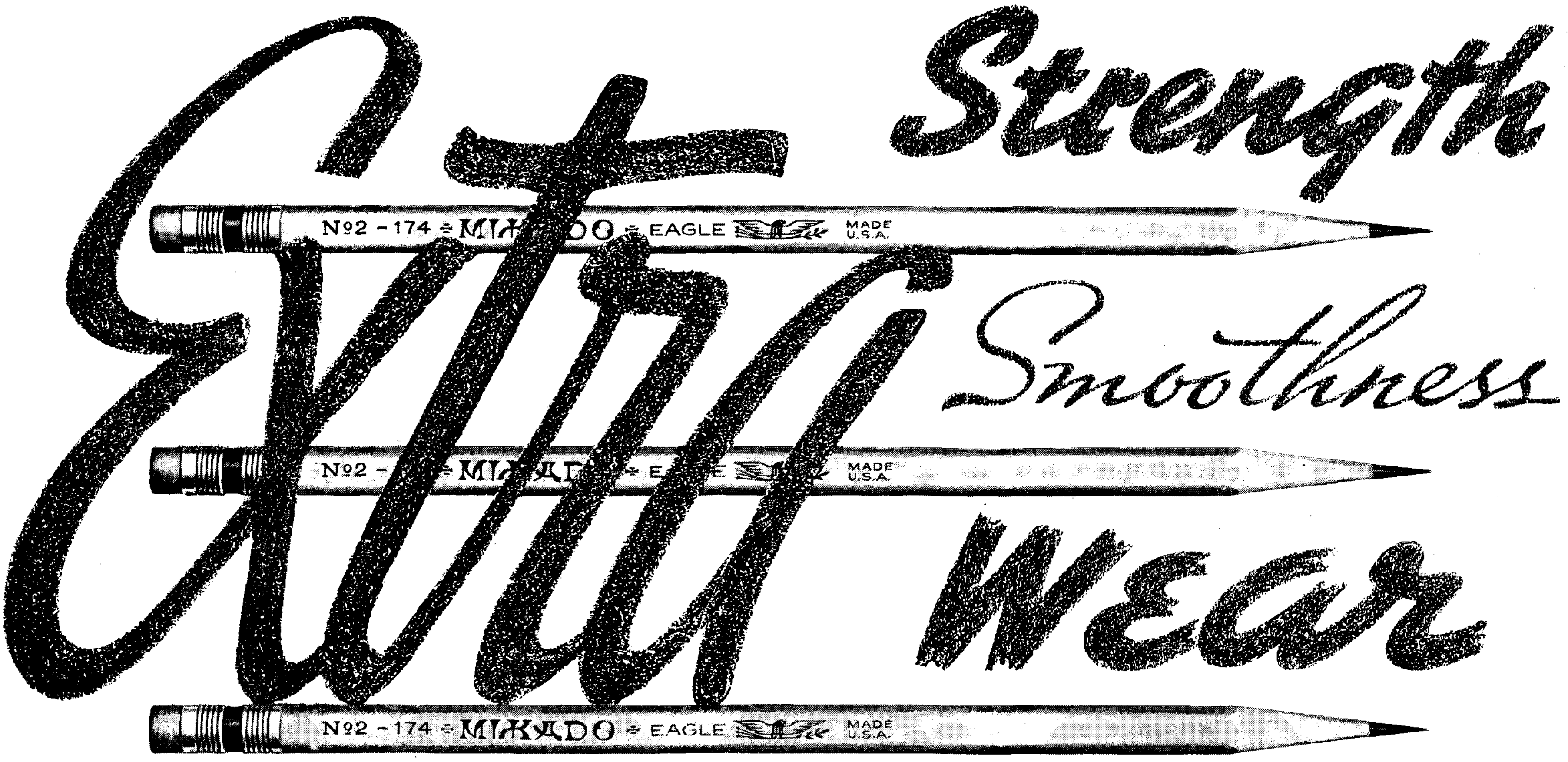
Naturally the superintendent of the Red Cloud Agency resented Luke and his partner. But that didn't worry them. So long as they didn't go on the reservation to sell whisky to the red men there wasn't anything the superintendent, who had no authority off it, could do to them. So for eighteen months, during which period they swapped a good many loads of Pine Top for a great many more loads of buffalo robes, the business went merrily along.

Then something happened. It happened suddenly. Luke's partner having gone to Sidney for another load of Pine Top, the little man was alone in the wickiup when, quite unexpectedly, the United States Army rode up and surrounded the place. Luke emerged full of fight and profanity, but: "Nothin' did no good. Couldn't even buy off the captain, and so after they'd drunk up a lot of my whisky, an' poured out the rest, damn' if they didn't load me on a mule, with my feet tied together under his belly and trot me all the way to Sidney. They was aimin' to put me on a train and ship me to jail in Omaha."

Luke's plans were different. Before he was fifty miles out of Sidney, having excused himself from his guards for a minute, he had wriggled through a window, dropped to the ground, rolled over six times and was walking back. He made it in two days and two days later he and his partner, with about sixty thousand dollars in good Pine Top cash between them, were rolling merrily along in a new buckboard headed for Denver.

Why Denver? Luke gave the town the once-over and wondered. No wonder he wondered. This was in 1878 when Denver was having the growing pains that come with the beginnings of civic consciousness. "Town's dead," snorted Luke, "deader'n a pizened wolf. Look at it.

(Continued on page 77)



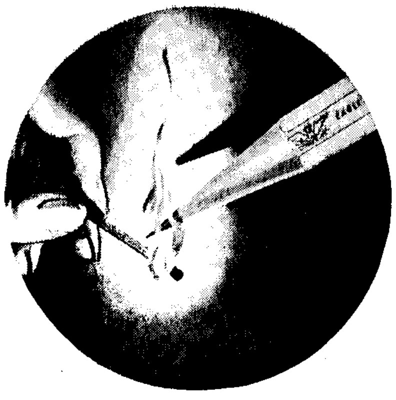
AT NO EXTRA COST

from EAGLE *Chemi-Sealed

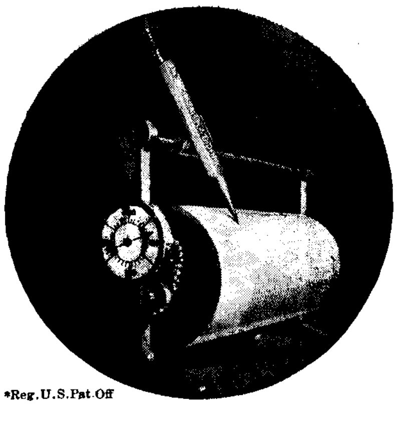
MIKADO

THE PENCIL WITH 34% Stronger Points

600 SCIENTIFIC TESTS by the New York Testing Laboratories prove conclusively that the Eagle "Chemi-Sealed" process makes MIKADO points 34% to 47% more resistant to breakage. This extra margin of strength is so great that—as the experience of millions demonstrates every day—you will never break a MIKADO point in normal use.



TRY THE MATCH TEST for Smoothness. See the shiny film which exudes when you hold a flame to the point of a MIKADO—visible proof of the rare waxes which lubricate and give swift smoothness to every particle of the lead. And in "Chemi-Sealed" MIKADO alone these waxes are *sealed in the lead* for permanent smoothness.



THE MILEAGE TEST, made on every batch of MIKADO leads, guarantees that every MIKADO pencil will give over 35 miles of non-smudging, black line. This extraordinary durability comes from 108 hours extra grinding of the lead mixture, from forming the leads in diamond dies under 60 tons pressure, and from tempering them at white heat in electrically controlled furnaces.

Seven years of research have produced Eagle "Chemi-Sealed" MIKADO, a pencil so superior in strength, smoothness and wear that it is far more economical than any other pencil at any price.

By the exclusive Eagle "Chemi-Sealed" process, the wood fibres immediately surrounding the MIKADO lead are locked by a resinous binder into a rigid, supporting sheath (U. S. Pat. 1,854,905). And the waxed leads are chemically coated with an impervious film which seals the wax in and provides a surface to which a strong *glue can adhere perfectly* (U. S. Pat. 1,892,508). The result is "Chemi-Sealed" MIKADO—a smoother, longer-lasting pencil in which lead and wood, inseparably bonded, combine their strength against point breakage.

To the individual, this means speedy, pleasant writing with an end to broken points. To the corporation, it means economy both in reducing pencil consumption and in freeing the work of busy employees from costly interruptions. MIKADO's 34% Stronger Points alone will save enough trips to the sharpener to repay its cost over and over in any business office.

And "Chemi-Sealed" MIKADO—the *Yellow* Pencil with the *Red Band*—costs no more than other top-grade pencils: 5¢ each, 60¢ per dozen.

A NEW "CHEMI-SEALED" PENCIL FOR DRAFTSMEN — ARTISTS — ENGINEERS

The extra strength and sealed-in smoothness of "Chemi-Sealed" construction has now been added to the Eagle TURQUOISE DRAWING PENCIL. And in this 17-degree pencil the precise variations of grading, achieved by using a separate, scientific formula for each degree, are permanently retained at their true values. For a basically better drawing pencil, try "Chemi-Sealed" TURQUOISE.

EAGLE PENCIL COMPANY · NEW YORK · LONDON · TORONTO

LEAD PENCILS · *AUTOMATIC PENCILS & LEADS · FOUNTAIN PENS · STEEL PENS · ERASERS · ETC.

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off

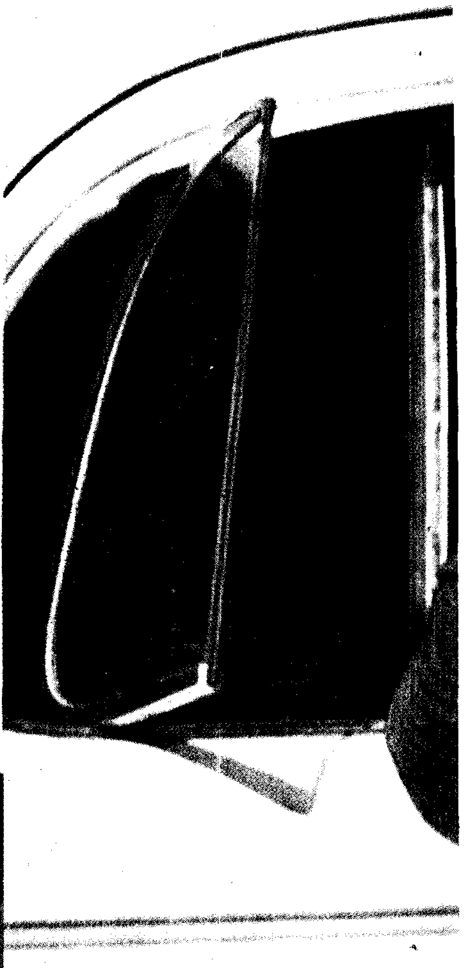
REPRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BODY
by
FISHER

GENERAL
MOTORS

Just between us Girl

To this curly-headed young lady, the solid steel "Turret Top" may be merely a new and more exciting place from which to view the world. But to her parents, it's the crowning glory of a car chosen for style, for safety, for sturdiness, for comfort. They like the clean and flowing grace of these arched and sphere-like contours. They appreciate the added security in "Turret Top's" shock-proof, weave-proof strength. As a safety measure, one-piece seamless steel is the ideal protection to put over the heads of passengers. And the solid steel "Turret Top" Body by Fisher is always accompanied by that notable aid to health and riding comfort, No Draft Ventilation. People like these want the safest, strongest, smartest, most comfortable body they can get — so their choice is naturally a General Motors car with Body by Fisher.



Safer . . . and More Beautiful!

Safety, strength and sparkling modern beauty are plainly part of the picture in the smart and thrifty new Chevrolet with its one-piece solid steel "Turret Top" Body by Fisher. If you buy in the lowest-priced field, see and ride in "the only complete low-priced car!"

EVERY CORNER *is a comfort corner in a car with Fisher No Draft Ventilation. No swirling air currents disturb the grooming of this obviously contented young lady. Neither does stale or smoke-laden air—for the trim Ventipane at her elbow is arranged to whisk it out and draw in fresh air in its stead.*

• • •

General Motors Concert every Sunday evening over N B C Red Network, coast-to-coast

THE MARK

THE ONE-

THE MODERN CAR "TURRET TOP"*

ECE SOLID STEEL BODY BY Fisher

* Registered

GENERAL MOTORS CARS ONLY : CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · BUICK · LA SALLE · CADILLAC

HALF & HALF MAKES ONE SWELL SMOKE!

LUCKY STRIKE
HALF AND HALF
Buckingham
Cut Plug
Smoking Tobacco
No Bite!
No Bite!
Still no Bite!

Make your pipe give double pleasure with Half & Half. Cool as the clang of a grade-crossing bell. Sweet as your habit to "Stop, Look and Listen." Fragrant, full-bodied tobacco that won't bite the tongue—in a tin that won't bite the fingers. Made by our exclusive modern process including patent No. 1,770,920. Smells good. Makes your pipe welcome anywhere. Tastes good. Your password to pleasure!

Not a bit of bite in the tobacco or the Telescope Tin, which gets smaller and smaller as you use-up the tobacco. No bitten fingers as you reach for a load, even the last one.

Copyright 1936, The American Tobacco Company

HALF AND HALF

The Safe Pipe-Tobacco

FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE

Open Wide

Continued from page 21

sewn so the child's hands cannot get out. Small bags tied to the hands may be used on babies. As soon as possible the child should be taught not to suck his thumbs or his fingers. These precautions may save the trouble and expense of having the teeth straightened when the child grows older.

If, also, you notice your child breathing entirely through his mouth, it is an indication of enlarged adenoids. This condition should be corrected if for no other reason than this:

You may find it hard to believe, but the muscles of the tongue and the cheek have a definite pressure against the teeth. The tongue normally exerts a force outward; the cheeks inward. When the mouth is open (as in mouth-breathing), the tongue ceases to exercise its pressure and the force of the cheek muscles pushes the teeth inward, causing a high vault to the roof of the mouth, a narrowing of the arch in which the teeth are set, and a protrusion of the front teeth. So, if your child is breathing through his mouth, have his adenoids removed by a nose and throat specialist.

You should know what to feed the child to produce strong bones and teeth. Your physician undoubtedly has prescribed a diet. As a rule, a diet calculated to assist a growing, active child is a good diet to build teeth.

Calcium is an important component of all teeth. Therefore, the diet should contain foods rich in calcium. There is nothing to take the place of milk and fresh green vegetables. Fruit juices and tomato juice tend to allay possible susceptibility to rickets.

Do not, however, become rabid on the subject of diet. Use a good, wholesome, well-balanced meal.

The first teeth to appear are usually the front ones. They are objects of pride. The baby has a tooth. Soon he will begin chewing things. Parents can tell you how many teeth their baby has until he has so many they do not bother keeping count of them.

Brush these teeth. When the child is very young, do the brushing yourself. Use a small brush softened in warm water. As soon as possible have the child get into the habit of brushing his own teeth. As a rule, twice a day is sufficient, once in the morning and once in the evening before going to bed.

Teeth should be brushed because the bacteria which cause tooth decay are held in place by a film called mucus, which coats all surfaces of the teeth. Removal of this film of mucus decreases the likelihood of tooth decay.

Use any tooth paste or powder you please. The benefits you derive from brushing your teeth are due more to the mechanical brushing and cleaning action exerted than to the chemical content of the paste or powder employed.

Now about cavities in these first, or baby, teeth. Should they be filled when the teeth are going to fall out in a few months? If so, should the filling be temporary or permanent, and of what material?

Care of Baby Teeth

If the tooth is not loose, have it filled. The idea is to keep a tooth clean and healthy as long as it is there. And because, in filling, the restoration is intended to last as long as the tooth, a permanent filling should be inserted. If the cavity is not too deep and close to the nerve, a silver filling is preferable; otherwise a cement filling.

Keep in mind, however, the importance of first having an X-ray made to determine whether a second tooth is present to take the place of the baby tooth. If no second tooth is in place, a gold inlay is advisable; because it is more durable than silver and you want to keep that tooth as long as you can.

The baby teeth begin to loosen one by one just after the six-year molars are in. Second or permanent teeth take their places. The central incisors come in when the child is about seven. Then come the others. The wisdom teeth (the last teeth on either side, upper and lower) may come in any time between the ages of nineteen and ninety.

Those Little Specks

Baby teeth which fall out too soon, or remain too long, may result in the second teeth erupting in the wrong places. You should watch out for this.

"If my child's teeth are not loose when he is old enough to lose them, should they be extracted?"

This is a common question. The answer is: Not necessarily.

It is advisable to have the jaws X-rayed to determine whether a second tooth will take the place of the one which is there. If there is a second tooth in place below the baby tooth and the time for the departure of the baby tooth is long overdue, it is better to extract, permitting the second tooth to erupt normally. If no second tooth is present, do everything possible to retain the baby tooth.

Generally speaking, all first teeth should remain as long as they are firmly in place in the jaws. A baby tooth which falls out or is taken out too soon also may cause irregularity in the second teeth due to the fact that teeth tend to move over and fill vacant spaces.

After an extraction the second tooth generally erupts normally if there is sufficient space for it. If not, the second tooth can be drawn up mechanically by any competent dentist.

Many children have spaces between their upper front teeth. This is not desirable. Parents observing that their child's upper front teeth are wide apart wonder whether they are going to stay that way.

Don't worry about it. It is a condition which tends to correct itself as the lateral incisors and cuspids erupt, pushing the central teeth into their normal positions and closing the space.

If, when the child has developed sufficiently, these central teeth are not pushed into place by the lateral incisors and cuspids, have an X-ray taken to determine whether this abnormal condition is likely to continue. If so, then it is time to have something done about it. A regulating appliance can be adjusted to draw the teeth together.

Sometimes a child may have a very large frenum, or muscle, which extends from the lip to the space between the front teeth. In such cases it is helpful to cut this small fiber.

You may notice little black specks that stain your child's teeth even though they are brushed carefully and faithfully. Not all children have them but some do. These spots are annoying. What are they? Will they go away?

These little specks are due to imperfect calcification, or faults in the formation of the enamel covering the teeth. Do not fret about them if they appear in the baby teeth. If, however, they appear in the second set and brushing will not cause them to disappear, it is sometimes necessary to put in a small filling; because these specks eventually will develop into cavities.

Children do not think of these things. For the most part, neither do parents. So, you are fortunate if you have all your own teeth and they are straight and sound. How about that six-year molar? Did you find it?

"Come on, mush! Gwendolyn, mush!" LAURENCE REYNOLDS

Westinghouse MAZDA LAMPS

Keep eyes Young WITH GOOD LIGHTING

There are only two important things to know about the lamps you purchase . . .

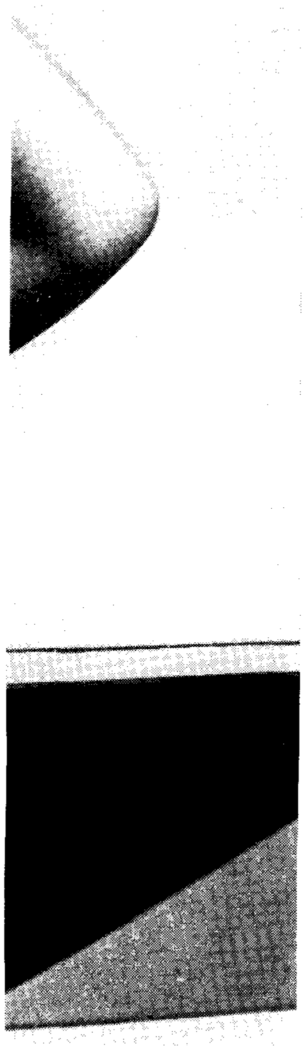
First, be sure the lamps are of adequate wattage for comfort seeing. Better light will protect your eyes from strain and fatigue. If your eyes are defective now, see your Eyesight Specialist at once.

Second, be sure you get *genuine* Westinghouse Mazda Lamps. You'll always be money ahead, for these lamps are rigidly tested to give you *more* light and *longer* life. And today Westinghouse Mazda Lamp prices are the lowest in history.

For an interesting new book entitled "Light in the Home," write Westinghouse Lamp Company, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y.

WESTINGHOUSE 1886 1936 GOLDEN JUBILEE

LOOK for the Westinghouse emblem before you buy lamps.



THEY SAW RAILROAD HISTORY MADE THAT DAY

YOUNGSTERS weren't the only ones who stared with open mouths that day. A new kind of train was coming through at a hundred miles an hour, and a half million people lined the tracks to see it pass.

They saw a silver bullet streaking across the 1015 miles from Denver to Chicago without a single stop; they saw history in the making.

That streamlined train of steel, forerunner of many others, dramatized the fact that railroads are "going places" today. As the world moves ahead they are keeping pace. The iron horse becomes a steel greyhound that eats up distance with incredible ease, comfort and safety.

Remember when it used to take the better part of a week to cross the continent? Today you step aboard a train at Chicago and whisk the 2228 miles to Los Angeles in 52 hours. You cover the 431-mile jump from Chicago to St. Paul in 389 minutes . . . the 488 miles between Chicago and Omaha in 480 minutes.

Over the length and breadth of the land, speed is the order of the day. Running time between New York and Chicago is at the rate of 961 miles in 990 minutes; between Boston and Providence 43.8 miles in 44 minutes; between New York and Washington 226½ miles in 225 minutes; while the 86 miles from the North Philadelphia Station to New York are clipped off in 82 minutes. Freight trains, too, have felt the urge to hurry, and there is overnight service now on many runs that only a little while ago required days.

Hand in hand with this advance in speed has gone a marvelous record of safety. Not one single passenger was killed in a train collision or derailment on an American railroad in the year 1935. The railroads have had to economize through the great depression, but they never have economized at the price of safety.

As the railroads prosper, United States Steel prospers, for we are both their largest supplier and their largest customer. Our metallurgists, laboratories, and plants are working now on the new and better steels that are demanded in the new railroad era that has so well begun.

AMERICAN BRIDGE COMPANY · AMERICAN SHEET AND TIN PLATE COMPANY · AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE COMPANY
CANADIAN BRIDGE COMPANY, LTD. · CARNEGIE-ILLINOIS STEEL CORPORATION · COLUMBIA STEEL COMPANY
CYCLONE FENCE COMPANY · FEDERAL SHIPBUILDING AND DRY DOCK COMPANY · NATIONAL TUBE COMPANY
OIL WELL SUPPLY COMPANY · SCULLY STEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY · TENNESSEE COAL, IRON & RAILROAD COMPANY
UNIVERSAL ATLAS CEMENT COMPANY · *United States Steel Corporation Subsidiaries*

UNITED STATES STEEL

HEART-BROKEN
. . . until she took her dentist's advice
I WAS A FOOL TO CALL HIM! HE'S SO COLD AND DISTANT THESE DAYS.
NO USE STRINGING HER ALONG. SHE'S A SWELL GIRL...BUT HER BREATH!
THEN SHE OVERHEARD TWO STRANGERS...
SO BAD BREATH COMES FROM THE TEETH, DOC?
RIGHT! WE DENTISTS KNOW THAT IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH ARE BY FAR THE COMMONEST CAUSE!
I WONDER NOW! I'LL SEE MY DENTIST!
IT'S TRUE! AND I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THE CAUSE OF MOST BAD BREATH ...MAKES TEETH WHITER, TOO!
OH, THANK YOU SO MUCH...
LATER
BABS, LET'S GO OUTSIDE. ...I WANT TO ASK YOU SOMETHING.
I'D LOVE TO... WITH YOU...!
THANK HEAVENS FOR COLGATE'S!
AND NOTHING EVER MADE MY TEETH SO CLEAN AND BRIGHT, EITHER!
Now—NO BAD BREATH behind her SPARKLING SMILE!
20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

Make *sure* you don't have bad breath! Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes *all* the decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums and around the tongue—which dentists agree are the source of most bad breath. At the same time, a unique, grit-free ingredient polishes the enamel—makes teeth sparkle.

Thus Colgate's makes your teeth cleaner, brighter—assures you a sweeter, purer breath. Try Colgate Dental Cream—today! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate's. If you are not entirely satisfied after using one tube, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, New Jersey. We will gladly refund TWICE what you paid.

How's Your Father; How's Your Mother?

Continued from page 11

scheme will ultimately fail, will stow away a part of their monthly pension against the day when the payments shall cease. Of course the Townsendeer will assure you that the pensioner will have to show by receipts that he has spent all of the two hundred dollars before he can get two hundred more. But only The Enemy will reply that inasmuch as the administration of the fund will be political and in the hands of politicians, political expediency will dictate that it would not do to be too hard on old folks who get their financial affairs tangled. Yet who but The Enemy would go to the trouble to hunt flies to throw into the ointment?

This should be understood before we go further: When a Townsendeer speaks of The Enemy he is none too definite; unhappily Townsendism is one of the least exact of sciences. But if you drop in upon a number of meetings you gather that The Enemy may be anybody from your deaf Aunt Harriet to Miss Mae West or anything from Ye Elite Beauty Shoppe to the United States Chamber of Commerce. The Enemy is anybody or everybody who dissents or even questions the feasibility of the Plan. What you may regard as an honest doubt is nothing but a selfish motive.

Occasionally a more robust Townsendeer—one of those forthright chaps who absolutely refuse to stand around mincing words—comes right out and gives The Enemy a name—Wall Street. We happened to hear one of such fearless namers and became intensely interested when an elderly lady arose to inform him that she hoped he wasn't referring to her nephew because he personally knew many fine Christian gentlemen who worked in Wall Street. This seemed to set matters straight because the meeting went on without further interruption. So you see that The Enemy is a pretty flexible guy.

Boss Agonizer

This Townsendeer who was peppering our tear ducts in the packed theater in Los Angeles had a crafty assignment. He was what is generally known in political ballyhooing as a steamer. Or sometimes the melter. After the fact-and-figure lads have given the believers all the hard stuff they can stand (anyway all that the strategy board thinks they ought to have) the steamer or melter enters the pulpit. At the current stage of the Townsend movement he is perhaps second to none of the beaters-in in importance. The statisticians, the sociologists, the economists and the aspirants for political office have had their say. Actually there is so little to say, so few simple statements to make, that there is ever the danger that the Townsend audiences will weary of repetition. These factual gentlemen have made their appeal to the intelligence of the audience; they have demonstrated with cold logic and colder mathematics and economics that the Townsend Plan is demonstrably feasible (as if the audience demanded proof!) and have explained how prices will be increased and pegged, how every two hundred dollars spent will create one new job for the unemployed and what dollar velocity means. But the intellect, particularly the public intellect, can be pushed just so far.

Thus the indispensable offices of the melter or steamer who gallops the emotions when the intellect flags. Thus this firesider at whose great feet we sat that day in Los Angeles. We wallowed with them elsewhere too. So as not to scatter our fire too broadly we shall stick to that typical if somewhat larger meeting in California, the birthplace of Townsendism. (Some day we ought to set down all the patent-applied-for salvations that have come out of California. Wonderful.)

It is the business of these steamers to make you sorry for yourself. Inflame the average citizen's self-pity to the boiling point today and he will sign anything. Show him the way to pensions without an investment and he'll vote for Mr. Andrew H. Brown. Tell him that you know how to crash the public treasury with the blessing of Congress and try to get rid of him. Just try. Mention a candidate who promises to give him what his neighbor has and he'll elect the fellow right out of the psychopathic ward.

Well, Why Not?

Thus in days like these. Anyway, this hallelujah pitchman on that Los Angeles stage was a boss agonizer. Every day was Mother's Day to him, and he made it pay. He was about forty-five. Only occasionally did he mention money. And when he did he told us that two hundred dollars a month was little enough—in fact, too little—to give to the noble mothers and work-gnarled fathers of America for the sacrifices they had made. Only occasionally did he speak of The Enemy; and then it was to hurl The Enemy's arguments back into his teeth. The Enemy had sneered: "If these doles of two hundred dollars a month will bring the depression to a quick end, why not make it four hundred dollars and end it at once?"

"Well," he cried, a benign smile suffusing his face, "why not? Dear friends, we foresee the day when the sum will be four hundred dollars a month. You, the mothers and fathers of America, you who bravely offered your sons and daughters on the altar of patriotism when the enemy's armies were thundering at our doors, you who also serve who only sit and wait ask nothing but your right, but justice, of the glorious nation whose cornerstone you are.

"What of the midnight oil you have burned sitting at the fireside praying to our Maker for your wandering boy, for the daughter you have given the country that she may bear America more strong sons to fight our battles? What of the days and nights you have sat at the cradle husbanding the tiny light of life therein that the babe might some day take his place in America's mighty pilgrimage to world supremacy? What of your appeals to Almighty God for your children—the appeals that were answered although your boy and girl were out in the world, far from your side, making their way. What, what of the years of toil you have contributed to our boundless wealth—the tiny savings you laid by to warm and feed you in your old age? What of all these things which you in your patriotism, your Christian honesty, have struggled for?

"Where are these sons—your sons? Where are those frugal pennies you saved by self-denial? Where is the gratitude of the great nation to whose growing richness you have given your all so freely, so unselfishly, so unquestioningly?

"Hiiiis plan—a plan that had its birth in hiiiis greaaaat heart—will furnish the answers. Dear friends, the other night I was called from my bed to the bedside of a dear little mother whose eyes were closing in the eternal sleep. As I took her tiny withered hand in mine—a hand made for me more beautiful for the knotted knuckles of toil—mother hands—she whispered—"

But it was about here that we began to lose contact with him. Too many things began to happen. There were faintings and "spells." Weeping threatened to become general and a weak, hacking hysteria broke out in spots. The pungency of smelling salts and other restoratives was added to the black-hole atmosphere. The melter's audience was succumbing. And he looked vastly pleased as any artist might who sees his skill reaping its professional reward. This was his job—to cement them together with tears. The melter was smiling indulgently. But it can't be pretty nor satisfying to see harassed old men, their eyes bleary, fanning distraught old ladies with their hats and whimpering, "There, there now," into their white faces.

The meeting had no conventional ending; it just dissolved. The pension pitchman—the melter—wound up with an Eddie Guest poem which we couldn't identify. But whether it was the return of the lights, the fresh air, the poem or that we had overestimated the true depths of the emotion flood, a grateful change had come suddenly over the crowd. Where, five minutes ago, it was at the nethermost reaches of hopelessness it was now alert, briskly argumentative, chipper. A few, unable to throw off their emotional seizures forthwith, had wandered off to sit in the sun in the public parks or to catch a homebound bus. But most of them, young and old, remained to wipe out their last tears; and with a remarkable celerity they became intensely practical. A few (these always prefaced their remarks with something like: "I was in business for twenty-five years") declared that while they were with Doctor Townsend from A to Izzard, they thought that The Plan was going to choke to death on its own taxes. Most of such gentlemen insisted that some other form of financing would have to be adopted—higher import tariffs, seventy-five per cent levies on all estates above fifty thousand dollars, pay roll taxes, levies of anywhere from ten to thirty per cent on all the profits of industry. One brisk gentleman of fifty-five or sixty, having lost his audience of three and failing to corner another, descended upon us, saying he was the author of the Rhoades Amendment. The Rhoades Amendment would compel all employers of labor to retain everybody now on his pay rolls and add to that number by ten per cent every year for ten years. The employer would be obligated by law to increase the wages of everybody ten per cent a year, half of which would go to the worker and half into Townsend doles.

How to See the World

But then, almost everybody had amendments to offer. Either amendments or administration rules. For example, a number of prospective pensioners assured us that nobody was going to force them to spend the money exclusively in America. They'd spend their money as they chose, just as President Roosevelt or the DuPonts or Senator Couzens or Gene Tunney or anybody else spent his money to suit himself. The Townsend idea is that each pensioner must spend all of his two hundred dollars each month within the confines of the United States. But a vast number of the Doctor's followers are insisting that they be permitted to travel, or to move back to their native countries where two hundred dollars go further than they would here.

The audience had disintegrated into groups and each group was contending that the adoption by Congress of the Townsend Plan would be but the beginning. After that the rules and regulations would be the rallying points. For example, Townsend pensions should be exempt from taxes—from income taxes in particular and, if complete justice were to prevail, from levies upon property bought with Townsend money. There were some (and we heard this debated at considerable length in Denver) who contended that the pensioner should be exempted from paying the transaction taxes by which the Doctor and his counsellors would collect the pension fund.

But no one seemed able to work this out satisfactorily. You see, under the Townsend Plan there would be a two per cent tax on every transaction. The Doctor's propagandists are ever anxious to avoid debate upon this feature. And the word has gone forth that it would be better if all Townsendeers ignore the subject. Yet such is the nature of man, this attempted prohibition of talk about pyramided taxation spurs the faithful to long debate. We were told in Minneapolis, for example, that "there was something funny" about the disinclination of the Townsend leaders to "come right out and tell folks whether they would have to spend their pensions for taxes." It is worth looking into.

Who Takes the Rap?

Consider so simple a thing as a suit of clothes. Before you have purchased that suit it is entirely possible that the wool, the buttons, the hair, cotton, silk and so on will have passed through eighteen or twenty hands. Perhaps more. There will have been the farmer, the several middlemen, the storage people, the processors, the tailors, the wholesalers, the retailers and—well, figure it out for yourself. On each transfer of materials there will be an impost of two per cent. Without going farther you might amuse yourself by figuring what you'll have to pay for that suit you have been paying from eighteen to forty dollars for.

In Portland, Oregon, a lady (she wore a double row of Townsend emblems and buttons in a fine rainbow across her bosom) told us that she and many others were pledged to vote for no congressional candidate on a Townsend platform who didn't promise to fight for a clause exempting pensioners from taxes on food, rent, clothing and fuel.

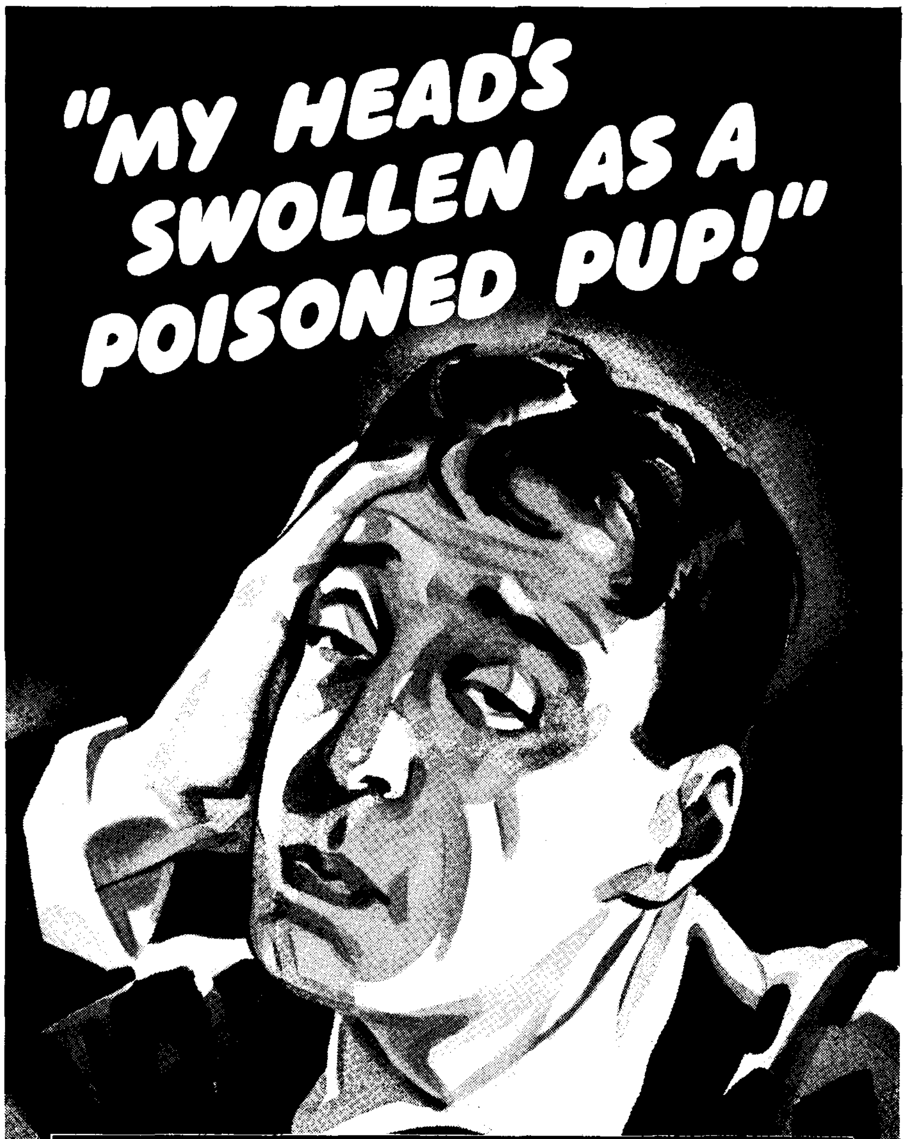
"If we have to pay our own pensions," said she, "two hundred dollars will not be enough and most of us think it ought to be enough at the present cost of living."

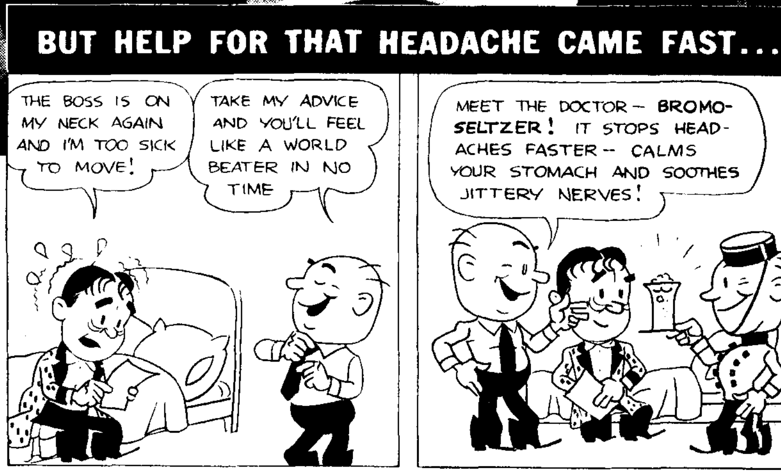
And the lady is demoralizingly right. Naturally each transaction tax to which any finished product is subjected in its passage from raw materials to the final seller would be added to the poor consumer's cost. Someone figured out for us (and we aren't sure how accurately) that the farmer who raised the cotton that presently came back to him in a suit of overalls would have to pay seventy-two cents for every pound of cotton in his overalls—the same cotton he got twelve cents for. And that would be only one item in the price he would have to pay for those overalls. They would cost him something like twenty-two dollars.

After you've talked to Townsendeers in various states for some time you discover that it is far better not to argue. We learned that. For example, we were foolish enough to ask one state organizer who is wholeheartedly in favor of Free Pensions—no transaction taxes on Townsend money—what money would be eligible for taxation?

"If these pensions amounting to somewhere between twenty and twenty-four billion dollars a year are not taxable, how is the revolving fund to be maintained?" we asked him. "If I spend a dollar of my pension—a dollar which I release into general business and that particular dollar is to go through the hands of the retailer, the jobber, the wholesaler, the shipper, the manufac-

(*Continued on page 52*)


"MY HEAD'S SWOLLEN AS A POISONED PUP!"


BUT HELP FOR THAT HEADACHE CAME FAST...
THE BOSS IS ON MY NECK AGAIN AND I'M TOO SICK TO MOVE!
TAKE MY ADVICE AND YOU'LL FEEL LIKE A WORLD BEATER IN NO TIME
MEET THE DOCTOR — BROMO-SELTZER! IT STOPS HEADACHES FASTER — CALMS YOUR STOMACH AND SOOTHES JITTERY NERVES!

Tests show this way gives *faster,* more complete relief

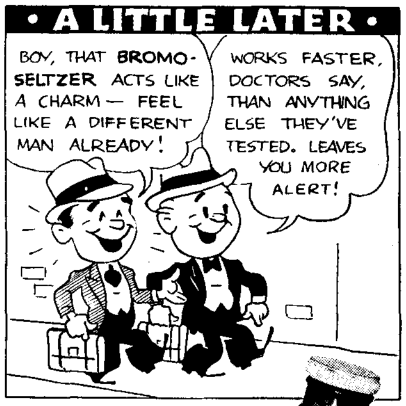
NEXT-MORNING headaches slow up your work. Perhaps they may cost you a job!

Don't let this happen. Bromo-Seltzer can bring you relief so soon. *Faster,* doctors find, than any other remedy they've tested.

Bromo-Seltzer does more for you, too. After Bromo-Seltzer, an upset stomach quiets down. Shaky nerves are soothed.

Bromo-Seltzer also reduces excess lactic acid in your blood—helps nature restore alkaline balance.

Just remember—Bromo-Seltzer is *faster*—does more for you! At drugstores, soda fountains. Keep it in your medicine cabinet, too.


• A LITTLE LATER •
BOY, THAT BROMO-SELTZER ACTS LIKE A CHARM — FEEL LIKE A DIFFERENT MAN ALREADY!
WORKS FASTER, DOCTORS SAY, THAN ANYTHING ELSE THEY'VE TESTED. LEAVES YOU MORE ALERT!

Makes you feel fit FASTER!
BROMO-SELTZER

BROMO-SELTZER

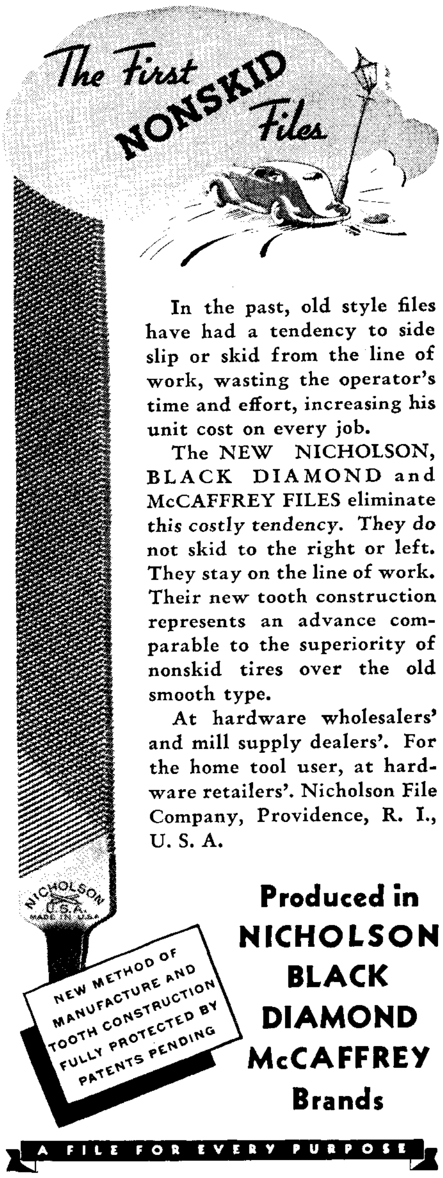
Never wait a second day
take a Beauty Laxative

You simply can't expect to have sparkling eyes, a clear youthful complexion and plenty of pep, unless you insist on regular elimination. Never wait a second day. Take a beauty laxative.

Olive Tablets gently and safely help nature carry off the waste and poisonous matter in one's system; keep you looking and feeling fine and fit. And they're non-habit-forming.

Keep a box of these time-tried beauty laxatives handy for the times when nature skips a day. Three sizes—15¢-30¢-60¢. All druggists.

DR. EDWARDS'
OLIVE TABLETS
THE *Beauty* LAXATIVE



The First NONSKID Files
NICHOLSON U.S.A. MADE IN U.S.A.
NEW METHOD OF MANUFACTURE AND TOOTH CONSTRUCTION FULLY PROTECTED BY PATENTS PENDING
A FILE FOR EVERY PURPOSE

In the past, old style files have had a tendency to side slip or skid from the line of work, wasting the operator's time and effort, increasing his unit cost on every job.

The NEW NICHOLSON, BLACK DIAMOND and McCAFFREY FILES eliminate this costly tendency. They do not skid to the right or left. They stay on the line of work. Their new tooth construction represents an advance comparable to the superiority of nonskid tires over the old smooth type.

At hardware wholesalers' and mill supply dealers'. For the home tool user, at hardware retailers'. Nicholson File Company, Providence, R. I., U. S. A.

Produced in NICHOLSON BLACK DIAMOND McCAFFREY Brands

(Continued from page 51)

turer, the farmer and so on undiminished by taxes, whose dollar is going to yield taxes and on what transactions?"

"Details, details," he replied. "Why clutter up a movement which means the salvation of our country with details? All such details will be threshed out after the bill has been passed by Congress."

We got nowhere at all with him. We told him of the problems a chain store corporation had struggled with when relief checks were brought to its counters. Thousands of relief recipients, pledged to spend their doles for food, rent and clothing only, came to the stores asking for a dollar's worth of food and the balance of their checks in cash. When these stores refused they spent their money across the street. But we were assured that we were an agent of The Enemy, that we were seeking to confuse the "true issue," that we were implying that Townsendites were crooks. Only one of our questions pleased him—and that only mildly.

The Answer to Everything

"Do you think that acceptance of the Townsend Plan alone is sufficient reason why a man should be elected to public office—to Congress or the presidency?"

"Why not?" he demanded. "In the Townsend Plan is everything we need. In it are the answers to all our problems. It is all there."

We were assured that there would be at least a hundred and probably a hundred and fifty Townsendeers in the national House of Representatives next year. We heard long ovations for "William Edgar Borah for President." We heard almost as much energy turned loose for Eugene Talmadge of Georgia, who, we were told, was a Townsendite "who will announce for us in good time." We heard the late Huey Long get screaming homage after "a moment of silent prayer for the poor man's martyred friend." Father Coughlin came in for more-tempered applause. There were cheers, too, for the late Billy Sunday, for Ma Ferguson, Bishop Cannon and William J. Bryan.

We listened to share-the-wealth advocates who were going to insist that Townsend pensions be the property of the whole family and not just Grandpa's and Grandma's. And there was another faction which was going to secede from the movement if pensions be withheld from oldsters simply because they happened to have sons and daughters who could support them. Frankly we didn't attempt to keep track of all the amending and supplementing ideas the Townsendeers had to offer.

But we do recall that a rib-splintering fight broke out in California over the right or lack of right of a citizen to more than one pension. For example, should a war veteran's family receive a government pension and a Townsend godsend too? And what about civil servants—city, county, state and federal jobholders retired on pensions? Shall they receive double pensions—or triple if they are war veterans?

The Old Folks at Home

We spoke to a number of apprehensive Alabamans, Mississippians and Arkansans who were pretty deeply agitated about the local economic effect of Townsend pensions. Give the Negro family two hundred dollars a month and the South's labor problem is going to be just about two hundred times nastier. And one Southern farmer assured us that he never knew of a Negro family that couldn't produce at least six members older than sixty.

The Townsendeers assure you that while there are something over ten million persons in the country over sixty, only about eight million of them will receive the $2,400 a year. Nobody having a criminal record will be eligible. Of course if a lady or gentleman has had the misfortune to have been arrested for speeding or for getting drunk or violating some minor law, the breach of which does not constitute a felony, it must not be held against him. Anybody is liable to make a little mistake, particularly when young—or feeling young.

Then there will be oldsters who will have incomes of their own, or who refuse to quit work—professional men, for example. However it is, you are assured that about two million oldsters will not be eligible.

But the thing goes on indefinitely. We tried to catch some reasonable idea of the number of Doctor Townsend's followers—how many of us have joined his clubs. We weren't very successful. Mr. Clements, who is only about forty-seven years old and is the active head of the movement, was coy. He told us, however, that there are at least five thousand Townsend clubs in the country and that they are increasing at the rate of twenty-five a week and that they range in membership from a hundred to 17,000 each. Perhaps the man is right; we have only his word for it.

"How did you arrive at two hundred dollars as the proper monthly pension?" we asked Mr. Clements.

"Any lesser sum," said he, "would not permit the enjoyment of the spiritual, educational and artistic features of life and bring out the really valuable traits of human character and make the most of our citizenship."

"Just how is the Townsend Plan going to revive and preserve prosperity?"

"Every beneficiary must spend all of his two hundred dollars every thirty days," replied Mr. Clements. "This money will circulate everywhere—in the poverty centers as well as the wealthy ones. Old people are found everywhere. The result will be an enormous turnover in business. The old folks will be able to hire much help for themselves—to lighten their burdens. This, together with the retirement of the old from the job-seeking field, should result in a comfortable shortage of workers required by industry, making for higher wages. It is not unreasonable to expect that ten or twelve dollars a day would become the minimum wage. All this ability to spend money could not help but bring prosperity. Understand this: we now designate the old as being sixty years or over. It is not intended that this shall be a retirement age fixed for all future time. We believe that it will be only a few years before we shall be compelled to drop the retirement age to fifty-five or perhaps fifty."

How About the Young?

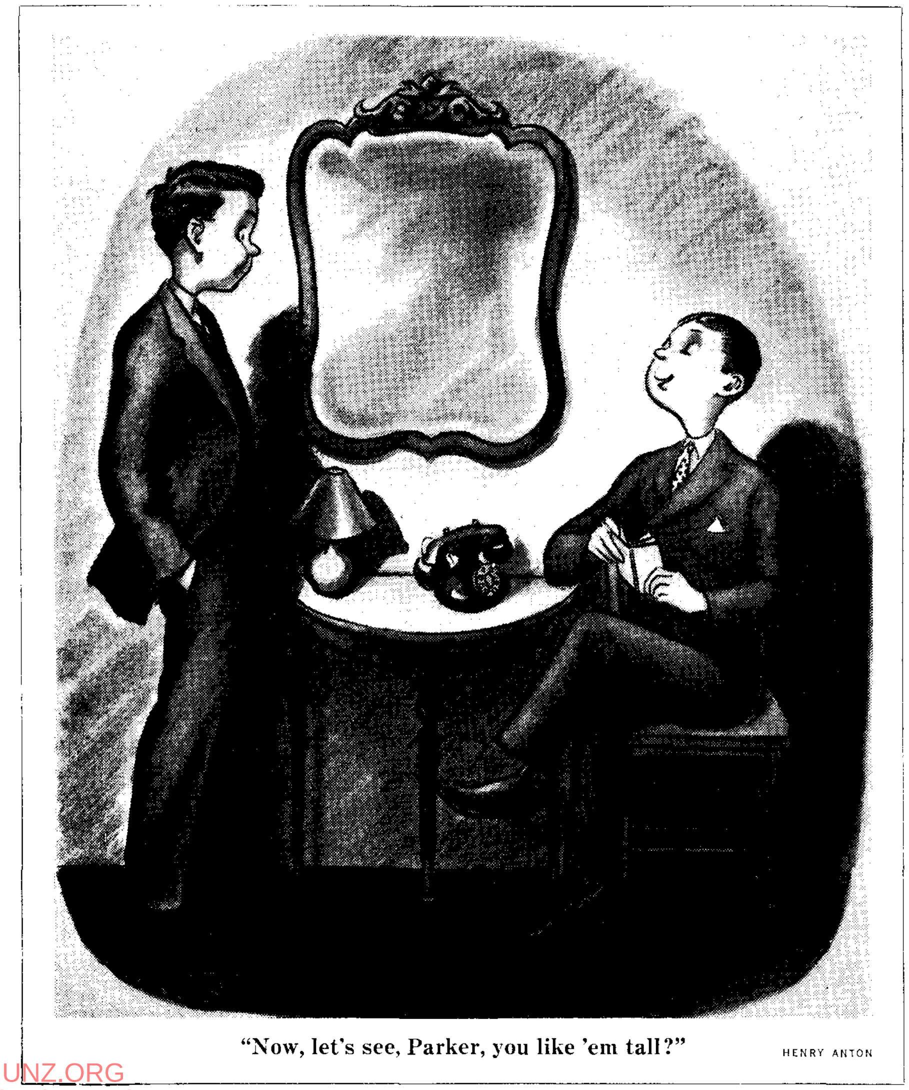
Mr. Clements has broadcast this latter possibility with considerable effect. And that may account to a certain extent for the enthusiasm of the younger element for the Townsend Plan. But not wholly. Among the several things we were unable to learn is what percentage of the Townsend membership is less than sixty years old. But a variety of Townsendeers tried to estimate it for us. Some said it was fifty per cent. At any rate we had attended enough Townsend meetings to know that the spirit of the younger set is magnificent. One of them—a brawny chap of twenty-five or thirty—told us he was "one hundred per cent for Doc Townsend." Moreover, he told us why.

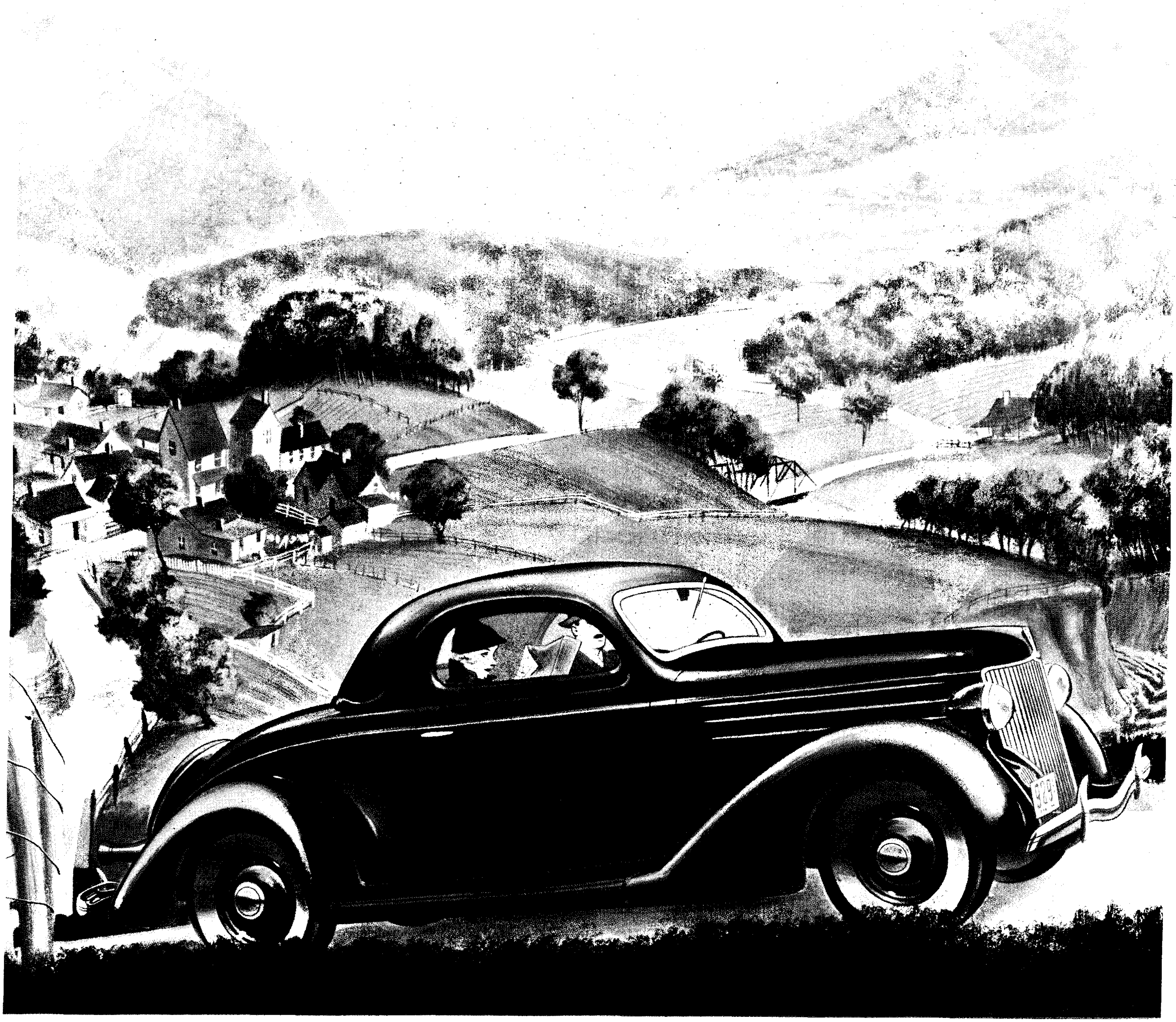
"Somebody's got to take care of the old folks," he said. "How the hell are we young people going to do it on what we get from the government?"

We said something to the effect that the day was coming when some deluded soul was going to be caught going to work—and be rewarded by becoming one of the exhibits in the Smithsonian Institution or Mr. Henry Ford's Museum.

But he paid no attention. He was much too engrossed in directing a squad of young men who were attaching a large sign on the wall. It read:

"Honor Thy Mother and Thy Father! Join *Your* Townsend Club."


"Now, let's see, Parker, you like 'em tall?"



It Needs No Breaking-In

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(Center left)

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(In circle)

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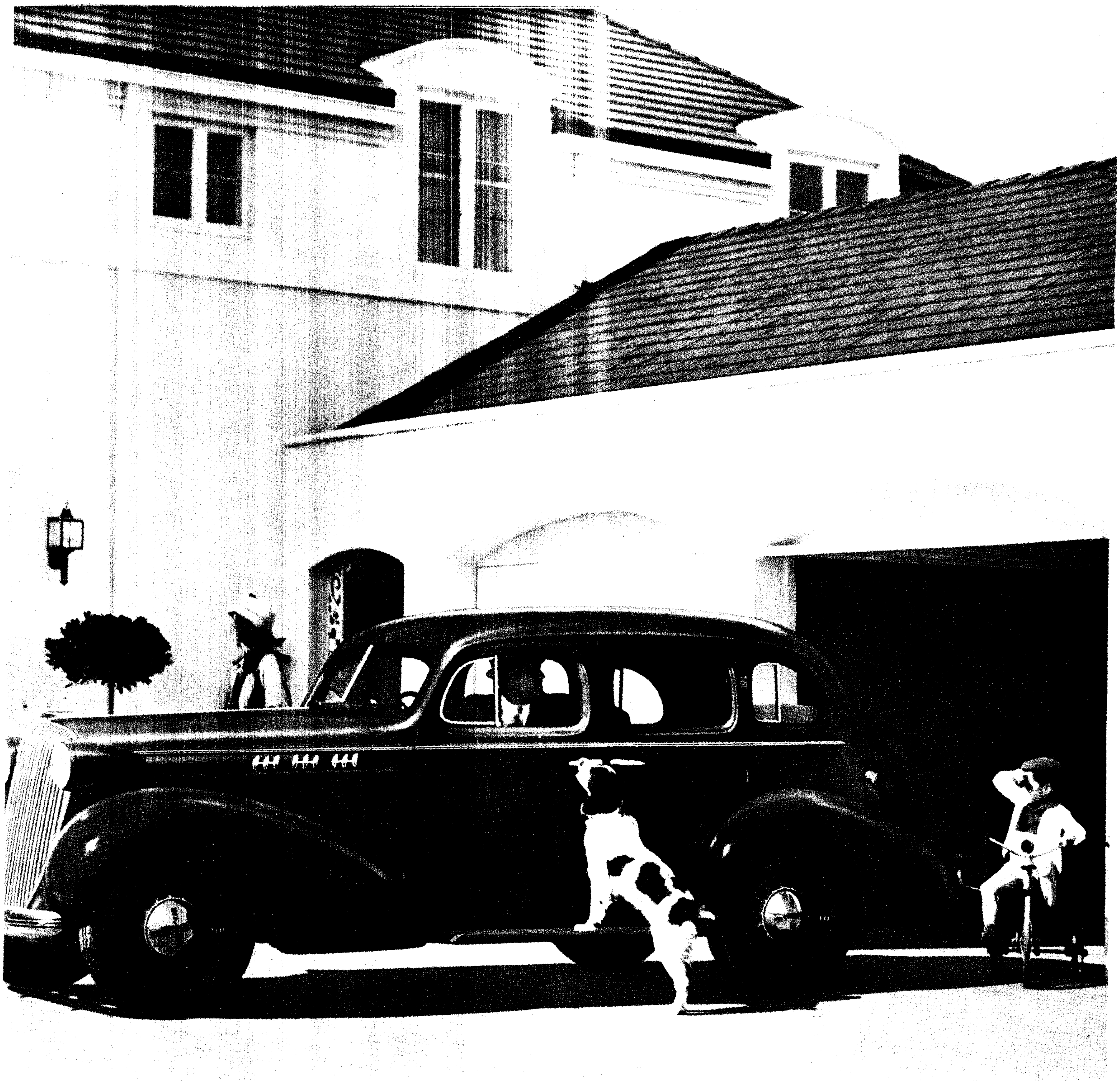

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OLDSMOBILE 6 & 8

"The Car that has Everything"

The Cruelest Man in the World

Ian Wallace meets an enemy: a story far too beautiful for its sinister—and mysterious—background

By Quentin Reynolds

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

EBERT is absolutely out of danger. His recovery is assured. Dr. Wallace? No, I don't know where you can find him. Yes, it was a wonderful operation. The doctors here say that not another surgeon in Europe could have saved Ebert. Who is Wallace? His full name is Ian Wallace, he is English, but beyond that we know nothing about him."

I put down the phone and put a piece of paper into my typewriter. I wrote: "Ebert saved. Ian Wallace successfully operated brain tumor. Great national rejoicing Germany. Berlin doctors hail Wallace's miraculous operation after hope abandoned Ebert's recovery."

I knew that an hour later the streets of New York, Chicago and San Francisco would be ringing with the cry of newsboys that Ebert was out of danger. I knew that my brief cable message would have been expanded by a rewrite man and that columns about the great man would be written. I felt very happy about it.

Of course the story of Ebert's illness, his expected death and then this operation by an unknown surgeon which had saved him was just another story to a Berlin correspondent. But Karl Ebert was such a great man, such a true humanitarian, such a lovable person that his recovery was really more than just a news story. Ebert, even perhaps more than Einstein, was venerated all over the world as no other German was venerated.

Who could forget what he did during the influenza epidemic which followed the war? Thousands were dying of this deadly plague which was sweeping over Europe. Reliable treatment for the disease was desperately needed. There was no time for leisurely experimentation. Ebert produced a serum which he thought might kill the influenza germ. He tried it on a guinea pig which had been inoculated with influenza germs. The animal died but Ebert discovered that it didn't die from influenza. The serum had killed the influenza germs. He tried it on a dog with the same result. The dog died but it was the serum which had killed it. But first the serum had killed the influenza germs.

EBERT had no time to play around with more animals. He had a theory that the serum, though strong enough to kill animals, wasn't strong enough to kill men and it would kill the influenza. It was a serum which produced a terrific fever, a fever so high that it killed the germs. Would such a high fever also kill a man? It seemed reasonable to believe so. There was only one real way of finding out.

Ebert calmly injected himself with influenza germs and he waited until his own condition became desperate. His fever was 104, his pulse rapid and hardly discernible and he was delirious. Then he had the serum injected into his blood stream. His fever mounted three, then four degrees. Then it began to abate. Within three days he was on his way to recovery. The serum had worked.

It was hurried to hospitals all over Europe and thousands of lives were saved. Yes, Ebert was a great man. Now at seventy he had fallen victim to a dreadful brain condition, a tumor that was so closely attached to the brain that the Berlin doctors had not even tried to cut it away. They had sadly given up hope and told his wife and the world that it was only a matter of a few days. Ebert could not live.

Then Doctor Ian Wallace had appeared and had asked to be allowed to operate. No one at the Berlin hospital knew of Wallace but he impressed the surgeons in charge. Somehow or other he persuaded them to allow him to operate. He had operated—and now Ebert was on the way to recovery.

I walked out of my office after filing that cable and I tell you I felt as though I'd gotten a letter from home. I felt as relieved and as happy as though I had just heard of the recovery of a member of my own family for whom hope had been given up. When a newspaperman feels like that he always heads for the nearest bar. My office on Dorotheenstrasse was only a block from Unter den Linden, and there on Unter den Linden was the Adlon Bar, headquarters for thirsty foreign correspondents. I was just about to enter when I felt a slap on my back. I turned and it was an old friend, the Baron Von Genthner.

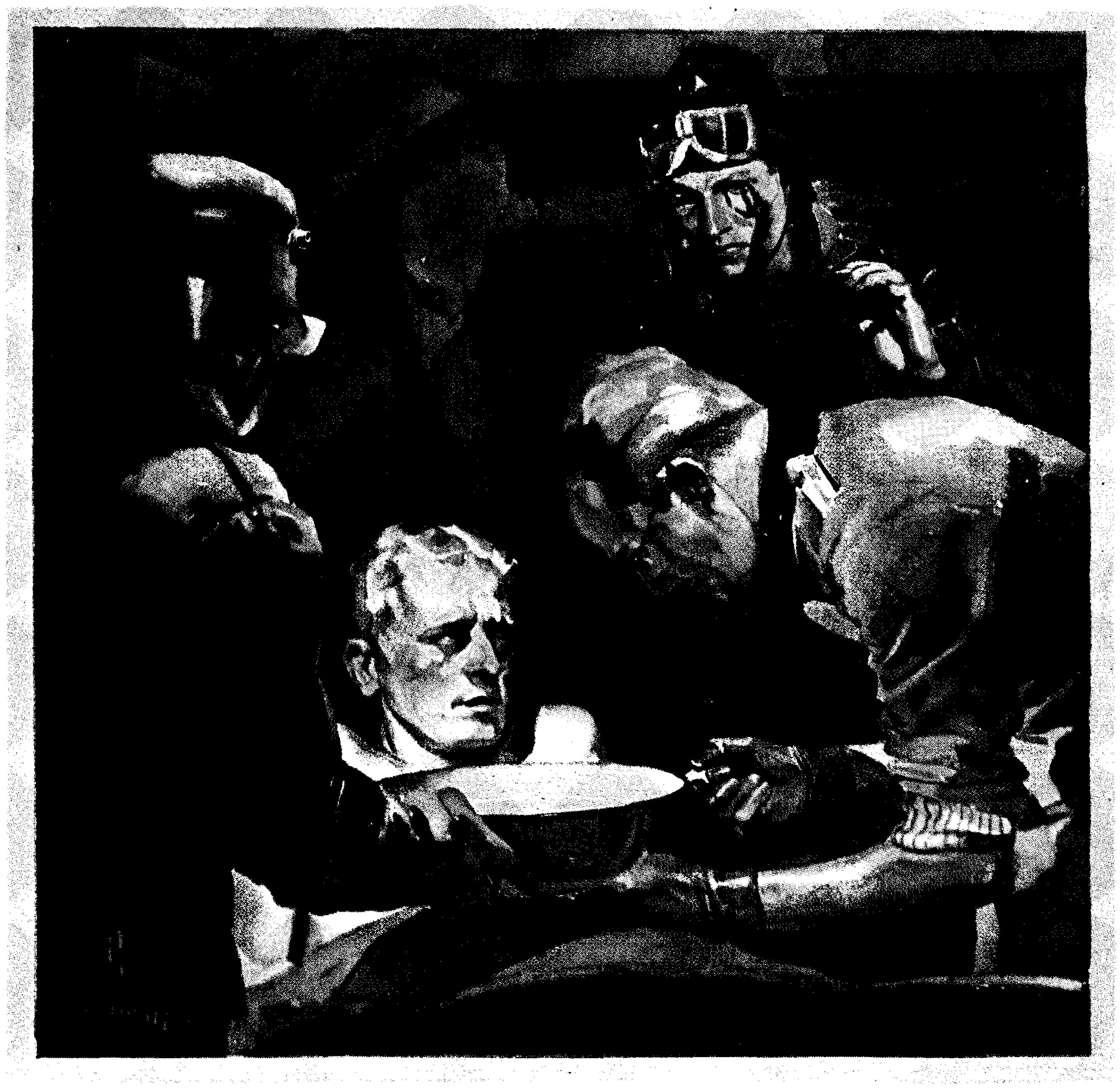
"YOU have a positive genius," he laughed, "for meeting me near a bar. Now before you say 'Hello, let us have a drink,' allow me to say 'Hello, let us have a drink.' "

"I wouldn't turn down a pal, Von Genthner," I told him. "I will be very happy to have not one, not two, but three and maybe four drinks with you. I feel like celebrating and honestly there is no one at whose expense I would rather celebrate than yours. Ebert is out of danger, Von Genthner. Ebert will live. Isn't that wonderful? He's the only German living with the possible exception of yourself that I really have any respect for. And my respect for you is slightly prejudiced," I added, "by the fact that you are always ready to buy a drink."

"Well now," he mocked, "imagine an Irishman respecting a German. That's really very big of you, my friend."

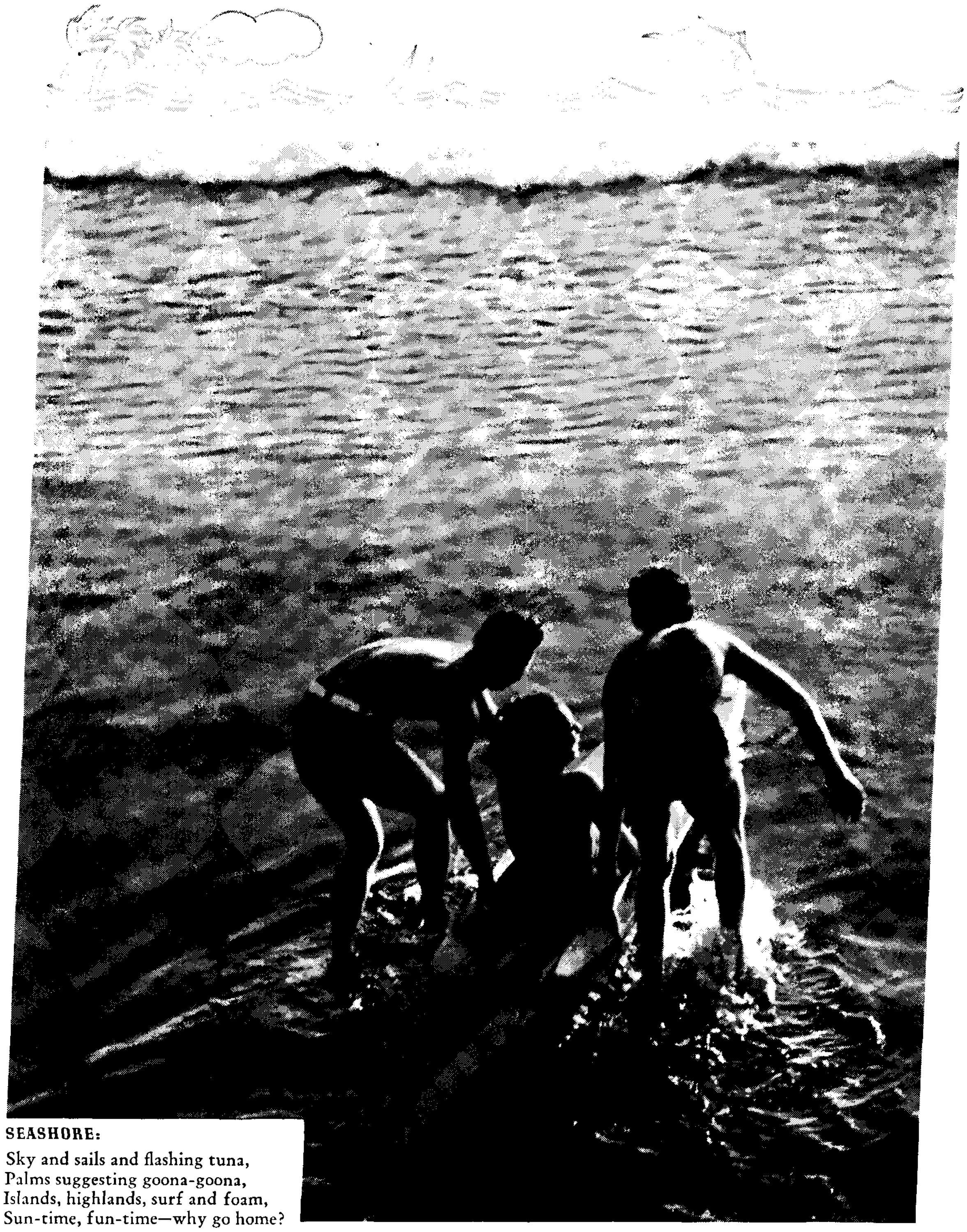
"Well, Von Genthner, just as a dog always has its favorite flea, so each of us has his favorite German. I have two, you and Ebert. But come along. That brandy inside is as old as it's going to be."

We passed through the revolving doors. The monocled Von Genthner—an aristocrat from his toes to the dueling



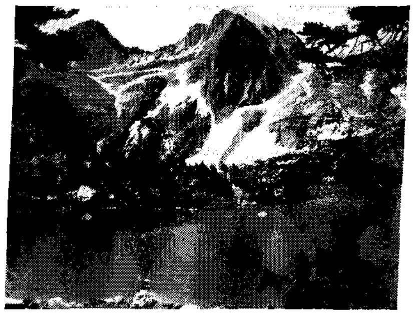
"You are a fool," Wallace muttered, "to think you can mend the mess you will find in there"

"Sky and sails and flashing tuna, Palms suggesting goona goona..."



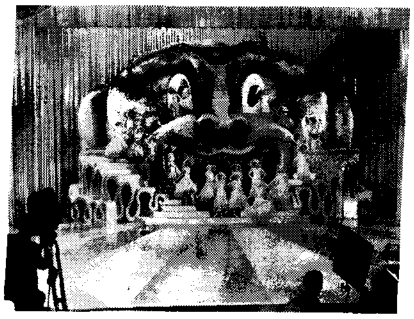
SEASHORE:

Sky and sails and flashing tuna,
Palms suggesting goona-goona,
Islands, highlands, surf and foam,
Sun-time, fun-time—why go home?



MOUNTAINS:

Glaciers, rivers, verdant valleys,
Come to life from Rand-McNallies;
Cedars, trout-streams, puma, deer,
High adventure, calling clear.

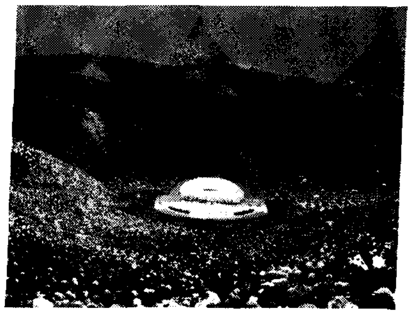


HOLLYWOOD:

Heroes, Neros, comics, heavies,
Beauties, cuties, pass in bevies;
Mummers, plumbers, sages, tots,
Bad-men, mad-men, throng the lots.

SPORT:

Sport on court, on links or heather,
Beckons, reckons without weather;
Land or strand or stream or pool,
Days are rainless, nights are cool.



AFTER DARK:

Night clubs, fight clubs, famous faces,
Wineries, fineries, pageants, races,
Singers, ringers, grottos, bars.
Symphonies beneath the stars.

MISCELLANEOUS:

Canyons, banyans, cherimoyas,
Flowers, towers, scenes like Goya's,
Schooners, crooners, fish that fly,
Cowboys, plow-boys, you and I.

A 2-weeks vacation at low cost

THIS versified catalog gives a rough idea of the diversified fun to be found this summer in and around Los Angeles County, hub of the Southern California vacationland, and scene of equally fascinating commercial enterprises like oil, citrus and movie-making. We would have included Pasadena, Long Beach, Santa Monica, Beverly Hills, Pomona, Glendale and some other places, too, if we could have got them to rhyme.

A couple of other points more practical than poetic: You can do it in a 2-weeks vacation, with a choice of transportation methods. (185,558 easterners did last year.) And lower costs here (18% under the U. S. average) make an ordinary budget sufficient.

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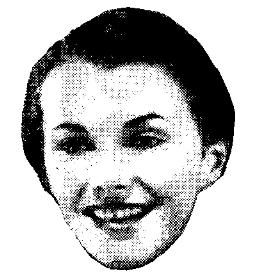

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LAXATIVE
FOR ADULTS AND CHILDREN
NO TASTE BUT THE MINT
THE 3 MINUTE WAY

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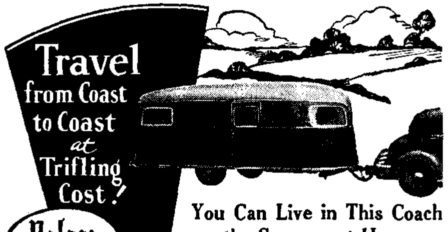
THE CHEWING-GUM LAXATIVE



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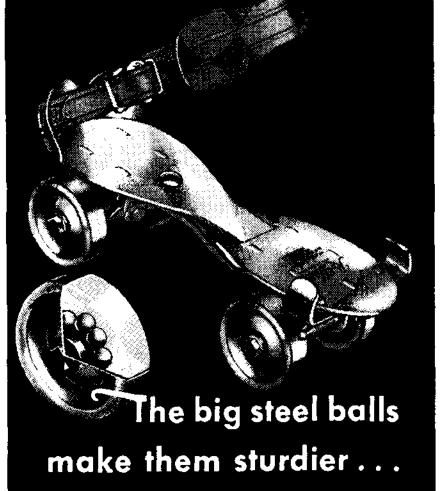

The big steel balls make them sturdier . . .

D. P. HARRIS HDW. & MFG. CO., INC.
D. P. HARRIS BLDG., NEW YORK, N. Y.

(Continued from page 56)

scar on his right cheek—was a commanding figure. The baron was about fifty, I should judge. He had been a great war hero, an aviator second only to the immortal Richthofen. When the war ended he had retired from active participation in everything. He was wealthy and he spent all of his time with his music and his books. Politics never touched him. He had nothing but contempt for the German political idols. I only heard him speak of Hitler once. "I wonder if the man really does love music," he had mused.

We walked into the lobby of the Adlon and headed for the bar.

"I wonder who that English surgeon is who saved Ebert," he said.

"His name is Ian Wallace, but no one seems to know anything about him. He seemed to appear out of the thin air and now he has disappeared," I told Von Genthner.

"Ian Wallace," he repeated. "Odd coincidence that. I knew a man named Ian Wallace once. He was an English aviator and he was the cruelest man . . ."

He broke off with a startled exclamation. I followed his gaze. A man was coming toward us, a man who was looking at Von Genthner. I looked at Von Genthner, too. His face was white. Von Genthner the sophisticate, the self-possessed, was actually trembling. Yet there was nothing about the appearance of this man who was walking toward us to make a man tremble. He had the most amazing eyes. They were as soft as the light that comes through the stained-glass window of a church. There was a serene look in them, a look almost of sanctity. I can't explain, but as I looked at this man I felt unworthy. Have you ever seen a devout communicant coming back from the altar rail? Such people have a look which reflects an inner peace and an inner sense of security and spiritual happiness which is denied to most. This tall man with the fair hair had that look. He was slim but very strong-looking.

"Von Genthner," he said very softly, "will you shake hands with me? Once you wouldn't, you remember. Look at my eyes, Von Genthner."

"You . . . you have changed," Von Genthner said, and his voice was uneven.

"Von Genthner," the tall man said, "I have paid my debt in full. Ebert is the thirty-seventh man. I gave him back to life. Now I have earned the right to die; don't you agree, Von Genthner?"

VON GENTHNER'S breath was labored. I noticed that his hands were clenched.

"But you *did* die," he cried. "You died in that . . ."

"Come, come, friend," the tall man said in a tone of rebuke. "All of us die at one time or another and are reborn. We die when our old ideals and standards die. We acquire new standards and thus we live again. There are different ways of dying—and, Von Genthner, remember what your brother said. He said, 'Some people are not allowed to die until they have paid their debts. Death will not accept a man who still owes something to life.' Will you shake hands, Von Genthner?"

The baron held out his hand, the tall man held it for a moment and then he was gone. He was gone but he left something tremendous behind him. What? I don't know. I know I felt shaken. I know that I mumbled, "Hurry, let us have a drink. Hurry, Von Genthner." And I know that when I sat down the palms of my hands were moist, though it was cool.

Von Genthner sat there looking straight ahead. "Brandy, Fred," I told the bartender. He brought two glasses and a bottle. He filled both glasses, and left us.

"Who was the man we met in the lobby just now?" I asked sharply.

"His name was Ian Wallace. It was he who operated on Ebert yesterday."

"Is that the same Ian Wallace you knew during the war, Von Genthner?"

"Is he?" Von Genthner lifted his glass. "I suppose he is . . . You saw him? He really spoke to me, didn't he? And I shook hands with him?"

"Yes," I said testily. "I saw him, a tall man with a shining face and with soft eyes."

"THE Ian Wallace I knew didn't have a shining face and his eyes were not soft," Von Genthner said. "The Ian Wallace I knew . . . I'll tell you the story," he added suddenly. "I'll tell you the story and you can laugh at me. As I tell it remember that I am a rational being. Facts, not fancies, intrigue me. I am not an inventor of tales. To me there are two great truths, music and science. This story falls outside of them—and so I do not understand it.

"It was during the first year of the war," the baron began, "in the spring of 1915. My command was stationed back of Lens, a railway center, an important post to hold from our viewpoint. We were perhaps fifteen miles behind the front lines and my job was to harry the French who were opposite us and keep them worried.

"There was a squadron of English planes attached to the French who were opposing our sector and we had a lot of fun fighting these English. As yet, machine guns hadn't been synchronized with the propellers; it wasn't easy to down another plane in a hand-to-hand battle. We had a lot of fun and casualties were comparatively few.

"We pilots looked upon the war then as a rather glorious game, a game in which there were rules which we all obeyed. The greatest of the war pilots played the game like gentlemen—for after all, we were all pilots and there is a certain brotherhood among flying men, even in wartime. One thing we did not do was to murder. Yes, there is a great difference between killing and murdering.

"The aviators were not murderers; that is, none of them were until Ian Wallace came along. Of course, we didn't know his name then. One day he got two of our ships and the next morning he flew over our lines in his black single-seater pursuit plane and upon the black fuselage there was painted a huge white figure '22.' It wasn't until then that we discovered that he was a murderer.

"He fired a captive balloon, dove out of a cloud at it and had it at his mercy. There were two observers in the balloon and they both leaped out. They wore parachutes, of course, and they began to float safely to the ground. But this black plane circled them and we were horrified to see the pilot shoot blast after blast of machine-gun fire at them. Were they killed? They were literally riddled with bullets when they reached the ground.

"Now that was the sort of thing that pilots just didn't do. That was murder. It was the only time during the war that I ever heard of anyone shooting at a man descending in a parachute. The next day we shot down a plane from Wallace's squadron. The pilot wasn't hurt badly and I spoke to him and from him learned about Ian Wallace.

"'A bloody awful man, that Wallace,' the English pilot said. 'I hate to say it, for he is a member of my squadron, but really he is a murderer. He boasted of shooting down those two helpless fellows who had jumped from the captive balloon. Yes, and then added two to the total of men he has killed.'

"'A bloody awful man?' From an Englishman, that is horrible condemnation. They don't use the word 'bloody' unless they mean something very strong.

"He told us more about Wallace—of how he had been a brilliant young surgeon when the war opened but that he had refused to enter the medical corps. He told us of how Wallace boasted when he came back after shooting down a German plane.

"'It isn't fun killing people, not even you Germans,' the English pilot said frankly. 'We don't enjoy it and I dare say you people don't either. But Wallace has a mania for killing.'

"Three days later Wallace committed another murder, for that's what it was. He engaged in a dogfight with a young flyer in my command, a lad named Saxonberg, a nineteen-year-old youngster. He crippled the boy's plane and the kid went into a tail spin. He managed to get his ship out of it just before he hit the ground and then he crashed. But he had maneuvered cleverly. The ship hit the ground quite hard, the gas tank broke, spattered gas on the hot motor and then the whole ship, of course, burst into flames. Wallace, in his black pursuit ship, had followed the youngster to the ground. Saxonberg managed to crawl from the ship badly shaken but apparently not seriously hurt. An observer in a captive balloon, miles away, saw the whole incident through his powerful glasses. He saw Saxonberg run across an open field away from the burning plane and then he saw Wallace's ship dive at him. He saw Saxonberg crumple up and then the black ship zoom up and away. Murder? Saxonberg had twenty bullets in his back when they picked him up.

"THERE was great indignation over this latest heroic exploit of Wallace's. It horrified us, as I am sure it horrified Wallace's English colleagues. We got to calling Wallace the cruelest man in the world. He seemed to kill for the sheer lust of killing.

"Finally, despite our best efforts to get him, his total ran up to thirty-seven. That white thirty-seven, painted on his black plane, was a challenge to us but we couldn't do anything about it until one early morning. They had sent up a new Fokker to us to try out and this morning I took it up. I went miles behind our own lines and put the ship through its paces. I was delighted with it. I climbed to ten thousand feet.

"I was flying between two layers of cloud. My ship was the fastest I had ever flown. I looked over the side and was amused to see the shadow of my plane on the clouds below. It was as though that shadow were chasing me. Then I noticed another shadow chasing the shadow of my ship. For a moment I gazed in amazement and then instinctively made a banking zoom to my right, just escaping the rain of bullets which the ship above and behind me had let go. It was as narrow an escape as ever any flyer had, due to my own carelessness.

"I straightened out and saw the enemy ship below me. I felt a cold chill, but a chill of anticipation, when I saw that it was the by now well-known black plane with Ian Wallace at the controls.

"He passed under me and his speed was so great that apparently he hesitated about immediately pulling up. Then I dove. It was one of those fortunate happenings which occur very seldom. I was in perfect position for a dive at him, and needless to say, I dove. I never felt such a cold feeling of satisfaction as I did when I saw my tracers spatter against his fuselage and his motor. I wanted to kill this man—as a farmer wants to kill a snake that has been making off with his chickens. I felt that I was executing him and that he deserved execution. His plane, out of control and riddled by my bullets, went into a spin—and crashed.

"But Wallace didn't die. I saw him crawl from the wreckage. I saw him try to rise and then I saw him crumple up. He had fallen in an open field about two miles behind the lines at a spot halfway between Lens and Vermelles. I immediately hurried back to my headquarters. When I told my men that I had gotten Wallace, they were overjoyed. So was I.

"They had seen the battle from the ground and three of them were just about to leave in a truck for the field where Wallace had crashed. I went with them.

"Wallace lay some twenty feet from the wreckage of his plane. We walked over to him, and I noticed that his eyes were the venomous eyes of a snake that is about to strike. There was nothing human or warm about them. They were as dark as black marble, and as cold.

"'Was it you who got me?' he whispered.

"I nodded. Then he said unexpectedly, 'Finish your job. You have a gun there.'

"'We aren't murderers,' I said coldly. Mind you, I felt not the slightest twinge of pity for him. I was thinking of the two men whom he had killed while they were descending in parachutes. I was thinking of young Saxonberg.

"'Are my lips blue?' he said, and the words weren't clear. It was as though they were all mixed up with his breath.

"'Your lips are blue.'

"'And my fingertips?'

"I bent over him. 'Yes, your fingertips are blue.'

"'Then never mind finishing your job,' he said. 'I am a surgeon . . . blue lips . . . cyanosis is deepening . . . my heart will take care of finishing your job within an hour. . . .'

"I looked at my fellow officers. Like myself, they were tight-lipped. There wasn't the slightest sign of sympathy in their faces. Yet—we were officers. Here was another officer. We couldn't leave him there to die.

"'There is an emergency station outside of Vermelles,' I said. 'Shall we take him there? My brother is in charge. Perhaps he can do something. . . .'

"He made weak protests but we carried him to the truck and headed across the open fields toward Vermelles. Wallace was unconscious during most of the ride—which was well, for the country was rough. We carried him into the heavily armored dugout which my brother had been using as an emergency operating-room. We laid him on the operating table. Instead of white walls this operating-room was lined with sandbags and heavy beams. My brother and a young doctor who was his assistant had a small stove in the corner of the dugout where instruments were sterilized. There was a small cabinet, too, where towels and sponges were made sterile, and another cabinet filled with instruments.

"MY BROTHER bent over Wallace. Wallace opened his eyes.

"'It's too late, Doctor,' he gasped. 'Major, where are you? Major, I congratulate you. I didn't think the German flyer lived who could get me. Shake hands.'

"I looked at him. I looked at those cold eyes which even now were venomous. 'I wouldn't shake hands with a man who had eyes like yours,' I said and turned away.

"'Don't go,' my brother said sharply. 'I am short-handed—may need you.'

"My brother and I had always been close. I can't imagine two people whose temperaments were so different. To begin with, he was a confirmed pacifist. He thought destruction was inexcusable. Healing was the important thing. Deeply religious, too, he was, and a sincere, honest person.

"Wallace said, 'Let me give you my diagnosis, Doctor. . . . The engine tore loose when I crashed. . . . It crushed my chest . . . the symptoms? . . . Marked cyanosis. . . . Diminution in pulse volume . . . respiratory embarrassment . . . and I cannot be sure but I believe there is a well-defined engorgement of the neck muscles. . . . It all points to an intrapericardial hemorrhage. . . . Do you agree?'

"My brother looked up startled. 'You're a surgeon? Yes, I agree. Chest surgery is my specialty, Doctor. Everything points to a cardiac tamponade. I'll confirm it with a puncture.'

"'Don't bother,' Wallace said tersely. I could see his teeth were clenched and sweat stood out on his brow. 'It's too late. The heart is surrounded with blood. The heart can't breathe. It can't beat. It's slowly strangling. . . . I never thought I had a heart, Doctor, and here it is killing me. . . .'

"'First a spinal, I think. You couldn't stand ether,' my brother mused. All the time his long fingers were busy. They had ripped Wallace's leather flying coat; had cut away underclothing. When I saw what lay underneath I turned away for a moment.

"MY BROTHER turned Wallace on his side; he winced as the needle penetrated his spine—but in a moment he relaxed and the tenseness left his white face. The novocaine in the needle had hurried its errand of mercy.

"'Too late, too late,' Wallace said. 'Give me a large dose of something . . . let's end it, Doctor . . . you know I can't live. . . .'

"My brother was shocked. 'My business is healing, not killing.'

"'Killing is much more fun,' Wallace sneered. 'I . . . I've tried both.'

"The assistant was laying out instruments. 'Scalpels, dissection scissors, costotome, clamps, forceps, sutures, sponges,' he muttered to himself. 'Everything is ready, Doctor.'

"My brother was looking at Wallace—for the first time, I think, seeing him as a person, and not as a patient. 'Killing? What right has a doctor to kill? We both took a sacred oath once—the Oath of Hippocrates. Remember?'

"Wallace sneered. 'I swear by Apollo the physician and Aesculapius . . . that according to my ability and judgment . . . with purity and with holiness I will pass my life and practice my art. . . . Yes . . . I remember the oath of Hippocrates and I remember the story of the Three Bears and the other childhood fables. . . . I even remember that story they tell children about One who claimed to be the Son of God. . . .'

"My brother picked up a long needle. 'I'll confirm our diagnosis,' he said and he pushed the hollow needle firmly into the flesh just over the heart. He withdrew the stylet and peered closely at what it showed.

"'Yes, the pericardial sac is full of blood,' he said. 'It is fresh . . . the wound is still bleeding . . . we must work fast. . . . Undoubtedly the pericardium is torn.'

"'You fool, you fool,' Wallace muttered thickly. 'Who do you think you are that you can perform such an operation? It's too late. . . . Was it Hieronymus Fabricius who said, "The pulsation of the heart muscles does not suffice for the ventilation and refrigeration of the blood, therefore were the lungs fashioned to surround the heart"? My lungs are punctured. My heart is smothering. You are a fool to think that you can mend the mess you will find in there.'

"'Remember Ambroise Paré,' my brother said gently, 'the barber surgeon who took care of the army of Colonel Montejan in the sixteenth century? It was he, you'll remember, who first used ligatures instead of cauterization after amputations. When he was congratulated on the success of a remarkable operation he said, "I dressed him and God healed him." I can dress your wounds—I can't heal them.'

"'A sentimental humbug,' Wallace sneered. The surgeon, meanwhile, had taken a scalpel and had cut the flesh gently, making an incision parallel to the sternum. He folded a white layer of skin back, exposing the ribs and the subcutaneous tissue, which was an angry red. 'Remember Paré's story, The Journey to Turin. He found three mortally wounded soldiers in a stable. One of their comrades was with them. "Can these men live?" he asked Paré. Paré shook his head. . . . The soldier took out a knife and calmly cut their throats. . . . Paré was horrified. . . . The soldier looked at him coldly and said, "If I am ever in the same condition I hope a real friend of mine will do to me what I have just done to them." . . . Yes, Paré, the old fool, was horrified. . . . Now, it is like that with me, Doctor . . . Those of us who are in this war are all murderers. . . . I have killed thirty-seven men and enjoyed the killing of them. . . . It is right that I die now. . . .'

"'No man has the right to kill,' my brother said calmly, his long hands never stopping. 'Costotome,' he said briefly, and the assistant handed him the wicked-looking bone forceps. He cut through the sternum and then through six ribs. Now even I could tell from the tenseness of my brother and his assistant that the critical part of the operation had come. He was about to enter the pericardium. He was about to go into that pericardiac sac, that sac that protected the heart. It has been said that the soul lives in that sac surrounding the heart. I don't know.

"Wallace breathed in a labored way now. 'Remember your Latin, Doctor. Remember the word virtus? It means virtue. It also means manly courage, the ability to take and receive punishment. . . . The Romans were right. . . . Life isn't important. . . . The myths they teach children are pleasant. . . . They are soporifics . . . like this anesthesia you have given me. . . . Like it, they hide the ugly reality of truth. . . . Stop this farce, Doctor . . . let me die.'

"The pericardium, like fibrous leather, was exposed now. It, too, was an angry red color. The assistant put clamps on two small arteries which were spouting blood.

"'Your heart is beating,' my brother said. 'Why talk of dying when your heart is beating? You know, as a doctor, the old saying of Galen that the heart is the primum vivens, the ultimum morens. The first to live and the last to die.'

"WALLACE'S voice was very uneven now but his eyes were still hard. His breathing came in gasps. 'That is nonsense. . . .'

"'Quiet,' my brother said sharply. He tapped the pericardium gently with his finger. 'The cavity is full of blood,' he muttered. 'Full of blood.' He took a large needle which the assistant attached to a miniature suction pump. Now he drew the blood out. Three cupfuls he drew out and the angry red began to recede from the pericardium and the bulging sac commenced to grow smaller.

"Then with another scalpel he opened the pericardium. His fingers, so gentle, so strong, folded the fiber back and there, exposed, was the heart. It was a dark purple. I watched, fascinated. He took sponges and swabs from his assistant. He inserted them into the gaping cavity and cleaned it. The assistant breathed, 'Beautiful, beautiful,' and I knew that he was paying tribute to the skill of a great surgeon.

"Then I looked at Wallace's face. It was absolutely white, drained of all blood and vitality and the eyes were closed. I was conscious of a change. I was conscious that the sound of something I had been hearing had stopped and the silence which had replaced it was louder than the sound had been. Then I realized that I wasn't hearing the heavy breathing of Wallace any longer.

"'Primum vivens, ultimum morens,'

(Continued on page 60)

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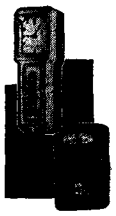

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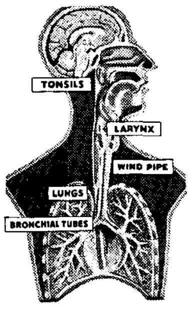

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PERTUSSIN

"MOIST-THROAT" METHOD OF COUGH RELIEF

(Continued from page 59)

the assistant repeated. Then he sighed. 'It was a magnificent attempt, Doctor.'

"My brother apparently didn't hear him. He had taken the sponges out of the wound. Now his hand reached for the heart itself. He took it into his hand as though it were a dove and to my unpracticed eye it seemed as though he were caressing it—as one would caress a dove.

"'Fifty seconds,' the assistant said, looking at his wrist watch. That seemed the oddest thing about this operation—a doctor in an operating-room wearing a wrist watch. 'One minute . . . eighty seconds. . . .' I didn't know what this was all about. My brother's hand was now rubbing the heart more vigorously. It was as though he were massaging the heart. The assistant straightened up. 'Two minutes, Doctor.'

"Then, faintly, I heard that sound that had stopped. Again Wallace breathed.

"'Good God,' the assistant was looking at my brother with awe in his eyes. 'I never . . .'

"'A catgut suture,' the surgeon snapped. The assistant handed him a curved needle threaded with the catgut. The surgeon pulled the incision in the pericardium together, and stitched it as a seamstress stitches a tear in a garment.

"'I've ripped the pleura,' he said. . . . 'We'll let that take care of itself. . . .' His deft fingers put together the ribs that he had severed; he replaced the partially severed sternum. And then the hinged rib flap and with catgut sutured it. Wallace's breathing was more rapid now and more even.

"'We can't move him for two or three days,' my brother said. 'Suppose we leave him on the cot in the corner. . . .'

"The three of us lifted him and put him on the cot. 'Check up on everything,' my brother said briefly to his assistant. Then he drew off the short rubber gloves.

"'He *may* live,' he said to me. We walked out into the sunlight. 'Dangerous, though. It would be terrible for a man like that to die. I mean, he has no right to die, after surviving that operation.'

"The assistant came out. 'Pulse 120, forceful, regular; blood pressure 145 systolic, 90 distolic. Respiration is 40.'

"'Inject 500 c.c.'s of five per cent glucose,' my brother said. 'Never mind—I'll do it.'

"'May I say, Doctor,' the assistant said, 'that was the most remarkable operation I ever witnessed?'

"'I had a great deal of help,' my brother said simply. The assistant and I knew that he wasn't thinking of us. 'He must be saved. That man can't die with so much bitterness and hate in his heart.'"

BARON VON GENTHNER stopped. The noise of the Unter Den Linden traffic seeped into the bar. Fred came up, silently poured us drinks, and went out.

"Was he saved? Did he live?" I asked.

"Was he saved? Did he live?" he repeated. "Let me finish the story, there isn't much more, and then you tell me."

"Two days later," the baron went on, "I went over to see my brother. I found him sitting alongside the cot where Wallace lay. He was talking to him; talking softly, persuasively, gently.

"'You will live,' he was saying. 'Yet you have no real right to be alive. I dressed your wounds and God healed you. Thousands of good men are dying here every day. Death was ready to receive them. But death doesn't want you. You owe a big debt to life which you must pay. You owe life thirty-seven men. You stole thirty-seven men from life and gave them to death. You live only because you cannot die until you pay that debt. You must give those thirty-seven men back. . . .'

"'. . . Must give those thirty-seven men back . . . give them back. . . .' Wallace's voice was low and devoid of expression. He spoke as though he were in a trance. I walked over and looked down at him. His body lay perfectly still but his eyes were open and in them was a look of agony; a look which reflected some terrible battle that was raging inside of that broken body. Was it life and death fighting for this poor body? Was it hope and despair fighting? I couldn't tell.

"'Wallace, you must live . . . you must live.'

"'. . . Must live . . . must live,' Wallace repeated, and suddenly the agonized look left his eyes. The eyes grew calmer. It was as though a truce had been declared in this battle. His breathing, which had been labored, grew calmer.

"MY BROTHER arose. We walked out into the sunlight.

"'It is hard to save a man who has no reason for living. I am trying to give him a reason for remaining alive. I am trying to persuade him that he cannot die until he has paid his debt in full.'

"'But how,' I said bluntly, 'can a man give back thirty-seven lives he has taken?'

"He shrugged his shoulders. 'I don't know. Wallace is a surgeon. Perhaps—who knows—he can be a great surgeon. There have been surgeons so great that they almost literally restored life to those who were already dead.'

"Three days later I received orders which transferred me to another position. Once more I went to see my brother, this time to say goodby. I walked into the dugout. Wallace seemed much improved. His eyes were open and he seemed to recognize me. Maybe I fancied it, but I thought I noticed a slight smile in his eyes.

"'How is he?' I asked my brother.

"'I don't know,' he said, a bit puzzled. 'Organically and medically he is in good shape.'

"Wallace spoke unexpectedly. 'I don't know. . . . I don't know,' he mimicked. 'I thought you were very wise, Doctor.'

"My brother smiled. 'Wise? What is it to be wise? 'Tis but to know how little can be known.'

"It seemed odd to hear a surgeon quoting Pope in a wartime dugout.

"'How little can be known . . .' Wallace repeated. 'That, then, is wisdom?'

"'I must go,' I told them. 'Goodby, Wallace.'

"'Wallace? Wallace?' the sick man repeated. 'You mean Ian Wallace? Ian Wallace is dead. Your brother who so hates killing murdered Ian Wallace.'

"I turned away. My brother followed me out into the sun.

"'Auf Wiedersehen, Brother.' I shook hands with him.

"'Never forget what we saw here the other day,' he said to me. 'You have always said that your music and your science were sufficient. If they ever fail you remember what you saw here and do not be discouraged that there are things your music and science do not explain.'

"'Come now,' I laughed. 'I watched a remarkable surgeon perform a remarkable operation. Yes, I will remember it as I remember anything beautiful and neat and skillful.'

"He looked at me queerly. 'I see you don't understand. Send your mind back to that operation. Do you remember when my assistant said, "Primum vivens, ultimum morens?"'

"'Yes, I remember. I remember him, too, looking at his watch and counting the seconds aloud. I recall he finally said, "Two minutes, Doctor."'

"My brother said slowly, 'He meant that Wallace had been dead for two minutes. He meant that the heart had stopped beating and that Wallace was literally dead. Do you hear me—he was dead.' He looked at me out of those amazingly clear eyes, but now there was a bewildered look in them.

"'I massaged the heart, you'll remember,' he said slowly. 'I felt it and felt its *stillness*. I kept massaging it—why I don't know. I have heard of hearts stopping for twenty or thirty seconds and I have heard of surgeons massaging such a heart back to life. I have always felt, and so have others in my profession, that in such cases the heart had not entirely stopped but that its pulsations were so faint as to be unrecognizable. But this was not the case with Wallace. He died. His heart had absolutely stopped. Then it began to beat again. I cannot believe that my massaging did it.

"'Pasteur said,' my brother added, 'that it was characteristic of science to reduce incessantly the number of unexplained phenomena. Here is a phenomenon that my science—surgery—cannot explain.'

"'You brought a dead man back to life, then?' I asked.

"'I brought a dead man back to life,' he said. 'Why? Why was I allowed to be the instrument which brought him back? Why was he brought back? Perhaps, as I have told him, because his debt is still unpaid. Perhaps he cannot die until he gives those thirty-seven lives back. . . . But, Brother, you must go. If God wills, we shall meet again.'

"That night I left for the Galician front. Three days later I received a message. The message said, 'An English bomber scored direct hit on emergency operating dugout outside Vermelles. There were two men in dugout when hit was scored, your brother and another we believe to have been the English patient, Ian Wallace. Both were killed. Due to nature of the hit no positive identification was possible.'"

BARON VON GENTHNER raised his glass and his hand was unsteady. "My brother was a very fine man," he said. "A very great man. But never mind that. I have told you the story. You asked me, 'Was he saved? Did he live?' That is the story. Now tell me."

"I don't know," I said slowly.

"What are we to believe? Shall we believe that Ian Wallace did not die when that bomb struck the dugout? He may have been transferred to a base hospital before the accident. It happened often that records of such patients were lost. Did he then recover and study surgery to such an extent that he became a really super-surgeon? That is possible. Did he go about the world looking for hopeless cases and operating only on them? Did he operate on Karl Ebert yesterday and did we meet him this afternoon and hear him say, 'I have paid my debt in full. Ebert was the thirty-seventh man'? That is the rational explanation."

"To you, perhaps," I admitted. "Not to an Irishman, it isn't. We walk by faith, not by sight. We believe that reason is but a poor gift that humans have been given for their own amusement. Faith is the supreme gift. To us it bridges the gaps which science and reason cannot bridge."

"Then you cannot explain the mystery of Ian Wallace?" he asked.

"To me there is no mystery," I told the baron. "To me it is a beautiful story. There is no mystery in the fragrance of a rose either. You would crush the life out of a rose to dissect it, looking for a rational explanation of its fragrance. I accept it as it is. I accept the story of Ian Wallace and his appearance today in the same way."

The baron arose. "Perhaps . . . perhaps you are right," he said. "And perhaps Pope was right, too, when he said, 'What is it to be wise? 'Tis but to know how little can be known.'"

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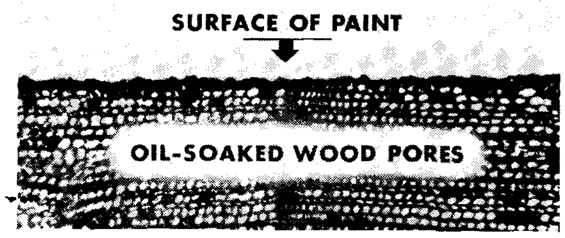

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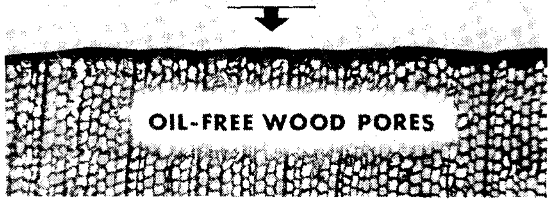

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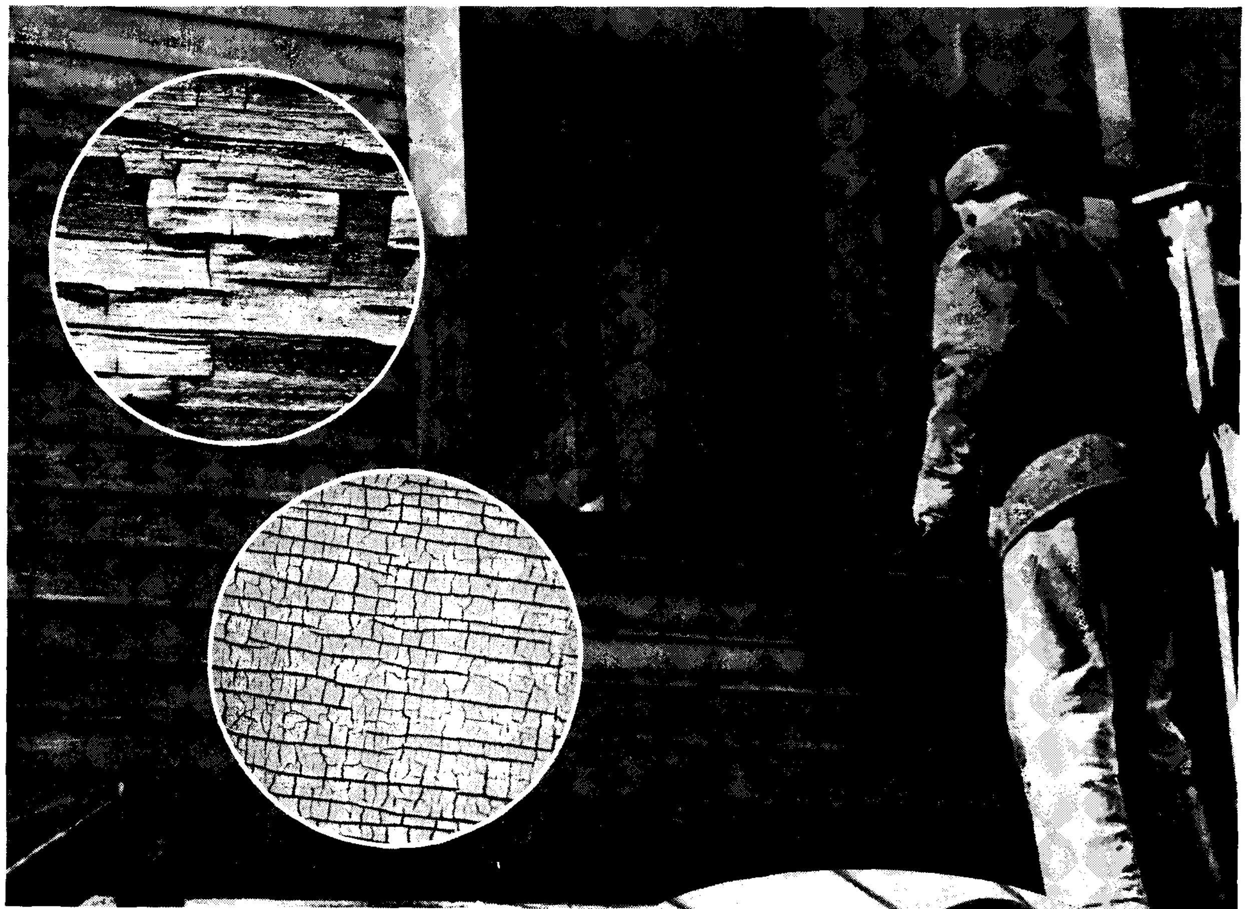

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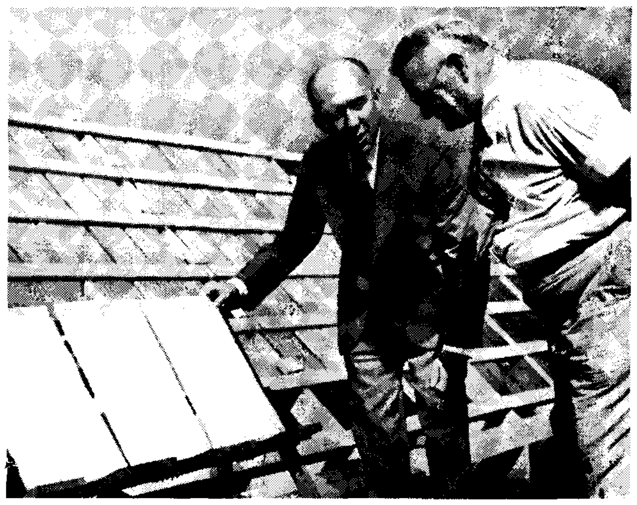

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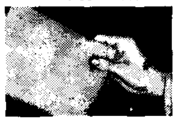

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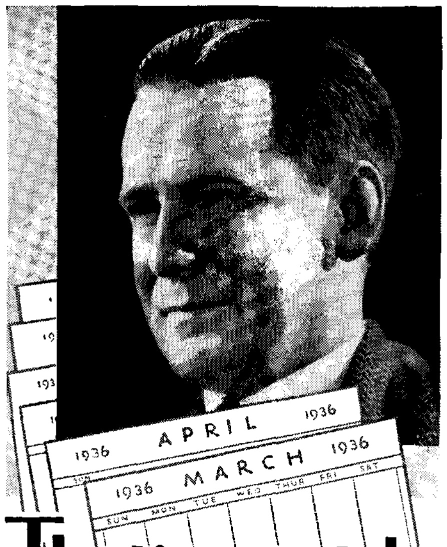

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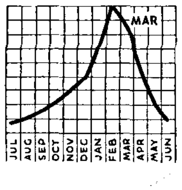
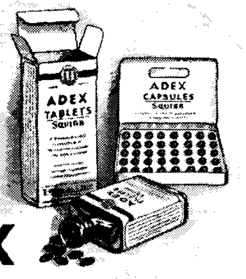




ADEX
TABLETS and CAPSULES
SQUIBB

High Dive

Continued from page 9

where did you come from? Saw your ship—got a new one, haven't you?—I didn't recognize it. Well, well. You might congratulate me, kid!"

"Oh," Sid said. "Oh, sure. Congratulations!" He tried to make his voice enthusiastic, but it sounded flat. It was a shock to him to see how George had aged this past year and a half. His hair was actually gray at the temples, and his face was growing lined. He had a worried look around his mouth, Sid thought, and he was nervous. Driving into town, he smoked four cigarettes, lighting each from the glowing fire of the one before.

AS THEY rolled back along the old mill road, Sid said, "I hear you've built the last word in pursuit ships for the Army, and are going to test it next week, George."

George exhaled a cloud of smoke. "Nothing in the world, in land planes, will come within fifty miles an hour of it, kid." He launched a lengthy, detailed narrative of what the craft would do. He spoke rapidly, with the staccato violence of a machine gun. His cheeks glowed with nervous excitement; his eyes took on a glitter. Sid watched him, face perfectly still.

"How long are you going to keep on being a damn' fool?" Sid interrupted bluntly, after a few moments.

George stopped, glanced at Cynthia, then hard at Sid. "What's biting you?" he said.

"Only that test pilots come cheap, but designers pretty high. You don't contribute anything to aviation by wrestling a plane like that around. Not everybody has brains enough to build it. Having built it, you'll be plenty stupid if you fly it, in case you're asking me."

"Since when have I been asking you?" George growled irritably.

"I'm telling you," Sid murmured, noticing how breathless Cynthia appeared. "Cynthia, if you'll drop me at the corner, I'll walk up to the store. . . . George, I know you've got your pride, and I know it's your neck. But, George"—his gaze grew still, locked upon his brother's face—"don't forget you've got Cynthia to think about, in all of this." He got out of the car.

MRS. McFARLAND called Sid to the telephone at one o'clock the morning after that. She whispered in a worried voice in the darkness of the hall, "It's Cynthia, Sid. She wants to talk to you. I can't understand it—George came in two hours ago and went to bed, and now Cynthia sounds awfully—disturbed."

Sid was instantly awake. He was used to calls like this, at any hour. Downstairs, he spoke into the telephone, conscious that his mother was hovering nervously behind him. "Hello," he said softly. "This is Sid. What's up?"

"Sid, can you come over—right away?"

He didn't question her. "Sure thing. Be there in ten minutes." He racked the phone and stood there, thinking.

"What is it?" his mother inquired anxiously.

"I don't know. I'm going over. Don't say anything to George." He didn't wait for his mother's inevitable questions. He bounded up the stairs and got into his clothes.

Cynthia opened the door so quickly at his knock that he knew she had been standing there waiting till he came. He noticed the tightness of the skin over her smooth cheekbones. She said in a breathless voice, "Sid, it's about George. He looks so terrible—so tired. He has the jitters, but he's so darn' stubborn that he's going to test that plane in spite of what you said this afternoon—in spite of everything I say—" She broke off, bosom heaving. "Oh, Sid, if you think anything at all of George, you've got to do something!"

With a helpless feeling of bafflement, Sid took her hands and led her toward the living-room. "Let's go in and sit down and have a cigarette and find out what this is all about. George's life is not any more in danger than it was yesterday—"

"But it is!" she cried passionately, biting her underlip. "You don't know him as well as I do, that's all. He's your older brother and you never think of him as anything but glamorous and strong—you've always kept him on a pedestal. But he's not strong, Sid. His nerves are upset dreadfully. He's not altogether—well."

Sid touched flame to his cigarette and flipped the match into the empty fireplace. "What am I to do? I tried to talk to him—"

Cynthia grasped his coat lapels with surprising force and looked up into his face. "George has a contract to dive-test that plane," she said. "He wouldn't do it, if he didn't have the contract. He as much as said, tonight, that he had a—a hunch—that he was frightened about diving it. But he said he had a feeling he'd be lucky—if I'd marry him and go back with him and be there when he flies. And I—I feel—so sorry for him."

In a voice just louder than the silence that lay taut across the room, Sid asked, "And you're—going to marry him?"

"I suppose so." Her voice grew once more urgent. "But can't you see, he's *afraid* of that plane, and if he's afraid of it, feeling lucky won't do any good. And *I'm* afraid—oh, everything's so all mixed up. . . ."

Sid pursed his lips, trying to think of a way out. He remembered how nervous George had seemed this afternoon. There was little doubt about it, George shouldn't test the plane—but what could be done, when he insisted on it against all arguments?

"If he'd have a physical examination and go down and explain to those people how he felt, he might get them to let him pick another pilot for the test," Sid said finally. "But if he won't there isn't any way—"

"He won't," Cynthia interrupted tensely. "The only way to do it is for you to fly the tests for George, without his knowing it—till after they are finished. But—"

Sid smiled wryly. "George and I aren't twins, Cynthia. I look a lot like him, but not enough to fool the people up at Peacock. He's been working with them—"

"But you could!" she cried. "If he does, he'll be killed."

HE STUDIED her in silence, gray eyes narrowed in a blunt appraisal. Her extraordinary proposition brought a slow flush of resentment to his face.

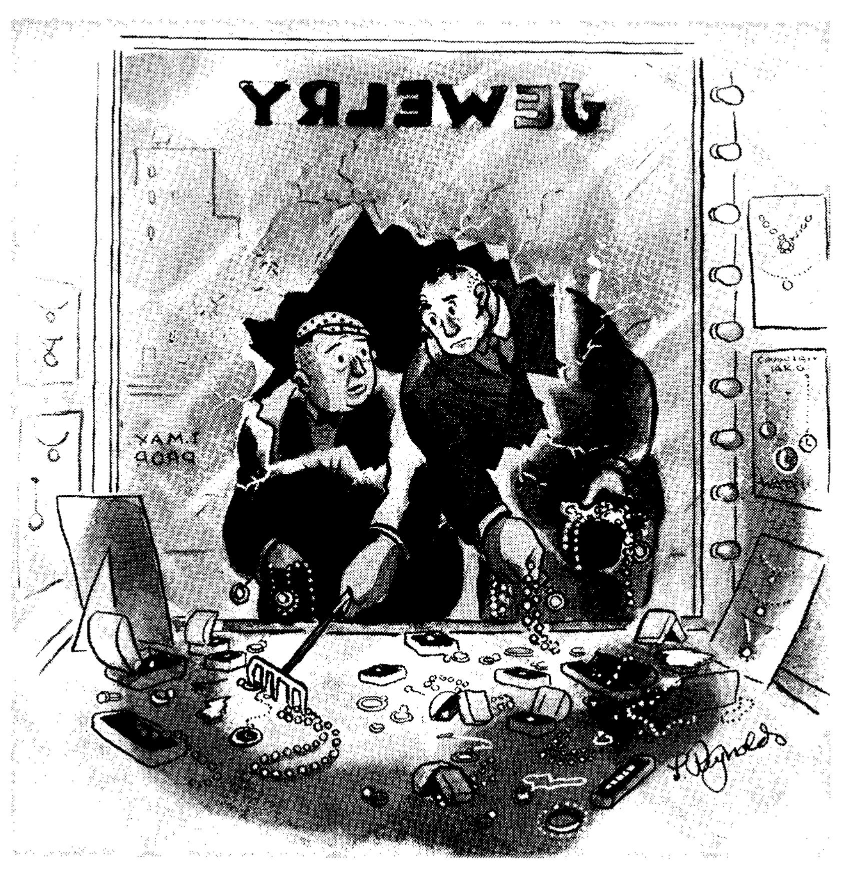
"That makes everything very simple, doesn't it?" he returned coldly. "I test the airplane and if something happens, I get bumped off, and everything is simply lovely, isn't it? George and you—"

"Sid!" Cynthia begged. "Please don't look at me like that! You won't be killed. You—"

"And why won't I, if something happens?" he snapped. "I'm no—"

"Because you've always been able to do the right thing when it was necessary. George has always said you've the fastest reflexes he's ever seen. He says that's why you've never had a crash. . . . So you could fly this plane, Sid—and if something were to happen, you'd know just what to do—and you could do it, don't you see?"

He didn't see. All of what she said was perhaps true, but still he didn't see. He glared at her, noticing the faint trembling of her lips, the tears that slipped unnoticed down upon her pallid cheeks. Then, slowly, something changed inside of him. A strange, deep pity touched his



"It might be a sporting thing on our part if we left a couple of bucks for the poor guy's winder" LAURENCE REYNOLDS

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Driver: "It was a blow-out! I couldn't steer—I couldn't stop!"

Policeman: "There ought to be a law against gambling on tires."

* * *

If you could only *see* a blow-out in the making—if you could only realize the damage to limb, life and car that *one* blow-out might cause, you'd never take chances—you'd start right in tomorrow to ride on Goodrich Safety Silvertowns.

Why? Because Silvertowns have something that no other tire in the world has or gives—an amazing invention called the Life-Saver Golden Ply—the first major improvement in tire construction in years.

Bear in mind, the Golden Ply is not an ordinary ply with a fancy name but a special, scientific invention developed by Goodrich engineers to meet today's hectic driving conditions. By *resisting* the *heat* generated inside the tire by today's breakneck speeds it keeps rubber from losing its grip on the tread—it keeps dangerous heat blisters from forming. Thus, the high-speed blow-out that might have caused serious trouble never gets a start.

Remember these three facts:

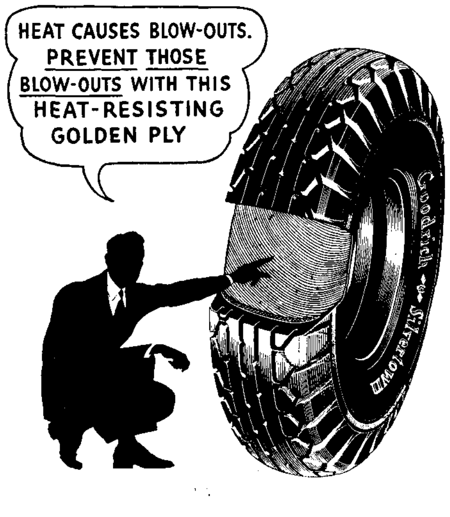
1. *Only* Goodrich Silvertowns are built with the Life-Saver Golden Ply to protect you against high-speed blow-outs.

2. Silvertowns have a "road drying" tread that acts like the windshield wiper on your car and makes you *extra safe* on wet, slippery roads.

3. And if you're looking for tires that will give you *months* of extra mileage and greater riding comfort, then Silvertowns with their thicker, huskier shoulders are the tires for your motoring dollars.

When you're dealing with human lives play your cards "close to your vest." Equip your car with the *safest, toughest, longest-lasting* tire that money can buy. Which is the same as saying "See your Goodrich dealer about a set of Goodrich Safety Silvertowns with the Life-Saver Golden Ply." *Remember they cost not a penny more than other standard tires!*

FREE! 4 years ago, in the interest of safe driving, Goodrich started the Silvertown Safety League. Since then over a million motorists have become members. Another million safe drivers is the Goodrich goal for 1936. Prove that you want motoring accidents prevented. Go to your Goodrich dealer and join up. When you do he'll get you—*absolutely free*—a handsome reflector to protect you if your tail light fails. No obligation.


HEAT CAUSES BLOW-OUTS. PREVENT THOSE BLOW-OUTS WITH THIS HEAT-RESISTING GOLDEN PLY
Goodrich Silvertown

The new Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

With Life-Saver Golden Ply Blow-Out Protection

Here's how to take snapshots *tonight!*

Put 2 G-E Mazda Photoflood lamps in A and one in B. Tilt shades to light subjects. Use supersensitive film in a camera with at least an F/6.3 lens. Open to F/6.3 and click the shutter at 1/25.

...with G-E Mazda Photo lamps

What a thrill to catch your child in a pose like this...or to shoot pictures of parties, friends and pets *indoors at night!*

It is easy to do. All you need is a good camera, supersensitive film and some G-E MAZDA Photo lamps.

Use G-E MAZDA Photoflood lamps if you have a camera with an F/6.3 (or faster) lens. They're good for dozens of pictures and cost only 25 cents list. Follow the simple directions given above.

OWNERS OF BOX CAMERAS and slow lens folding cameras can get good pictures with short time exposures or with G-E MAZDA Photo*flash* lamps. These bulbs get the picture in 1/50 second, before subjects wink an eye. Put one in lamp A *only* and move it 6 feet from subject or use in handy flashlight battery reflector. Each lamp gets one picture. Costs 15 cents list.

Your druggist or camera dealer can supply you. Try some snapshots tonight. General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, O.

Look for this mark when you buy photo lamps and you will be sure of dependable light for picture-taking.

SNAPSHOTS · AT · NIGHT

Ask your dealer about the current $2500 prize contest for night pictures

GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA PHOTO LAMPS

heart. He did understand. He understood that he loved her and would always love her, and anything she asked he would attempt. Involuntarily, he touched her shoulders with his big hands tenderly.

"I'll fly the crate," he said, voice thick. "*I'll fly it because I want you to be happy,* Cynthia. I guess I've loved you since—since I don't remember when—" He couldn't say any more. His voice had choked up in his throat. He flung himself through the door, leaving her standing there by the cold fireplace with a half-stunned look upon her face. He heard her call him frantically, "Sid—Sid!" but he didn't hesitate. The icy night air was a balm upon his burning cheeks as he drove out to his plane. . . . When dawn streaked red across the eastern sky, he was nosed into it, a hundred miles away.

SID'S mind jerked back to reality as Hartzell came up and touched his arm. The sleek little plane was standing ready there. Hartzell said, "We've held her to two hundred, so far in the tests. I hope you find no wing flutter tendencies in your dives."

"I hope it stays in one piece when I yank back from the dives," Sid said. He knew he was tense. As the engine started sharply, he jerked reflectively. In the vastness of the hangar the exhaust was a deafening metallic rumble. The prop blast flung small bright scraps of metal back across the floor. Gradually the mechanic eased the throttle out. The noise was a hellish thunder that seemed to shake the earth. Hartzell and the other men stood with palms upon their ears, heads down; Sid waited, erect and motionless until the taut exhaust sagged back to a soft muttering. When the mechanic climbed from the small cockpit, he stepped forward, swung his 'chute across his shoulders and replaced the man.

The vast doors moved open slowly, and Hartzell came up and stood beside the fuselage, his iron-gray hair awry. "Good luck, Mac!" he shouted, and held out his hand. "Good luck, and a happy landing!"

"Thanks," Sid muttered. He pulled his goggles down upon his eyes and eased the throttle forward and the plane moved out across the ramp. There, pausing for a moment, he ran the engine up a second time, to make sure of its performance. Workmen had crowded to the hangar front, waiting to see what happened to the plane which they had put together with their hands. Their faces were pinched with a kind of awestruck curiosity. Sid eased the throttle back and waved the chocks away and turned toward the runway end.

When he gunned the power from those thousand horses, it seemed to him as if a giant hand had slapped him back against his seat. He was pinned there by the acceleration. The "grab" of the engine was beyond belief.

THE plane leaped into the air. Breathless, completely incredulous, Sid realized that he had gained two thousand feet before crossing the far boundary of the field.

Even at this relatively low speed, the least pressure on the controls produced an instantaneous reaction. He marveled that anything could be so delicately responsive. The altimeter already read six thousand feet, and it was circling its dial three times each minute. Above him Sid saw the lacy gray base of the overcast, and then the wet, dark mist engulfed him and he went on instruments.

He reacted to the flicking movements of the turn indicator, walking his rudder with quick ankle movements. With every correction he overcontrolled badly. He couldn't hold the needle still. This plane was as tricky as a gypsy fortune teller. It was deadly. It almost got away from him, there in the clouds. He let the nose get down a little. When he kicked rudder and pulled the nose up at the same time, centrifugal force crushed him down into his seat and the instruments went crazy. *He fought them back* into position just as the plane emerged from the overcast into bright, dazzling sunlight.

"An accidental barrel roll, blind!" he ejaculated. "Who said I could fly?"

Thinking about that, he was glad he was flying the plane, instead of George. George, just now, might have had to pause and figure things out, wasting a portion of a second. In that second, probably, the plane would have spun out of the roll, heading for the earth through the cloud blanket, blind. And he thought, "I wonder how this baby spins?"

He didn't take time to find out, then. He had to climb into the thin, anemic air, and kick the little craft over on its back and pull the nose down into a vertical dive—and let it scream. He would start the dive at fifteen thousand, he decided—he wanted room to bail if anything happened.

"Nothing will happen," he kept telling himself. But he couldn't get comfortable, climbing steadily to begin the plunge. He couldn't stop thinking. His heart was thumping with a labored acceleration that was audible. The sun was a great yellow blazing ball in a sky that had turned incredibly cold and blue.

At fifteen thousand feet he leveled off, panting for his breath. He flew away from the sun, composing himself. Then, with steady hands, he tightened his seat belt and went over his 'chute harness. Thinking about Cynthia, he kicked the ship over and nosed down.

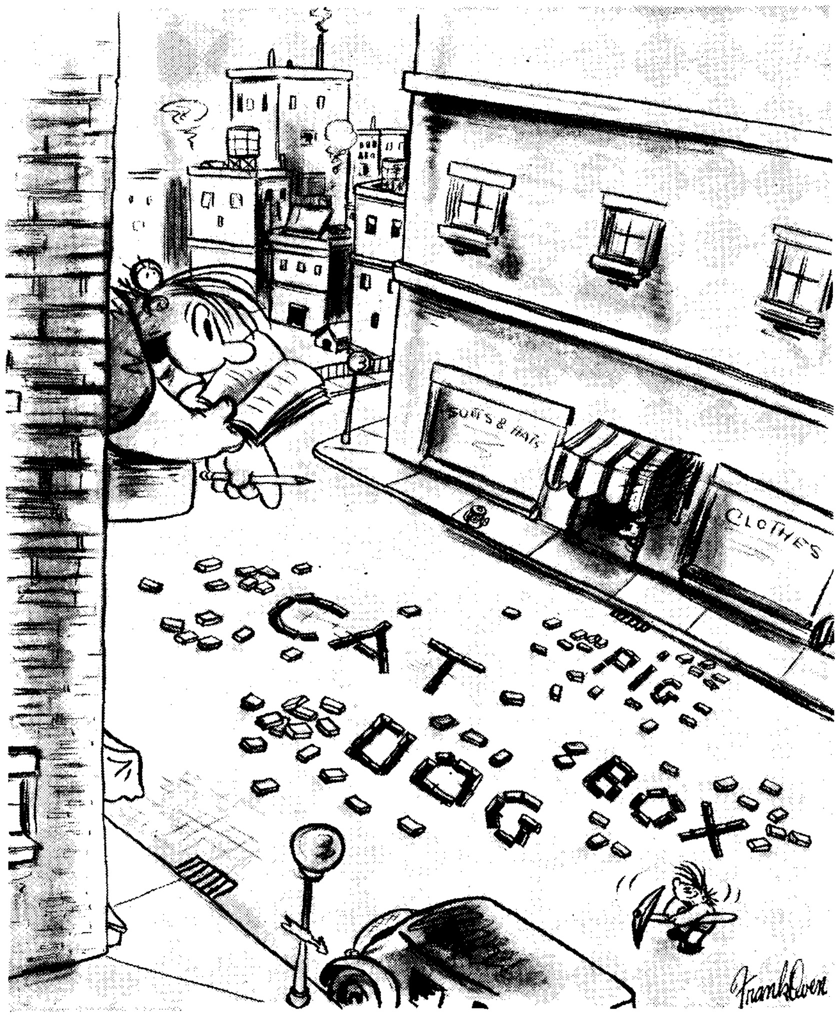
There was a kind of unreality to the swiftness of the acceleration. He could hear the motor burst into a snarl that was unearthly. He wasn't frightened, only amazed. The airspeed mounted with a steady rotation of the needle. The wind screeched at him, clawed at his shoulders and his face, his clothes. He had a windshield and a hatch above it, partly closed, but it didn't do much good. The air speed hit four hundred! It kept climbing. It hit four seventy-five, and then it broke. Sid couldn't believe that they were down to nine thousand feet already, but the altimeter said so. It was time to start the pull-out. Now. . . .

HE CAME back on the stick, easing it back. Centrifugal force slapped him down into his seat, and he hadn't hauled back, yet. The nose came up fifteen degrees, and already the world of bright blue sky was fading as his eyesight blurred against the forces that were buckling his spine. He tried to read the accelerometer all the way, as long as possible. It was up to five, and then he couldn't see it any more. He couldn't see anything. His head was jamming down between his shoulders. His body felt as if it had a thousand weights tied to each organ, ripping them loose as he might gut a fish. Dimly he remembered that he had to send the accelerometer up to nine G's on at least one dive. He horsed back on the stick, not seeing what was happening now, because he had gone blind. The pain inside of him was terrible. Then there wasn't any pain.

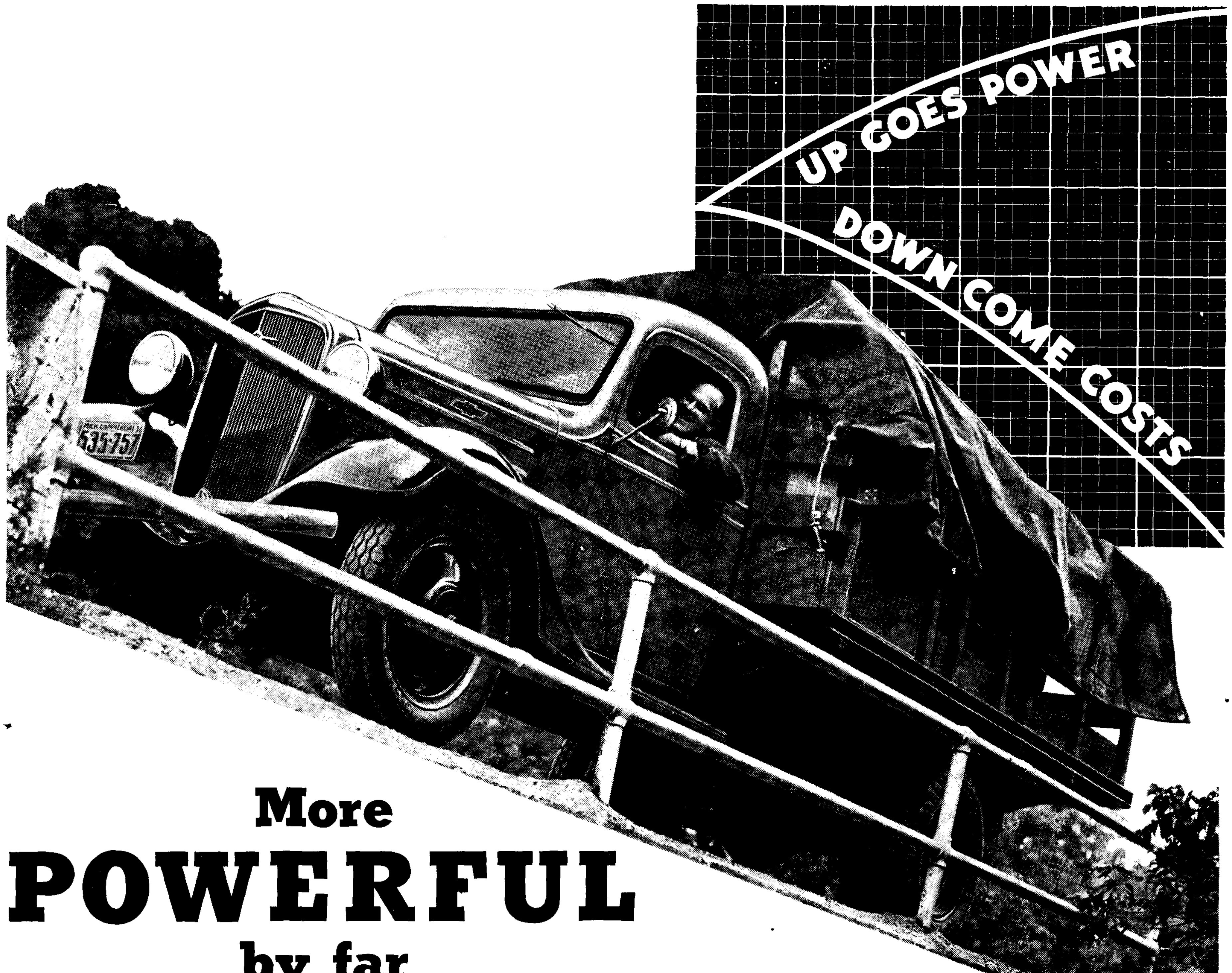
When he could see again, the plane had zoomed two thousand feet above the bottom of the dive. The telltale needle of the accelerometer pointed only to a little more than seven G's. Sid circled upward, getting his breath, shaking his →

Philbert — **By FRANK OWEN**

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



"Put the bricks back in place now, Philbert! Your spelling lesson's over for today!"



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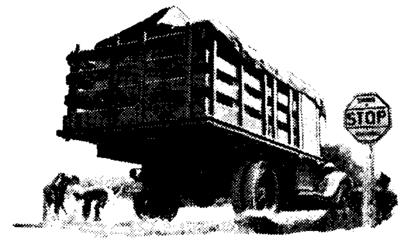

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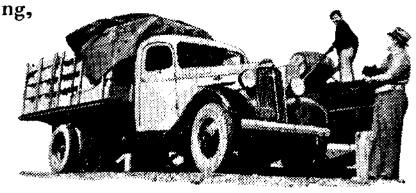

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Protect the tartar zone with Tek. Shaped to clean INSIDE surfaces as surely and easily as the outside. *Guaranteed.* If not satisfied return the brush to us and get your money back. Tek costs no more than ordinary brushes that can't clean INSIDE curves. Bristles laboratory-selected for purity, resiliency and long life. Tek Jr. for the children.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL.

head to try to get rid of the clogged, stupid feeling in his brain.

He was worried about getting nine G's recorded on that accelerometer—a centrifugal force nine times that of normal gravity. If he failed, he'd have to try the test again tomorrow—only, he couldn't try the test tomorrow, because George would be here then and would insist angrily and violently upon doing it himself. Sid wondered if his body would withstand nine G's. He had taken all he thought he could take, a while ago. He flew around a while, thinking it over, climbing. Then, from the same altitude, he tried again.

It was worse, that time. He got less than seven G's. Something had torn loose in his abdomen, he thought. The pain was steady now. He felt groggy. But he went up once more and rode the little plummet down.

The third time he failed. The fourth time he almost did it—but not quite. Through a kind of mental haze he decided to go higher for the final effort. He had to do it. He had to horse back on the controls until that needle went up and stuck above nine G's, no matter if it pulled the heart right out of him. He started climbing to go to twenty thousand feet.

He thought of needing oxygen, a fraction of a minute before it was too late. But he had no oxygen, of course. A faintness was upon him, but through the faintness fear cut like the point of flame. He was at nineteen thousand, then. He knew he couldn't descend to denser air in time. If he passed out now, the ship would go into a dive—and it would be buried in the earth in less than forty seconds. Groggy as he was, he realized that. Clammy perspiration burst out on his face. He tried to accelerate his lungs, like a bellows, but it wasn't any use. Things grew dimmer, as his eyesight faded out. There was a steady, deep, increasing roaring in his ears. He realized there was now no feeling in his arms or legs; he couldn't move them. He saw the nose go down, and he was powerless to stop its going down. He thought of Cynthia with a faraway regret. The noise in his ears grew overpowering, and then silence enclosed him like a cloak as his head drooped forward on the collar of his flying suit.

WHEN he got the first glimmer of returning consciousness, he had no idea of where he was. In his mind was no connection between the present and the past. He opened his eyes and saw the broken air speed, the needle resting at four seventy-five. Then he knew, in a wave of horror, where he was. He looked at the altimeter. Every nerve in his body seemed to freeze at what he saw. The altimeter read two thousand feet.

With all his will power, he tried to hurry. Everything took a long time. He tried to move his hands. It was a struggle; it took a desperate effort and a terrific concentration. But he moved them. The thought stabbed through him that every other dive had required three thousand feet for a recovery. He had only two thousand now. It wasn't enough. He knew it wasn't nearly enough. He knew in that split second that he was going to crash.

But he tugged back on the stick. He had to focus his brain on that one thing—to pull back slowly, smoothly, without jerking. If he jerked at this speed he'd pull the wings off instantly. He eased back and the nose came up a little. He tugged harder, with a steady pressure. Then he remembered to cut the throttle. It didn't seem to make any difference. The speed was unbelievable.

Suddenly, for the first time, he saw the ground. It was so close that he could see what the nose was going to strike. It was going to shave a schoolhouse and smash into an open field beyond, beside a highway. There were children playing in a yard beside the schoolhouse. He could see cars moving on the highway. He thought about jumping with his parachute, but he was much too low to risk a jump, even if he could have gotten clear—which he would not have done. His mind was clearing, and he could reason that out easily.

Then he realized that it wouldn't hurt him any more to dive in without the wings than to dive in with them. It was queer how he had sat here for a thousand feet and been afraid of snapping the wings off, pulling up. He got both hands around the stick and braced himself for what was coming—for whatever might be coming—and pulled with all his strength.

THE earth blanked out before his eyes instantly. He remained in a semiconscious condition through an awful moment when he didn't know whether he had pulled the nose up far enough or if he was still headed toward the earth. He felt as though his body weighed five hundred tons, against the seat. The wings hadn't come off, or the pressure would have ceased. With that splendid timing that years of racing had ingrained into his reflexes, he waited till he was certain the nose had come up enough to miss the ground, and eased the stick ahead—and with returning eyesight looked out upon a panorama of brown earth that was hurtling past—a hundred feet below. He cracked the throttle enough to remain in the air, and cruised around until he was calm enough to land.

Just before he landed, he noticed the accelerometer. The telltale hand was standing at ten G's.

He got the plane on the ramp and cut the switches and sat there for a moment in a punch-drunk stupor. His ears had a stuffy feeling, yet his hearing, when he pulled his helmet off, was quite acute. He heard the yells of triumph from the hangar door and saw the group of men approaching. And in front of the men, hurrying, he saw Cynthia. She was breathing fast.

"Sid," she cried, reaching the cockpit. "Sid—darling—are you all right?"

He was so groggy that her presence had for a moment no particular significance. Then he said, "Hello, Cynthia. . . ." He shook his head to clear it of its throbbing ache. "I guess I'm all right." He sat trembling in reaction. The factory men were holding back until he got out of the cockpit. "George here with you? Cynthia, you can be proud of George. This is an airplane! That guy's an engineer!"

She stood closer until her chin was on the level of the cockpit. The pupils of her eyes were faintly dilated.

"I came without George," she said in a quiet, breathless voice. "Sid, I didn't love him, really. At first it was fascination and then maybe it was—I don't know what it was, but it wasn't love. After you left and I realized the danger I had sent you into, why—it was all different, don't you understand?" She stood there very close, her cheeks taking on a delicate coloring from the cold, looking at him with a shyly solemn look, the way she used to do. "Oh, darling, you don't know how I've worried, how I've . . . prayed."

Sid tried to say he understood, but he couldn't. Something had happened to his voice and when he opened his lips no sound came out. He could only look at her, drinking in her beauty hungrily. Her being here seemed miraculously to erase some of the aching confusion of his brain. Somehow, everything seemed normal once more after an unbearably long time. He leaned from the cockpit and gently pressed her lovely face between his hands. He kissed her, thinking of that night so long ago.

On Guard

Continued from page 39

an inn beyond the city limits. There, amid clanking tankards of ale and many "Prosits!" they do their cutting up.

Of course, no American fencer seeks such indelible proof of superiority. It is enough to have the scoring of a touch symbolize a wound. Personal feelings seldom run very high, except in the case of impromptu bouts when one opponent refuses to acknowledge a touch. Be it understood that no real fencer would sink so low.

There are three different weapons used in fencing and thus three types of competition. The most popular is the foil, which is the implement for the beginner. It weighs less than a pound and has a blunt point. A touch by the point represents a cut, but not a serious wound, and so five touches are necessary to win.

In the épée competition the weapon is quite the same, except that the point is burred and a sticky red liquid applied. A single smudge of red anywhere on the jacket, above the waist, is a touch. Since one successful thrust is serious, the player first scoring two touches wins.

Saber competition is for the advanced fencer, provided he is not weak, because a saber is flat and double-edged and weighs five or six pounds. It's a slashing game from the start, and a touch, light or heavy, counts. The first to score five touches wins.

It doesn't take an experienced eye to recognize Aldo Nadi as a perfect fencer. If he is not perfect, it is impossible to imagine anybody better.

He is a half-inch shy of being six feet tall, but he weighs only 135 pounds. Everything about him runs to the extreme. He has straight black hair, sharp black eyes and thin face, a thin neck, and the tight canvas jacket emphasizes his slim torso.

In competition he wears roomy velvet corduroy trousers, much like ski pants, and black, soft-sole shoes. There is a gauntlet glove on his right hand and, following an old Italian custom, the weapon is attached to his wrist with a chain.

On guard, he is the personification of all that fencers strive to achieve. He is alert, quick, graceful and catlike.

He keeps his elbow close to his side, and, when he turns his slender body sideways to attack, the opponent finds very little to strike.

Lightning Fast

His first move is to advance his point, draw a parry from the opponent and then strike. This is a very quick move, and seldom fails. But, even when it fails, Nadi goes in quickly with a second strike or even a third, and soon he is less than sword-length away from his opponent, executing what is called a composite riposte. It is lightning fast, almost too fast for spectators, judges and even the opponent.

Each of his moves is made with rhythm, as though secret music were being played exclusively for his ear.

In his first match here, Nadi fenced with George Santelli, United States open champion with the foils. It was an exhibition and hence no judges called the shots. The players acknowledged touches. It was a splendid exhibition, but hardly a quiet one, due to Mr. Santelli's constant acknowledgment of touches.

Here was the open champion of the United States fencing the greatest swordsman in the world, and that's exactly what they looked like. Santelli scored, but, had it been a real duel, he would have resembled a nutmeg grater at the finish, for Nadi pierced five and six times for each of Santelli's touches.

The Italian was overwhelming in every way—strength, speed, footwork, grace, in parrying and on the riposte. His blade was quick and forcing at all times, plunging past the American champion's inadequate defense almost at will. Nadi wasn't even warm at the finish.

Later in the evening the international champion fenced with saber against John R. Huffman, American three-weapon champion, who finished third in the Olympic saber competition at Los Angeles.

Again it was one-sided. Nadi was not only quicker with his slashing touches, but they were infinitely more decisive. He would have made any Heidelberg corporation without suffering a scar.

Fencing's Watchdog

Aldo Nadi and his elder brother, Nedo, who exhibited in this country five years ago, are sons and pupils of the great Beppe Nadi, of Milan, now seventy-six years old. Papa Beppe in 1920 turned out an entire Olympic team that carried off practically every fencing honor in the games. Nedo was the shining star that year.

Aldo, now thirty-six, is heralded as greater than his brother in foils and épée, and at least his equal in the saber. It is his plan to find out what is wrong with American fencing during his visit here, accepting, of course, fees for his research. He is a great favorite in Paris, especially since the death of the great French champion, Lucien Gaudin. For Parisian instruction, Nadi receives from 10,000 to 15,000 francs a lesson.

Today in his tour of the big cities, Signor Nadi will find little wrong with American fencing, other than downright incompetence, which only time and competition can remove. He should have stepped into the fencing scene some forty or fifty years ago when titles and the prestige of "national" championship victories were handed out like political plums.

That was before John Allaire began his quarter-century of service as a watchdog of the sport. Most of fencing's improvement here can be traced to the competitive reforms executed by this man, who is now small, bent, old and recently removed from the picture.

His life parallels the sport, because fencing has been his life since 1866 when, at the age of nine years, he saw Edwin Booth fence in the poisoned-sword scene of the final act of Hamlet at the old Winter Garden, then down on Bond Street. He has been swinging a sword on imaginary enemies from that day to this. He still talks a mean bout.

He joined the New York Turnverein. There, at a cost of fifty cents a month, he fenced twice a week under the direction of Louis Friederichs, a brother-in-law of George Heintz, instructor at the United States Naval Academy.

Fencers of today are better than they were thirty or forty years back, but that's on account of the instructors. You don't have to search for a teacher as Allaire did fifty-five years ago. You can stand in Times Square and lasso them today.

The fencers aren't as tough as they used to be, either, but maybe that's just as well. When he first started, Allaire and his coterie didn't always have fencing jackets. Rather than puncture shirts or coats with weapons, they used to strip to their undershirts and let 'er go, something like the Heidelbergers, except that they always wore masks.

In the épée competition, as already re-

(Continued on page 68)

Want the *Latest Ideas* to make your home *modern and comfortable—cheaply?*

101 PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS for HOME IMPROVEMENTS
The New 1936 Edition

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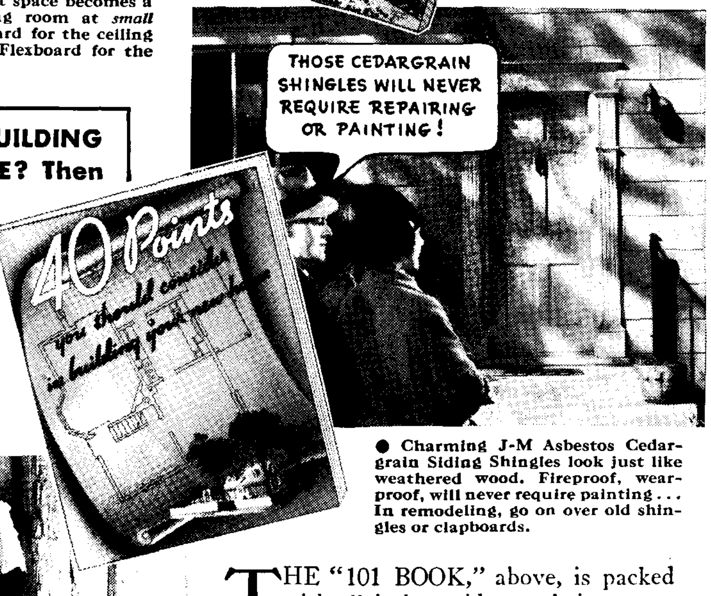
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Above all, this book tells you how to have a "Triple-Insulated" house by using the latest scientifically developed materials. It tells how to "insulate" your home against *fire, weather, wear;* how your architect and builder can help you; how to arrange for the financing; and many other things.

And these books tell you how to go about financing the work under the low terms of the National Housing Act.

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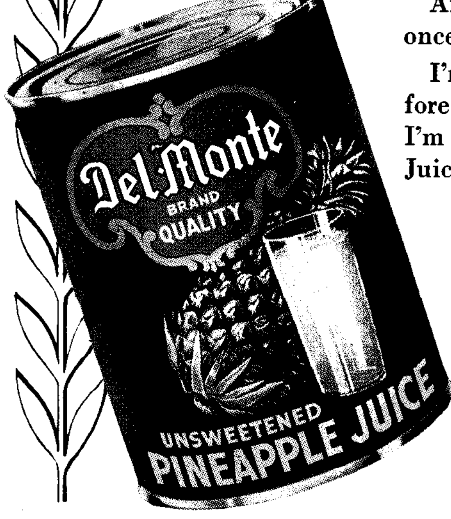
Johns-Manville, Dept. C-3-14, 22 East 40th Street, N. Y. C. I am planning to remodel my home. Send me the "101 Book," free ☐. I am considering building. Send me a free copy of the "40 Points" book ☐. I am especially interested in Home Insulation ☐; Insulating Board for extra rooms ☐; an Asbestos Shingle roof ☐; Cedargrain Asbestos Siding Shingles ☐.

Name ______________________

Address ______________________

What delicious Pineapple Juice!
...so fresh, so appetizing



Really! This Del Monte juice tastes like pineapple! Like the *fresh* fruit you get down in the tropics.

And *that's* a flavor you never forget, once you've tasted it.

I'm only sorry I didn't run onto it before. But now that I *do* know about it—I'm going to have Del Monte Pineapple Juice on hand, all the time. You ought to see how many cans of it I have in the ice box right now!

* * * *

Why don't you try *our* kind of pineapple juice? Today! Just see if it isn't the kind *you* like, too. Pure, natural, unsweetened juice—with all its rich, refreshing flavor.

Another thing—see how little it *costs*—especially when you buy a dozen cans or a case at a time!

It's Del Monte
PINEAPPLE JUICE

(Continued from page 67)

corded, the smudge of red liquid decides the touch. But in foils and saber, everything is up to the judges. If the judges fail to see a touch, they can't call it, can they?

That was what ailed the sport of fencing for many years—too many years. Even after the Amateur Fencers League of America came into being for the purpose of regulating championship matches, the judging was ragged and partial. "National" titles were decided before a single blade was drawn. Favored fencers were allowed to enter tournaments after one or two elimination rounds had been fought, and they went on to win!

Allaire saw this condition prevail year after year, as he spent his evenings fencing, watching and trying to figure it all out. He saw open competition smothered, and the ambition of beginning fencers thwarted. Titles were decided in the club lounge or over a glass of whisky and soda at the bar.

Yet, he kept on competing, picking up a prize here and there. Needless to say, he was one of the best, and frequently the best fencer in the country on occasion. But he stuck stubbornly with the Turnverein.

The Amateur Fencers League of America, the controlling body, asked John Allaire to become chairman of the bout committee.

He saw a grand chance to open up fencing and really make it a national sport. He saw the possibilities of fostering college competition and developing fencers everywhere. He accepted the post and began a heavy campaign of correction, based on nineteen years of observation.

Not until the administrative renaissance was well under way did Allaire realize that, as chairman of the bout committee, he was barred from competing for medals or titles of any kind!

With a peculiar consistency he began a quarter-century of hard work, giving up all of his spare time after his Wall Street business hours to organizing tournaments in all classes of competition, supervising bouts so that the novices wouldn't be outclassed, and weeding out the cockeyed judges who could see only the touches scored by the man they wanted to win.

He put three and five judges from different organizations on single bouts, so that *all* touches would be seen. He helped the colleges organize fencing units, and today the universities not only turn out finished swordsmen, but there is a University Fencers Club for graduates.

Serious Injuries Are Rare

The College of the City of New York had the championship team last year, but this year, due to the threatening Olympic Games, New York University, Yale, Princeton, Harvard, Columbia, M. I. T. and the service academies will have stronger teams than ever.

For his services as watchdog of fencing, Allaire is a perpetual life member of the New York Turnverein, which organized the first fencing group in America. He is honorary vice-president of the Amateur Fencers League of America, and also of the J. Sanford Saltus Club. Last June he lost his twenty-five-year job as chairman of the Fencers League bout committee, but they warned him that it wasn't permanent when he took it.

So, thanks to this little old man, Signor Nadi will find America a fertile field for his fencing genius. The Italian has already fenced the outstanding players here, and he declares that Joe Levis, current national champion with the foils, is the best we have. Allaire, who has seen all the good American fencers from coast to coast, says that Levis is the best native fencer ever developed.

Another great native product was Lieutenant George C. Calnan, who learned his fencing at the Naval Academy. He was national foils champion for many years, but he substituted power and the force of a fighter for finesse and delicacy, such as Levis employs. Yet, it was Calnan, while taking a post-graduate course at M. I. T., who interested Levis in sword-swinging.

Once Calnan ran into a foil blade. The point stuck under the skin of his right arm, just above the wrist, and plowed a crimson furrow the length of his arm. It wasn't deep, but it was a sweet-looking piece of hemstitching when the doctor got through. Calnan died in the Macon disaster three years ago.

Serious injuries in fencing bouts are almost unknown. A couple have been run through the body at different times. One was a collegian named Anderson, who was competing in the Intercollegiate championships at the Hotel Roosevelt. The other was a member of the New York A. C. Neither died, although the blade passed through the lung and came out in the back.

His Chief Hazard

Many actors take up fencing to keep fit, but, more important, to keep graceful, or get that way. Walter Hampden rates very high as a swordsman. His fencing in Hamlet was always something to see and hear.

Hampden has frequently come off the stage as Hamlet or Macbeth bearing cuts and scratches, despite his skill with the sword. It seems he used to have a leading man, Ernest Rowan, who could fence him to a standstill, and often did, regardless of how Shakespeare wrote the finish of Hamlet and Macbeth.

John Drew fenced well. At the old New York A. C. he was held up as a model of grace and skill on the practice strips. But in tournaments he was different. The great actor could neither give it nor take it when the pressure was on. Drew's stage fright once cost his team a victory. That was the time Drew was held up, not as a model, but just held up.

Henry Breckinridge, Lindbergh's adviser, was not only a good fencer, but held several national titles. Allaire once asked Lindbergh why he didn't fence, and the Colonel replied that he was never on the ground long enough.

Arthur Brisbane not only wrote about fencing on the old Morning Sun, but took lessons from Louis Friederichs, Jr., the son of Allaire's teacher.

James W. Gerard, Frederick R. Coudert, Dr. Carrel and General Wood were good fencers.

There are few better forms of exercise. Allaire never weighed more than 160, but he developed the legs and arms of a heavyweight. His legs are still firm. He quit competition when he reached the seventy-year mark, 1926. He fenced for a senior trophy and lost. Up until last fall he could still parry and riposte with anybody ten and twenty years younger.

Although fencing has been gaining popularity among women during the past ten years, it should take a big jump while Aldo Nadi is here. One look at this willowy, sword-shaped Italian, and any woman would willingly abandon contract bridge and its attending woe.

His chief hazard has not been supplied by our fencers, but by the social committees who insist upon writing a supper and grand ball into his appearance contract. It seems that the man has great appeal, and the tremendous possibilities of fencing as a social channel can be detected in the hope whispered by a fluttering dowager at Nadi's debut here.

"Imagine," she sighed as the wraith-like figure danced up and down the strip, "being hacked to death by such a handsome swordsman!"

Losers' Choice

Continued from page 15

Then her mother, unwittingly, helped her.

She said: "Why, Judy, I thought you weren't going tonight!"

"Who is it?" drawled Elliot, with a suggestion of indulgence. "The Dodo Parker lad?"

Judy withered him with a glance.

Elliot said: "Well, whoever it is, he's lucky. You look very lovely tonight."

Judy flashed him a forgiving smile. That was a little bit better.

Then the doorbell rang. It was flowers. They were for Judy. She hadn't counted on that.

"From Bob," she said very lightly—oh, very lightly. "He's taking me tonight."

"Bob!" said Mother, and looked at Marge.

"Bob!" said Marge, and looked at Mother.

The Dexters sort of hitched in their chairs with what Judy could see was obvious relish; the relish of married people for emotional jams among the single. Elliot stared at the fire with great preoccupation.

Judy giggled; smothered it; then said: "Well, let's go in to dinner. We can view the body later."

She sensed, once dinner was over, that both her mother and sister were maneuvering to get her alone, and at last she allowed them to trap her in the upper hallway.

"Judy—" her mother began.

"Yes," said Marge, taking over. "Would you mind telling us just how this awful thing occurred?"

"What awful thing?" asked Judy, turning an innocent face to her sister's, which glowed with fury.

"You know perfectly well what I mean!" Marge's cultured accents gave way to nervous tautness.

"Oh," said Judy, before Mother could speak, "are you talking about Bob?"

"You know darned well I am!"

"Well, we met. What's awful about that?"

"Where?"

"Er . . . uh . . . at the station."

"There!" said Marge triumphantly. "You see? She deliberately set out to humiliate me. She deliberately went in to meet him. She purposely—" A step sounded on the porch. "Sh-h-h!" said Judy. "There's someone now. It may be he."

She started down the stairs; then stopped and turned at the landing. "Darling," she said to Marge, with something very near sympathy, "see if you can't put as good a face on as Bob's doing. He won't embarrass you like an old dog that follows you into church. I'll guarantee he'll keep the peace with Elliot, if that's what's worrying you. There's a good girl!"

SHE flew down the rest of the way in a hurry, leaving the other two in a staring condition. Judy let Bob in herself.

"Oh, my!" she breathed in rapture, as he emerged magnificently from a Homburg of midnight blue. He gave her his coat and his scarf.

"How do you feel?" she asked, inspecting him with anxious eyes.

"Just like Gary Cooper trying to look like Gary Cooper. What's more, I'm fighting an impulse to run my finger around under my collar."

"You do," threatened Judy, "and I'll shoot. Look, Marge and Mother are on the way down. No sunken swain act, now. Yearn at *me* a little. Can you? *I'm* the lady you're bringing."

Bob yearned; tried to, anyway; he pushed his brows together in a concentrated sort of fashion and leaned a little in Judy's general direction.

"How's this?" he mumbled. "How'm I doin'?"

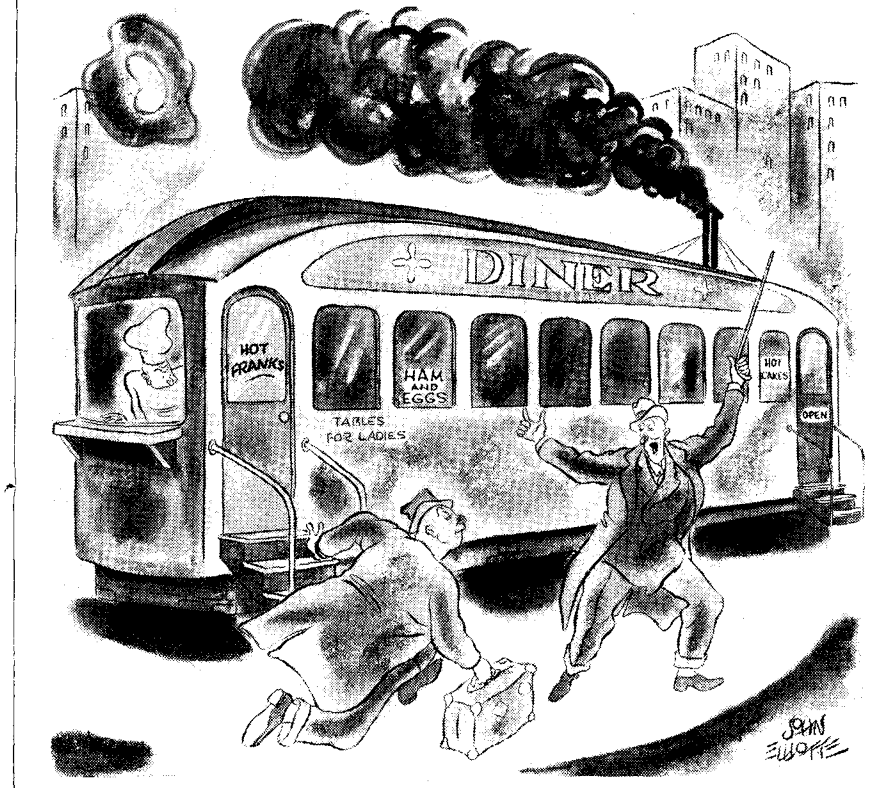
Judy giggled, and said: "Be still, my heart."

He caught sight of the other two, then, and started for the foot of the stairs.

"Pal!" he said whole-heartedly, taking Marge's hand. "How *are* you?"

Judy nearly swooned. But Marge didn't freeze, as Judy half expected she might. Instead she looked at Bob in her very special manner; one which even Judy had to admit had its points.

(Continued on page 70)



"Hurry! He's getting ready to pull out!" JOHN ELLIOTTE

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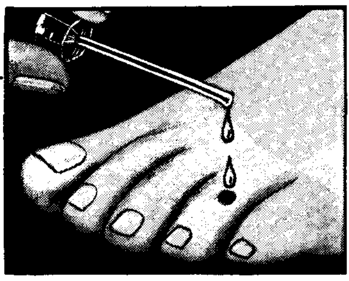

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FREEZONE

(Continued from page 69)

"I'm so sorry, Bob," she said, "that Judy took it upon herself to go in to meet you. It was tactless, to say the—"

"But, why?" asked Bob, just like that. "I wired from Cleveland and asked her to."

"Three cheers!" exulted Judy under her breath.

There was a stiff moment when Bob was presented to Elliot. But there needn't have been; for Bob was all disarming cordiality.

"I've heard a lot about you and your work in the tropics," he said. "Been wanting to meet you for a long time."

There was only one reply to that; Elliot made it:

"Thanks," he said. "I've been wanting to meet you, too."

Bob came over to Judy and took a seat at her side on a divan.

"Now, listen," she said, "you're going great. Remember that twenty per cent I spoke of? Well, Marge's is about to go up in smoke. I can tell by her eyes. You've got her baffled, provoked and interested. Ready for the first round?"

"Waiting for the bell, baby," said Bob. "Just waiting for the bell."

IF EVER a contender danced out of his corner, that contender was Bob. And he did so with consummate ease. Judy found men cutting in who'd never looked her way before. She knew why they came the first time. But what pleased her was that they came back for more.

Elliot Dawson was a regular customer.

"Hey-hey!" he said, looking down as they turned. "Maybe I haven't appreciated you!"

"Really?" said Judy coolly; she wasn't ready for Elliot—yet.

Bob danced twice with Marge. Judy watched them. Marge, she could see, was seeking corners. Bob stubbornly kept to the center of the floor. But there was careless grace in his stubbornness.

"Say," asked Judy, after Dodo Parker had cut in on Rusty Schenk, and Bob had cut in on Rusty, "what is this I hear about parties at intermission?"

"My place," said Bob carelessly. "I should have told you, since you'll have to be my hostess."

"*Your* place!" said Judy, drawing back. "How many?"

"Oh, a dozen or so. I forget."

"Bob Somers! A dozen or so in that one-room apartment of yours! What are you planning to give them?"

"Oh, I don't know, whatever's on hand."

"BUT, Bob! You can't squeeze people together like that."

"Oh, didn't I tell you about that, either? I've done so much today, I'm forgetting. Well, when I got home tonight I suddenly realized that I needed better quarters if I wanted to entertain. So I called Bell Real Estate. 'Any furnished houses for the winter?' I asked them. 'Well,' they said in a very superior way, 'there's always the Masterson place, but that's pretty high.' 'I'll take it,' I said, 'if I can move in in fifteen minutes.'

"I could, so they said with a little surprise; and I did. Hence, the party."

"Good Lord!" said Judy, staring up. "You *did* expand, didn't you?" Then she stopped dancing suddenly and turned for the door. "I'll do what I can," she said. "I'll go on ahead and at least put a coffee-pot on—"

"Say!" Bob protested, slipping his arm about her again. "I don't like my ladies to leave me in the middle of a dance. Just relax—and trust your Uncle Robert."

The explanation of Bob's unconcern was revealed to Judy, when at last, nervous and worried, she arrived at the Masterson place with Bob's small host of guests.

A sibilant Chinese took her wraps.

"Who—?" she began. "How—?"

"Name's Lee," grinned Bob. "Oriental-American Employment Agency. Rush order."

They moved on into the vast living-room. Judy ran anxious eyes over the assembling guests. Firelight glowed softly. There was no sign of hasty occupancy. From a mahogany cabinet, soft strains of a soothing waltz flooded the room.

Lee appeared before them. In his hands he bore a tray of fragile glasses and snowy, white linen.

Judy relaxed and sighed.

"Why," she said, "they love it. Look at them. Every woman here feels wicked. A bachelor entertaining. Champagne, caviar and served by a Chinese house boy. And every man looks envious. As for Marge, well, look for yourself: she hasn't worn that expression since the day that Roscoe Turner flew in at the local airport."

"You'll excuse me?" asked Bob. "I've got to circulate a little."

Elliot Dawson approached. Judy gave him one swift, calculating glance, and knew at once that he was definitely on the seeking list.

He drifted to her elbow.

"Hello," he said. "I'm supposed to be resenting things, but I don't. Want to know why?"

"You can tell me, if you must," said Judy.

"Come in to the gun room, then," said Elliot. "I've been looking around. It's nice in there."

They got as far as the hall when the music suddenly ceased. It was replaced, in a moment, by a torrent of high cacophony.

"Oh, Lord!" said Judy, who knew what had caused it at once. "Wait here a moment, will you?"

She hurried back to the living-room to find Dodo Parker and Rusty Schenk thumbing through volumes of records.

"Hi!" said Dodo, looking up. "We thought we'd shoot some life into things. Like that number?"

"Wanna dance?" invited Rusty.

"No," said Judy, snapping off the record and replacing it with something smoother. "Furthermore, you two have a lot of nerve coming in here."

Dodo looked at Rusty and shrugged his shoulders.

"I guess, pardner," he said, "Our Nell don't like us any more."

"Look," said Judy, striving to conceal her fury, "as long as you're here, I'll make the best of it. Tell you what I'll do: if you two will go and sit quietly in a corner I'll see if I can get you a drink."

"No kidding?" they chorused at once.

"No kidding. But remember, you're on your honor."

She circled the room, then, to Lee:

"See those two lads, Lee? Well, water a little sherry and give it to them. That's right. Those two barbarians."

Lee nodded sagely.

"Little bit sherry—much water," he promised.

JUDY slowed down before she reached the hall again, to enter it with an indifferent, languorous stride.

"Sorry," she said to Elliot.

"So am I," he agreed. "Principally because the gun room's occupied. Three guesses."

"Really? Who?"

"Marge and Bob."

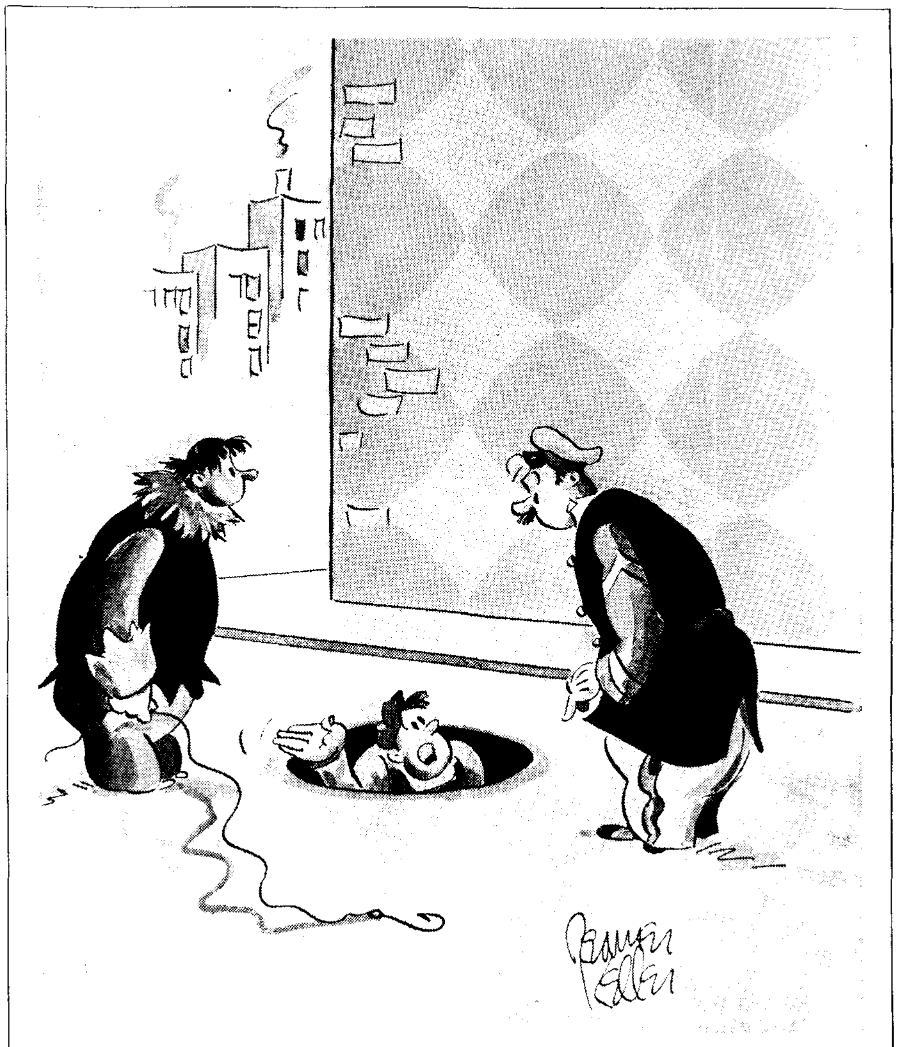
Elliot moved closer.

"They drifted right by me," he said, "as if they didn't see me. But I don't care, Judy. Not if you don't."

He was very close to her now, looking down into her eyes. Strange, this tightening sensation somewhere near her heart. She tried to recall if he had affected her like this before—that night on the veranda, for instance. Well, she knew how to find out.

She passed her hand across her eyes.

(Continued on page 72)



"Do something with this guy! He just snagged me on the ear with a fish hook"

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Results were so clear-cut that there's no argument as to what you may expect.

The doctor's report

One half of the people gargled with Pepsodent Antiseptic twice a day. The other half did not. And here is the doctor's report of actual results:

Those who did not gargle with Pepsodent, had 60% more colds than those who used Pepsodent Antiseptic regularly.

Thus you see that of the people who used Pepsodent Antiseptic, relatively few caught cold. But those who did, *got rid of their cold in half the time required by those who did not use Pepsodent Antiseptic!*

That's proof! Pepsodent Antiseptic actually reduced colds! And cut the average length of a cold in half!

Goes 3 times as far

When you buy a mouth antiseptic, remember that ordinary kinds kill germs only when used full strength. But Pepsodent Antiseptic kills germs in 10 seconds, even when it is diluted with 2 parts of water! Thus it makes your money go 3 times as far!

For "Breath Control"—Pepsodent keeps breath pure and sweet one to two hours longer.

Losers' Chance

Continued from page 70

"Elliot!" she said faintly. "I'm sorry . . . the champagne."

"Fresh air?" he suggested. "You're pretty young for this sort of thing."

She nodded mute assent with humid eyes and followed him meekly out the door. She made no resistance when he handed her into his roadster, nor when he kicked the starter and moved out upon the highway.

Nor did she demur when he came to a stop two miles out on the Valley Road. When he turned to her, he found her looking up at him as if they two were all that occupied the night.

"Feel better?" he asked, an uncertain note in his voice.

She nodded.

He moved closer.

"Little consolation prize," he said. "Lovely little consolation prize."

The ghost of a smile played across Judy's lips.

She said: "You talk an awful lot, Elliot!"

Well, here it was, she realized, as he swept her into his arms: the moment she'd schemed for. She waited for twenty per cent of her to go right up in smoke. But nothing seemed to catch on fire.

"Adorable!" said Elliot, holding her even closer.

Judy sat up abruptly. She shook her head.

"I'm sorry you didn't kiss me on the veranda that night," she said. "If you had—we'd both've been saved an awful lot of trouble."

Elliot glowered uncertainly for a moment.

"What *is* this?" he asked at last.

"I'd just as soon tell you," said Judy, "except that you wouldn't understand."

He shot his arm around her again.

"You think too much," he said. "It isn't good for you, Judy."

Judy struggled briefly; then the lights of a car swept around the curve behind them. Judy recognized a familiar and asthmatic motor.

"Dodo!" she cried, as it came alongside. "Rusty!"

THE touring car came to a stop. Dodo leaned out from behind the wheel, peered—and grinned.

"Well," he said, with relish, "if it isn't Greta Garbo Alcott! In the arms of the Grand Dook, too! How's tricks, Greta?"

"Save it till later," said Judy. "Meantime, take me back, will you?"

Rusty gave a whoop and jumped out. He opened a door and bowed.

"Right this way, Duchess," he said. "Glad to help you out!"

"Listen," said Elliot haughtily, "if you think for a minute that I'm going to let a couple of kids make a fool out of me—"

"Elliot," Judy interrupted patiently, "Dodo plays left guard for Andover, and Rusty's on the Country Day wrestling team. I won't be responsible for what happens."

Elliot glared for a moment—a hesitant moment; then, grudgingly, he released her. Judy got out. He kicked his starter furiously. Dodo and Rusty bowed. The roadster tore off into the night.

"It's nice to have our little playmate back, isn't it, Dodo?" asked Rusty.

"Very. Perhaps she's a better woman for it all."

Judy knew she was in for it. Well, they were right, in a way. But she felt too weary, too lacking in resiliency to take it. What was more, she wouldn't. She knew how to fix that.

She sort of leaned against Rusty.

"You're wonderful," she breathed. "I mean the way he drove off when he saw you, and everything."

"Hey!" said Dodo, stiffly, from the car. "I thought you and me had an agreement about being off women after tonight, Schenk."

Rusty regarded his comrade with a reddening face.

"Mind your own business, Parker," he said.

Dodo vaulted over the door of the car.

"I'd thank you," he said, "to speak more respectfully to me before my girl!"

Rusty bridled; then uttered his laugh.

"Hah!" he said. "Your girl. Hah!"

"Boys!" said Judy in a voice calculated to arouse rather than allay ardor. "Please!"

"If we were not in the presence of a lady," said Dodo, "I would invite myself to take a poke at you, Schenk."

"Ladies or not," barked Rusty. "You go right ahead and accept your invitation!"

That was enough. It was enough, at least, to leave a perfectly worthy car with the engine running, its recent occupants rolling in the snow. And that was all Judy wanted.

SHE parked it a few minutes later in the pines by the Masterson place. It was, she found to her dismay, deserted. What, she wondered, had she best do? Go back alone to the club? No. Home, perhaps.

She leaned against the shaft of a pine for a moment, and shivered under the high-riding winter's moon. A little wave of misery engulfed her. A tear trickled down her cheek. Everything had gone smasho! Except Marge and Bob—perhaps.

A figure emerged from under the old-fashioned porte-cochere and approached her across the snowy lawn. It resolved itself into Bob. Judy gathered herself together and straightened up.

"I was waiting for you," he said. "Do you usually desert your men this way?"

Judy shook her head. In spite of herself, she really looked very forlorn.

Bob came closer.

"You've been crying," he said. "What's the matter, Judy?"

Quite suddenly she found her head against the comforting breadth of his shoulder.

"Oh, I don't know," she said. "Just everything. I went out with Elliot, and found I didn't want him. Then those two insufferable idiots—"

"That's my fault," said Bob. "I gave them five dollars apiece to follow you."

Judy began to laugh.

"What is it?"

"Oh, nothing. Just one more sock at my ego, that's all. How about you and Marge?"

Bob shook his head.

"No go," he said. "We simply decided that two civilized people could go on being friends no matter what else they'd been. Dawson came back and picked her up at just the right moment. They seemed rather glad to be together again."

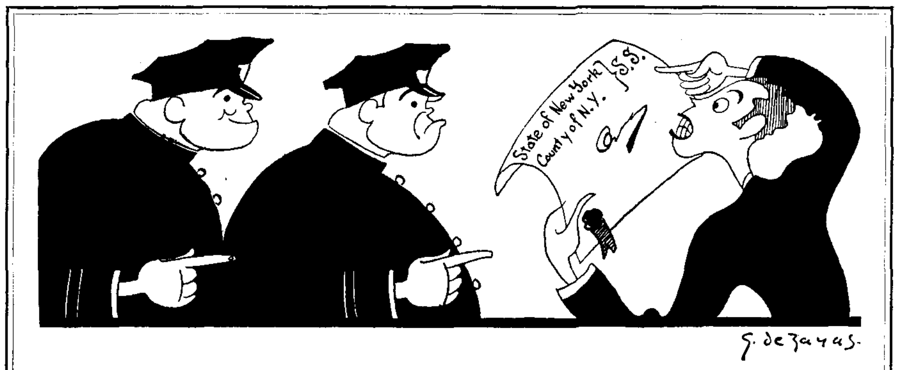
"Oh . . ." said Judy. "Well . . . nothing went right, did it?"

"Nothing has yet," Bob agreed. "But it isn't hopeless. You know this twenty per cent stuff of yours? Well, I've been going around sort of smoldering myself all evening. And I'm just beginning to find out why."

"Why?" asked Judy, with a queer, frightened sensation, somewhere near her heart.

"You," said Bob, very simply.

Then he kissed her.



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

One of the puzzles of legal documents is the meaning of the letters *ss* following the name of the state and county in which the action at law is laid. Although these letters are used thousands of times daily, no one actually knows their origin or purpose.—*By Sidney H. Aarons, New York City.*

In 1924 in Peiping, China, a man bought the "fishing rights" in the pond of the old Winter Palace for three years for $450,000—and made a fortune without selling a fish. All he did was to dredge for the countless gold identification tags that had been attached to the numerous fish given daily as gifts to the emperors for more than 300 years.—*By Eliot White, Roselle, New Jersey.*

During the World War, many very important secrets never reached the enemy. The Amiens offensive (August 8 to 21, 1918)—during which the British and French captured 40,000 men and 600 guns along a 47-mile front and permanently broke the morale of the German army, was a total surprise to Berlin, despite the fact that its preparations, which included the drawing of 160,000 maps, had required several months.

Of all the things that have been found in modern times, none created more astonishment than a sizable church which was discovered recently on a lonely farm in Devonshire, England. Despite the fact that it appears to have been built in the 14th century, there is no official record of its existence and no one, including the farmer, had ever before seen or heard of it.

In the United States men are more sensitive and secretive about their ages than women. This fact is confirmed by the past five population censuses in which far more men than women refused to report their ages—even to such a disinterested individual as a census taker.—*By Wadsworth White, Oakland, California.*

Alsatians, or "police dogs," which have been taught to attack intruders still are used to protect the property of great industrial corporations. For example, large numbers of them nightly patrol the grounds of the famous De Beers diamond mines in South Africa and the bandit-infested sections of the South Manchurian Railway in Manchukuo.

In India formal marriage ceremony of trees is often as elaborate and costly as that of persons. Many Brahman families have mortgaged property or borrowed large sums of money so a favorite male and female tree could have a wedding that, with its religious formalities and feasts, lasted several days.

Many odd vogues in tipping, or the giving of a gratuity for some personal service, have come and gone through the ages, including the one in which a condemned man gave a gift of money to his executioner as they mounted the scaffold. But the most absurd, which was fashionable in Austria as late as 1915, was the tipping of street-car conductors.

Trapshooting is the only sport, it is believed, in which the amateurs compete for money and the professionals compete for the trophies.—*By Dean Amadon, Ithaca, New York.*

A novel attempt at smuggling took place recently on the Belgium-Holland border when a motorcyclist and a sidecar passenger arrived at the customs office. The passenger, whose face was concealed by his hat and coat collar, had nothing to say when questioned. Whereupon the suspicious inspector removed the "gentleman's" headgear and discovered that he was a gentle little calf.—*By J. N. Weiler, Burlington, Wisconsin.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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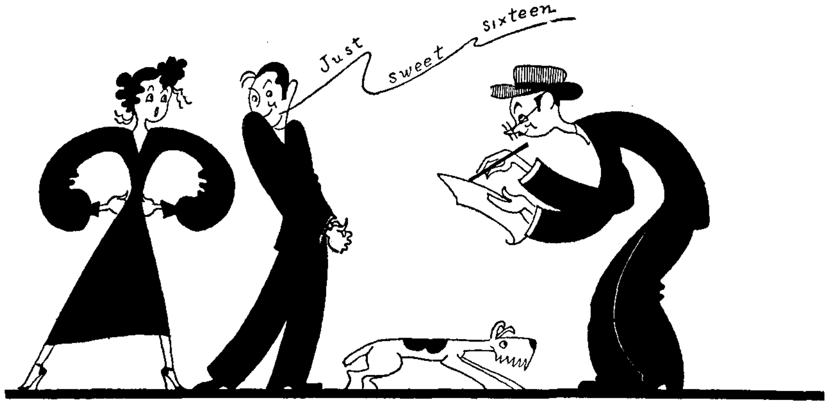

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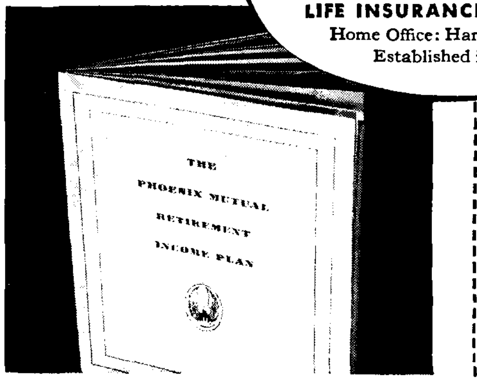

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The Lotus and the Rose

Continued from page 13

Rich said, in Cantonese, "We have never cheated, never injured you," and hastily pinioned the hand which sought the knife; there was, Rich saw, an awful hatred in the fellow's face. "Why do you wish to kill us?"

The answer was snarled at him, an answer which was behind Rich. Teng Chi's face was immobile, but her eyes were miserable. "He is my brother, lord," she said. "His name is second on the family scroll, but you are my master, and if he must die, his life is yours." She came closer to Bartlett, so that she was on one side, Agathea on the other. "I would be happier, a better wife, if he lives," she said timidly.

Agathea said, "The others would have climbed up the rope after him," and Rich nodded. "If you let him go, it will show them that we are not vengeful, and not afraid." If they let him go, said Rich, it would be considered that it was because they feared the result of killing him. Sam reported that Canton soldiers were driving the men away; Agathea instantly remarked that Sir George would find a way to make the captured man talk, inform them what was intended. Rich knew both things only too well, and said so.

"Let him go, then," Agathea said. "Even if they kill, we must not." The expression which had been on Richard's face, earlier, when he feared for her, caused her to add, "To please me."

RICH picked up the knife; everything was tremendously complicated. "To please you," he said thoughtfully. "Teng Chi wishes only to please me." Sam, lounging against the wall, still grasped the bottle of Spanish wine he had brought as a weapon; clerks returned to the other room to watch the river side of the factory. Tomorrow, Rich felt, might be too late for him to learn anything. He said to Teng Chi, "Do you love me?" and she, gravely, said that he was her master; she would be happier when there was a man-child in the house.

"I can see," said Agathea, her lips tight, "why you had her brought here, Mr. Bartlett; you need not have lied about it. She is—" the English girl's words stumbled—"she is remarkably beautiful; she appears, when she raises her head, something like the man."

Rich, without emphasis, told the Chinese that the door would be opened for him, or he could go as he came. In return for that, Teng Chi's brother snarled, he would kill the *fan kwei* without torture; after he had gone to the window, fastened the rope, turned and cursed them, he slid out of sight. Agathea said, "Thank you, Rich."

Soldiers in blue, yellow, cardinal red, came and went, carrying jingals, matchlocks, spears, bows; great unwieldy junks, empty for once of salt, were loaded with men, powder, provisions, and disappeared down-river toward the forts. Noon passed without bringing hunger. Sam Bartlett opened bottles of wine, and began to sing.

Conversation was difficult, because there was only one thing to speak about; Agathea made pretense of reading. The first red splash of sunset appeared, and the junks, the thronged river, quieted and hushed as a temple bell sang and the echo, like a sob of pain, hummed across Canton.

Rich went beside Agathea's chair, and, bending, said that his room faced only on the court; in it she might safely rest. For whatever he had done to hurt her, he was sorry. "You came to me from her arms," Agathea whispered. "Anything else, anything, I could forgive." Sam was singing, words a little blurred. Agathea, rising, saw the flaring torches, the raw colors, bare steel; she said, "Good night, Rich. Goodby. It might have been so beautiful—"

He sent the men to their rooms; what defense was possible against a thousand or more soldiers? It might have been so beautiful! And for beauty he had Teng Chi, sitting stiffly in her chair. She said at last, when the din began to diminish and fewer junks were loaded, "If it is your wish, lord, I will kneel with you and worship heaven and earth, and then I will be your wife."

Why not? He had lost Agathea; why not take what was offered? Tomorrow might not find him alive. "Is it what you wish?" he asked. She had no wish save his; she felt that honor was hers, since, on this night, which might possibly be his last, he was with her and not his first wife. "She is not my wife," Rich said. "I have none." Her dark, impenetrable eyes widened; she touched the palm of her hand to Bartlett's cheek. Let them, then, forget together; let him take what happiness he could from her; in the same breath, with a rush of words, she gave him an understanding of what had happened.

Her father's debt to the hong merchant could not be paid; the foreigners would value her at a thousand silver dollars, the amount due, and so the bargain was struck. Her father's head was in the dust, her brothers had joined the Lotus society for revenge; she knew that the son of Leung L'ing, General L'ing, mourned her loss. "A thousand dollars," Rich said. "Your value was four thousand, and it has been paid." Debts, debts. The hong merchants were behind all the trouble; some few were honest, but the rest, like the white factors, saw only silver. "You are valuable," Richard Bartlett said slowly. His thoughts raced. "Valuable," he repeated.

A torch stood in the ground before the banner of a Peking regiment that was blue velvet, with red characters slashed across; the last thing Rich saw, well after midnight, was the weaving of the embroidered words. His gun was across his knees.

AGATHEA, in Rich's bare room, was wide awake; what Sir George had told her was probably boasting, but Rich should be informed of it; when the Chinese sued for peace, the island of Hong Kong was to be ceded to Her Majesty, the closed ports opened to British trade, millions were to be paid for the debts due the British factories, free conveyance allowed all goods, an indemnity paid for the violent proceedings of the mandarins; the ships intended to batter past the forts, reduce the batteries, and march on Canton, Peking. What the Yankees had taken through trade the English would recover through diplomacy, force; the influence of the swift clippers would be nullified. Or—should she tell him? She might better allow him to feel, to the end, that his work in China would continue, successful, no matter what happened to him.

She was in the hallway before she was aware that she wanted to tell him neither; that she wanted only to say she loved him, and that she could not bear to die, to have him die, until she had been, if only once, in his arms. As she stood in the hallway she heard a faint dull sound, eastward, regularly repeated.

One lamp burned; there were shadows everywhere. She said, "Richard," and then saw that he slept, in a chair. Teng Chi slept also, her head on his knee, her hand over the man's. Agathea's went to her throat, and she stumbled back to her bed.

They assembled for breakfast. "I feel," said Sam, "like the devil. What happened last night, Rich?" In the night some of the factories had been silently sacked; Rich had seen the evidence of that at dawn. "There are merely a handful of soldiers left," Sam announced. "Enough to prevent escape, but not sufficient for an attack. Last night I could have accounted for a dozen troopers, but this morning—Spanish wine has undone me." It was not the soldiers they must fear, Rich said, it was the ugly rabble, the Lotus society. "Ragamuffins," said Sam. "Undirected."

THAT had been true, Rich agreed, yesterday. "Now, they have a general's son to lead them." He picked up his napkin, stared at it, and then spoke shortly to his older cousin. "If I am not back, Sam, in an hour, I will not return. There is no need to argue. I may have the means of escape to my hand—" he nodded toward Teng Chi—"and I am going to see what can be done."

"If you believe that the Cantonese place a value on her, as a hostage, you are being ridiculous," Sam Bartlett growled. "A woman, to them, is a plaything. They will laugh at you, Rich, and your ideas of womanhood."

"But not at my idea of business and debts," Rich retorted. Cannon, still miles away, boomed louder. Rich tied the napkin to a sword-cane, exactly, carefully. "If I fail to return, Sam, I caution you to remember what happened to the women who were seized when a vessel was wrecked on the coast." He would not, could not, look at Agathea; she, on her part, as if to engrave an image, watched him out of the room, across the packed clay to the gate; she saw rocks hurled, saw his black coat among the gaudy uniforms. Then, with an officer and soldiers about him, he disappeared.

Agathea said, "You should not have allowed him to go." Rich would return, Sam promised. "He will," whispered the girl. "He must." She was no coward. "None of you have eaten," she said, and reached for a dish. Teng Chi, as is proper in a lesser wife, quickly secured it for her. The two girls, for the first time, saw each other. "You sweet child," Agathea said, and, without warning, she began to cry silently.

There was blood on Rich's cheek when he returned. "We are not yet dead," he said. "In Canton, fortunately, is a general named L'ing who has a son wild with grief, and an old friend named Chi who has—who had—a daughter. The old men are enraged because a thousand-dollar debt was paid with a four-thousand commodity. Naturally, I could not countenance such fraud. I intend, have promised, to pay over the difference. It is amazing that a child, a daughter, means less than freedom from debt to some Chinese; amazing also to know to what extent an Asiatic will go to revenge himself. In this case," Rich kept his voice controlled, "General L'ing has assured me that, insofar as possible, his Canton soldiers will protect us." He turned to Agathea: "One thing I must ask of you. L'ing must be informed, by you, that Teng Chi, who is to be his son's wife, was—unharmed here. It will be wiser if you expand on the truth. Tell him, when he comes, that she slept the night with you."

"He will believe me?"

Flushing, Rich said, "I informed him that you are my wife."

The morning was quiet about Canton,

(*Continued on page* 76)

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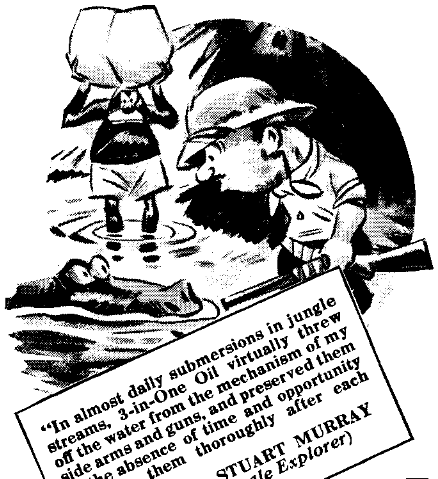

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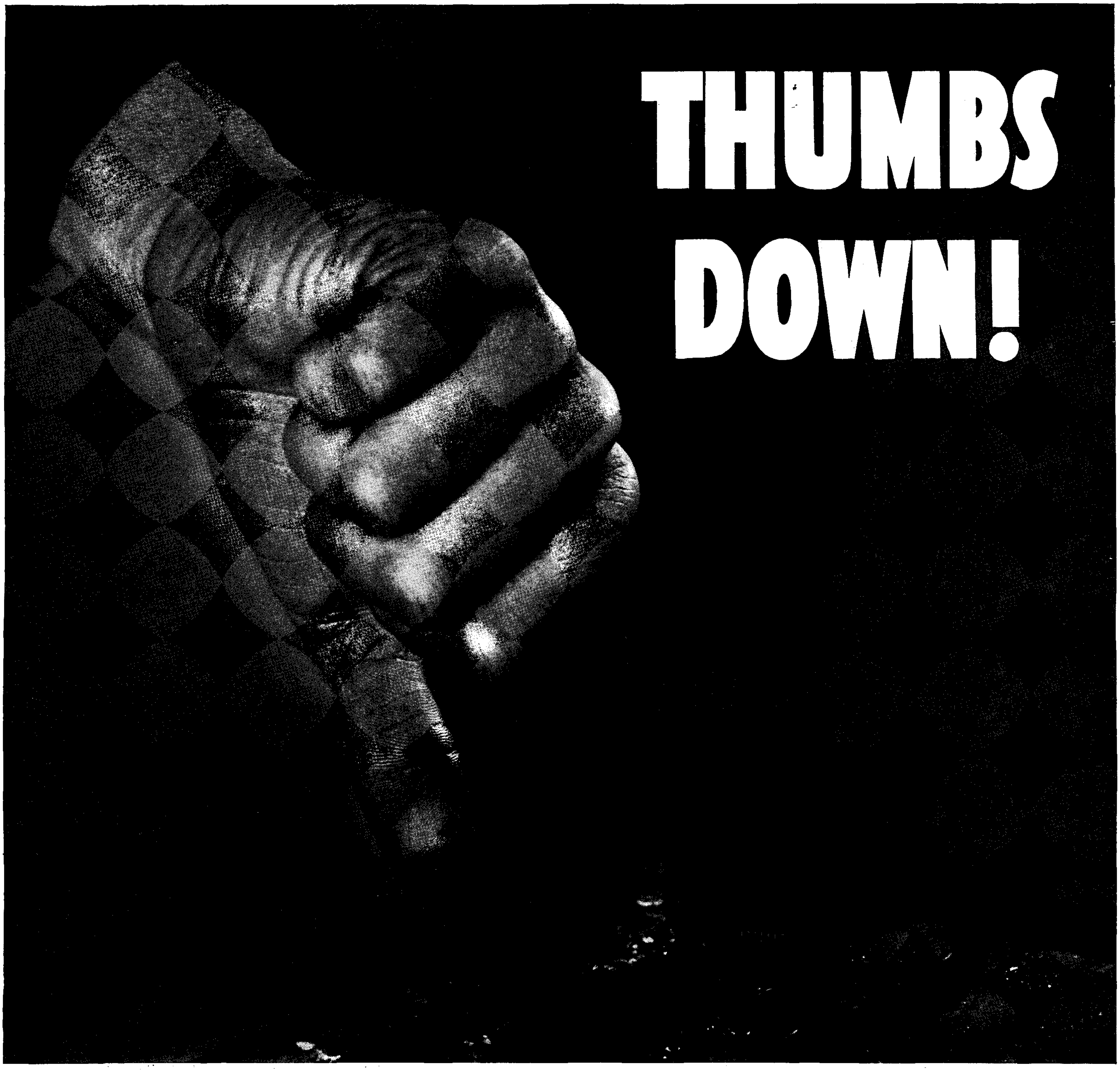

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The Lotus and the Rose

Continued from page 74

too quiet, although the cannonading never ceased; L'ing came, listened, questioned Teng Chi and, through his interpreter, the white girl, he announced himself satisfied. Teng Chi must remain in the factory until night, lest her recovery give unfriendly mandarins excuse to demote him, to feel that in order to secure his son's beloved he himself had bargained traitorously with the foreigners. He would keep guards at the gate. Should there be an attack by the throng, let Bartlett cry out for help.

When he was gone Rich said, "It is not so simple as that. The Lotus society sacked the other factories without a sound. They can get in again." He picked up the glass which Teng Chi handed him, filled and emptied it; he ran a finger around the top edge, and, on each turn, a tiny nick, from careless house-boy washings, cut his skin. "Sam," said Rich, grinning, "tonight you will drink from a cup. No glasses for you tonight; no bottles. I have a way to set up an alarm against the silent feet of the natives." He held up the glass and broke the stem. "Broken glass, all about the factory. Unexpected pain will cause someone to howl."

All afternoon there was rioting; soldiers were rushed about the city as the Lotus members looted. "They whet their appetite for us," Sam remarked. "If L'ing's men will support us—" he stroked his gun barrel—"we will give them an indigestion they should remember." The gunfire had lessened; the forts were leveled, and the Manchu garrisons learned that their banners and tiger-faced shields were of no avail in resisting the British bayonet charges, nor bell-mouthed cannon, even when named The Subduer of Barbarians, a match for the ships. In the villages below, Canton men were cutting the throats of their women, and throwing children down wells, lest they fall into the hands of the attackers; in cities, the sack was on, with pillage and murder everywhere.

A MEMBER of L'ing's household brought news of the defeat of the Chinese, and took Teng Chi; the glass was scattered about the factory. The curved pieces of bottles, especially, presented sharp surfaces to cut bare, running feet. As Agathea secretly observed Richard Bartlett, it came to her that in no wise was he a mere trader.

"I think," she said to him, "that you are pleased with the prospect of fighting." That was hardly true; he intended to defend himself, them all, their goods. "You would not enjoy China," Agathea told him, "if there were not danger here. If trade becomes as it is at home, you will become restless." There were other places in Asia, said Rich, glad that she spoke with him; Japan, for example, could not always remain closed to trade. "Life for you," said the English girl, "could not be smooth lawns and horses and dogs." She smiled wretchedly. "It is as well we both learned that."

Bartlett said, very low, "I think you will never know how I love you," and, because she knew how close they were to death, she said lightly that she doubted if he would pay four thousand dollars for her. "I paid that," said Rich, "for what I did not want and did not have. You must take my word for it, no matter what you think. I have loved you ever since I fell into the river and you laughed." One of the older clerks, as he sat waiting, rubbed a cloth against the steel of a cutlass. "Teng Chi," said Rich, "offered me obedience, but it was not enough."

Agathea placed her hand on Rich's. "I saw you, the girl, last night." She did not falter. "I had come to give you my love." Her eyes sought his. "If there is a tonight for us, do not send me away."

She spoke so softly that Rich had to bend to hear; he spoke her name, and they sat hand in hand. Unlike the past night, it was inky black outside; there was rain, summer storm, in the air. The city seemed alive with hoarse noise, with the force of unloosed disorder; wealthy Cantonese, attempting to flee, were dragged from their chairs and robbed, some the very merchants who had incited the trouble; fugitives who sought the safety of Canton found only pillage and mad excitement. General L'ing did what he could; whether his men guarded the gate was impossible, in the dark, to know.

THE first howl of pain sent the Americans out of the room. Sam Bartlett drained his bowl, and, with almost the same movement, swiftly discharged his pistol as a warning to L'ing's men. Rich, outside, had a vision of naked brown shoulders, and swung his rifle like a club. Someone caught him by the throat and tried to bear him to the ground; Rich, braced, tore him away and sent him back into the advancing rabble. Long knives, without gleam in the dark, cut and slashed; Sam fired at a giant Manchu, who tottered and fell to his knees, to drop face forward as the other anti-foreigners swarmed over him. The clerk with the cutlass kept swinging it in a wide arc, until a wearer of the Lotus crept up behind him. . . .

L'ing's trumpets blared; Rich, as he saw the old clerk fall, forgot about defense. His coat was torn from him, and his shirt. Clawing hands, teeth, ripped at him; he hammered at heads, smashed down knives. Someone leaped, ape-like, to his back; Rich, turning, felt heat sear his shoulder. The grating noise made by the steel against bone shot up to his head like nausea. The blade, one lucky instant, stuck. Rich, gun dropped, managed to jerk the man before him, so close that the second stroke missed, that he was able to see the distorted face of Teng Chi's brother. He had the man's wrists. Around them, now, were soldiers; the assailants were running.

Rich, with his hands, could have killed the man who had tried, twice, for his life; he found that he was unable to do it. It was a curse, knowing how your enemy felt toward you. The man could not be blamed; he had listened to fiery words of hatred, had wished vengeance, not loot. It was cheaper for the hong merchants to incite riot to expel the white companies than to pay the debts. Unpaid debts always meant trouble. And what would come of the attack by the British, should the result be the severing of Hong Kong, Shanghai, from China? Would it be another lesson, evil, like unscrupulous methods of trade, like opium, to be taught Asia?

All of this was in Rich's head in the brief space of time he held the Cantonese; then, abruptly, he set the man on his feet, wrenched the knife from him, and watched him vanish. Naked to the waist, torchlight shone on Rich's body; blood ran down his side. Sam was saying something concerning a draught of brandy for him; an officer remarked on his courage. Rich did not hear. He turned toward the factory; he called, "Agathea!" and she, at the window, waved to him. He had no pain. Only a great elation. She, her heart pounding, felt it go out more to him because, as he came to her, he stopped and picked up the wounded old clerk on his way.

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W. G. MENNEN Speaking:

MEN, I've found a way to take all the pain out of shaving. How? Simply by making a shaving cream *especially for you*.

You see—shaving cream manufacturers have been making creams that are supposed to fit everybody. But no one cream can possibly do that. The fellow with oily skin needs an oil-*removing* shave, and the fellow with dry skin needs a shave that *supplies* oil. That's why I'm now making two creams—one for oily skin and one for dry.

Mennen Lather Shave *removes* excess oil from your whiskers so the lather can wilt 'em. And it flushes grease out of oil-clogged pores. But Mennen Brushless *supplies* oil for the fellow with dry skin . . . ends the tightness and rawness which cause him so much trouble. It, too, wilts wiry whiskers. And remember, it's a *cream* not a grease.

The big question for you to answer is —'How am I going to tell whether my skin is oily or dry?' And I've got that licked, too. Just send for my Skin Tester Kit. It contains demonstration tubes of both my Lather and Brushless Shaves. Try them and you'll certainly know what type of cream *your* chin needs.

Also included in the kit are three other Mennen products. That makes five products in all. And think of it . . . we'll send you the kit for only ten cents. So shoot along that dime and give your face the help it's asking for.

After the shave...Use Mennen Skin Balm—*A refreshing after-shave lotion in cream form. Conditions the skin, prevents irritation, chapping. It's greaseless, too.*

MENNEN

LATHER SHAVE (Plain or Menthol-Iced) or brushless

SKIN TESTER KIT

5 PRODUCTS FOR 10¢

"Yes, Mr. Mennen, I'll make the test. Send along your SKIN TESTER KIT containing trial sizes of Mennen Lather Shave, Brushless Shave, Skin Bracer, Skin Balm and Talcum for Men." Send coupon with 10c in coin to the Mennen Company, Newark, N. J., Dept. C-3-14.

Name..

Address..

Man of War

Continued from page 42

More stores an' barber shops here than there is saloons, gamblin' houses and dance halls. 'Tain't no place for my money." So, after a few days spent in winding up affairs with his partner, who went back to Austin, Luke loaded himself, along with a cargo of assorted merchandise, into the buckboard and struck out for Leadville.

Being just a runty little man, his appearance created no disturbance when he hired a room in the Silver Lode House, stepped within it and closed the door behind him. What went on inside that room during the next two hours was the transformation of Luke Short.

It was marvelous. When he entered he had been quiet; when he emerged he was so noisy that he could be heard coming clear around the block and could be seen for a mile.

Luke walked into the town's toniest saloon. As he entered there was a moment of amazed silence, then a roar of laughter. Luke stopped, but when a big gambler, one of a group of five men, said: "Why, hello, little one. Where's the rest of the show?" he went into action. It was fast and beautiful. Luke leaped. As he went through the air he snatched out the Old Lady which, even before the jester had gotten his hand to his hip, he laid with terrific emphasis along the side of his head. The gambler curled up on the floor and went to sleep. "Any of the rest of you fellers," Luke said, "want to see the rest of the show? If you do admission's free; if not let's drink."

They all drank. They drank several times. They even revived the fallen one and he drank. With that introduction, some of Leadville's leading citizens began to believe they'd really learn to like Mr. Short. Before the next morning they actually loved him.

In those days one of the accomplishments necessary to good social standing in Leadville was that a man play a good game of faro bank. Luke didn't. Later on, from either side of a layout, he became one of the best men in the West, but when he sat in on his first game in Leadville he was so ignorant that a tall, crooked-faced man, who sat beside him, began to make sarcastic comments.

Retort Courteous

To this facetious gentleman's remarks Luke paid no attention whatever, but it was instantly different when the man began to shift Luke's bets around for him. Being a lad of impulse Luke did the first thing that occurred to him, which was to plant the lighted end of his cigar firmly against the back of the other man's hand. A howl of rage and pain shook the establishment. The dealer, the casekeeper and the lookout man ducked. So did everybody. A killing was coming, and as the gent upon whom Luke had burned his brand was notoriously the quickest gunman in Leadville, the little stranger was bound to be on the receiving end of it. But he wasn't because so fast was he that he jumped to his feet and, when the other man reached for his gun, fired before he could get it from its holster.

For three years following this homicide—for which he was never arrested because Leadville was glad of it—Luke Short, always wearing a checked suit and a derby hat, was probably the most popular man in the camp. He was so popular that nowhere could he *buy* a drink. Everywhere he went it was "on the house" because, as the poor, harassed saloonkeepers who frequently had to buy new bar mirrors and new coal-oil lamps for their establishments soon discovered, wherever he and his Old Lady could be persuaded to spend their evening peace prevailed. It had to. Luke so loved peace that he'd fight for it, shoot for it, kill for it if he had to (but not die for it); all of which meant that in the end he was bound to attract the attention of the great gun masters of the West.

He did attract it. The magnificent Bat Masterson—well, at any rate Bat thought he was—even came to Leadville to look Luke over, and having done so found him to be an eminently capable young man. Bat wound up his visit by inviting Luke to go back with him to Arizona. Luke went. Just why is a mystery. The desire for a change of scenery perhaps, or maybe for new women, may have influenced him, but in any event he left Leadville and went to Tombstone where, in 1881, we find him dealing faro in The Oriental and associating on equal terms with such lordly members of the Homicide Club as the Earps, Mr. Masterson, Doc Holliday and the Clanton boys. Obviously this sudden elevation of his into the higher brackets of Arizona society was ample notice to all gun toters not to monkey with Luke Short. Most of them took it exactly that way, and so, for several months, except that he did, of course, once in a while have to knock some fellow's ears down with the Old Lady, or shoot a cowpuncher in the foot, the little man led a very quiet life.

Rising Young Man

Luke's deeds so endeared him to Wyatt Earp and his gang of superdreadnaughts that about a year later when Little Luke really needed aid, all he had to do was snap his fingers and here they came. They came under full steam, too.

Luke had done so well by himself, what with his dealings in Pine Top plus his dealings at the faro table, that when he was still a mere kid of twenty-nine he returned to his first love, Dodge City, and there opened up the swellest saloon and gambling house on Front Street.

In doing this Luke made two mistakes. He located his establishment right next door to one owned by Mr. Webster, mayor of Dodge City, and he so decorated it that on its opening night his place completely outshone that of His Honor. Furthermore, Luke, who had been born in Kansas but was ashamed of it, was believed by all Texas cowboys to be a Texan. He therefore got most of their trade, and Mayor Webster, with his gambling halls deserted and his bartenders idle, while all of Luke's employees were working double shifts, took official action.

What was the use of being a mayor if you couldn't use your office to solve your problems? Mr. Webster suddenly issued a decree forbidding music in all saloons and gambling houses. Luke received notice of the order and was glad to obey it. It hit everybody alike; it would save money, too. So Luke fired his entire orchestra. But the mayor didn't. That was the trick in it. Having made the law to suit his convenience he could break it to serve his own ends, and so on the very first night under the new edict while Luke's place was depressingly silent, that of His Honor was leaking harmony at every crack.

Luke was furious. So furious that the next night his rehired orchestra was gayly at it again while Luke himself sat on the platform with his musicians to see that nobody from the mayor's office bothered them. Nobody did; they knew better, but the night was long; Mr. Short grew weary, and about midnight he re-

(Continued on page 78)

The Man Who Knows

Whether The *Remedy* You Are Taking For Headaches, Neuralgia or Rheumatism Pains Is Safe Is Your Doctor . . . Ask Him

●

Don't Entrust Your Own or Your Family's Well-Being to Unknown Preparations

BEFORE you take *any* preparation, you don't know all about, for the relief of headaches; or the pains of rheumatism, neuritis or neuralgia; ask your family doctor what he thinks about it — in comparison with Genuine Bayer Aspirin.

We say this because before the discovery of Bayer Aspirin, most so-called "pain" remedies were advised against by physicians. *Some*, as bad for the stomach. And *others;* more pertinently; as bad for the heart.

As a result; the discovery of Bayer Aspirin largely changed medical practice, throughout the world, in the treatment of common pains, headaches and colds. For chiefly on doctors' advice, millions of people changed from old time remedies to Bayer Aspirin.

Now, time has proved conclusively,—by countless thousands of people who have taken Bayer Aspirin regularly, year in and year out, without ill effect—that the medical findings of that day about its safety and effectiveness were correct.

Keep this point about Bayer Aspirin in mind. Both in your own interest and in the interest of your family.

Scientists rate Genuine Bayer Aspirin among the *fastest methods yet discovered* for the relief of headaches, rheumatic and neuralgia pains. And they rate it *safe* for the average person to take regularly.

Your own doctor, we are sure, will agree with what we say about the speedy action and safety of *Bayer Aspirin.* And your own experience, once you try it, will emphasize and verify it.

You can get Genuine Bayer Aspirin at any drug store for only 15¢ a box—its new low price—simply by never asking for it by the name "aspirin" alone; but by always saying "Bayer Aspirin" when you buy.

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BOTTLES OF 24 TABLETS 25¢

And a correspondingly low price on the family size—100 tablet bottles.

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THEN YOU NEVER SMOKED A
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(PATENTED)
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Glover's (the medicine with the clean pine tar odor) stops itching and Dandruff; checks excessive Falling Hair; combats Baldness; promotes normal hair growth. Start today with Glover's Mange Medicine and follow with Glover's Medicated Soap for the shampoo. At all druggists. Barbers also give Glover's Treatment.
GLOVER'S
MANGE MEDICINE

(Continued from page 77)

linquished his watch and went out to keep a date.

That was all the deputy marshal of Dodge City was waiting for. No sooner had Luke disappeared than the deputy walked in, rounded up all the musicians, and herded them off to the lockup. An hour later when Mr. Short returned his place was silent, but the mayor's wasn't—and neither was Luke. In a sedate narrative such as this, however, his remarks would be out of place. However, he went to the jail, released his musicians, and as he was walking along Front Street, he suddenly whipped out the Old Lady and released a slug at the deputy marshal, who was standing across the way.

The officer fell into the gutter without retaliating, thus leaving Luke free to saunter on to his room where he locked the door and sat down to await the arrival of the lynching party which he fondly hoped would be headed by the mayor himself. But none came, and as going out to meet trouble was much more in Luke's line than waiting for it to come to him, he soon unbarred his door and returned to his own barroom. There, much to his horror, he was told the disgraceful truth. Instead of having killed the marshal he had missed him! Instead of being hit the man had simply been so badly scared that he had fallen off the sidewalk, thereby reducing Luke's crime from the exalted pinnacle of a good murder to the lowly depths of a mere misdemeanor.

This was disgusting, but, being the law-abiding citizen that he was, all Luke could do about it was to march himself down to the judge the next morning, plead guilty and offer to pay his fine. His plea was accepted but his money wasn't. "Naw," snarled the judge. "No fine for you, Mr. Short. It's the lockup." It was.

Vindication

Stripped of his Old Lady, in Luke went and there he stayed until a few minutes before noon when, under a heavy guard, he was paraded to the railroad station. When the east- and westbound trains passed one another at exactly twelve o'clock, Luke was told to take his choice, but that he had to travel one way or the other.

"East." That was all. There was no protest, no argument, because, as Luke said to Bat Masterson in Kansas City a week later: "All Webster and his gang was a-waitin' for was for me to make one false move and they'd a-plugged me." That's what they wanted, but I fooled 'em by keepin' my mouth shut and leavin' quiet. Then when I got here I sent that wire to Denver askin' you to come on."

"An' I came, too," said Bat. "On the lope. And now what? Shall we go right on back to Dodge and shoot 'em up?"

Luke grinned. "Not yet," he said, "first thing we're a'goin' to do is see the governor."

"Governor, hell," snapped Bat, "you ain't a'goin' to ask for the soldiers to help us, are you?"

"Of course not," answered Luke disgustedly. "Of course not. All we want to see him for is to get him to promise that he won't send no help to Webster. I know that rattlesnake. First thing he'll do will be holler for soldiers and so I'm goin' to see to it ahead of time that he don't get 'em."

"Fine, Luke, fine," exclaimed Bat, "you always was a smart little runt. Come on, let's go."

Governor Glick probably secretly rejoiced at the thought that maybe Dodge City might be wiped off the map. "Sure," he said to Luke, "I'll stay out of it. It's your mess; yours and Webster's and no matter what happens, I won't send any soldiers down there."

Assured, Luke got busy. He sent a wire to Tombstone explaining the situation to Wyatt Earp and telling him to bring the boys with him and be in Dodge on a certain day, and then he and Masterson took the train to Caldwell, Kansas, where the little man had a host of friends who had a host of trusty guns.

In the meantime things were going nicely for Mayor Webster. His fiddles squeaked merrily every night; Luke's didn't, and so, as music hath charms for the cowboy, it was now His Honor's bartenders who were overworked, and His Honor's gamblers who were now doing double shifts. For three weeks this happy situation held on. A sign, "For Sale," hung there by Luke's manager under instructions received by mail from Luke, appeared in front of Luke's place. Thus, with his suspicions allayed, Mayor Webster was totally unprepared for the shock when one day an excited alderman rushed in with the announcement: "Earp's here. Wyatt Earp!"

"Yes?" drawled Mayor Webster. "And what does he want?"

"And a half a dozen of that Tombstone outfit's with him," went on the alderman, ignoring the mayor's question.

Top of the Heap

The mayor jumped. "What!" he shouted. "Get the council together at once. We're goin' to have a meetin'. Right now."

The council assembled; quite a congregation of prominent citizens assembled with it. Mr. Wyatt Earp was requested to come before the meeting and state the reasons, if any, why he and his Tombstone delegation had so unexpectedly descended upon Dodge City.

Mr. Earp came, alone, and explained fully:

"Gents," he said, "I don't know what the hell the quarrel's about and I don't care. But Luke's right. Luke Short's always right. I don't know what Luke wants, but he's goin' to get it. That's what me and the boys come up from Tombstone for. Luke and Bat Masterson, with some other fellows from Caldwell, will be here in the mornin' and then we'll take action."

Coming from Wyatt Earp, who had been city marshal of Dodge City during two of its most hectic years, from 1877 to 1879, this statement carried so much weight that Mayor Webster himself rose to reply. His remarks, however, were cut short by Mr. Earp's, "Aw, tell it to Luke. He'll see you tomorrow."

That night the town slept on its arms only to find when it awoke, around first drink time the next day, that Little Luke, accompanied by Bat Masterson and an assorted collection of gun toters, had really arrived, that everything was all set and that he was rarin' to go.

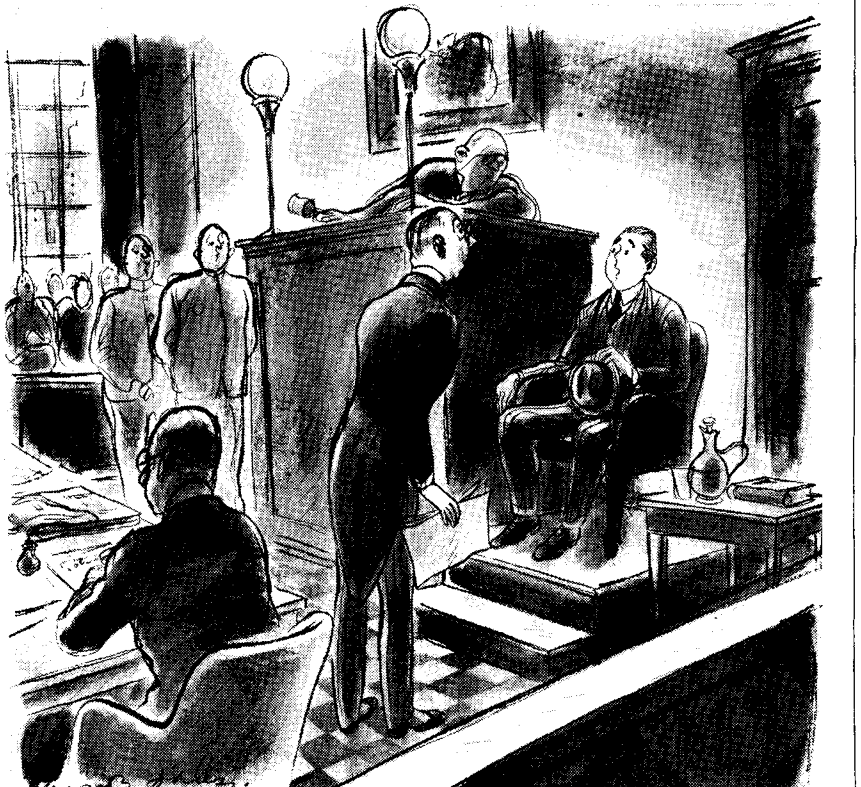
Mayor Webster, however, was not rarin'. A couple of urgent wires to the governor remained unanswered. And so many belligerent strangers were hanging around the barrooms His Honor decided that after all Luke Short was a highly desirable citizen. He was even prepared to make a public statement to that effect, but no sooner had he brought down his gavel at the open council meeting than Luke himself, as the guest speaker, took charge.

It was a large moment in the little man's life and he made the most of it. Briefly he laid down the law to Dodge City in three commandments.

The first commandment was that the town should honor Luke Short by allowing him to run his saloon and gambling house just as he damn' well pleased. The second and third commandments made everything hunky dory by stating that whereas certain members (a) of the city marshal's force, and (b) of the sheriff's force, were distasteful to his Little Majesty, they should at once be fired and other men, to be named by Mr. Short, installed in their places.

Having made himself clear on these points, Luke sat down, with both his ears and his pistol cocked, to hear objections. None was uttered, and he was just about to declare the meeting adjourned, when an inspiration struck him. Some months before he had signed a bond for a friend, under which, as the friend had skipped, he was now liable to the tune of five thousand dollars, consequently he suddenly made a motion—toward his hip probably—that the district attorney, who was present, tear up, cancel and totally destroy the said bond. "Is there any discussion?" said Luke. "I hear none. The motion's carried, the meetin's adjourned, and the lid's off in Dodge. Hop to it, boys, and enjoy yourselves."

Five years later, when he was thirty-nine, he died. In bed, and without a scar on his body.



"Occupation telegraph operator stop love"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

Life Begins So Soon

Continued from page 22

any observation left for Helen. Some of the conjectures were going to be pretty slimy—thank heaven Priscilla knew it wasn't Dave she had been out with. . . . A cold shower steadied her and she went down to the corner for coffee and the papers. The Webster Herald had only a brief story. The suicide had been discovered by a party of students who had been driven ashore by the squall. Edmund Walters, Frank Castine, Joseph Moran—why that was Steve's beer party! No, Guy Johnson had said that Steve had decided not to go. The Chicago papers had the same story but carried brief biographies of Dr. Fifield and his picture.

Ghastly! The horror occupied her mind as she walked back to the house. But the most horrible part was the relief she could not deny feeling. Even if he was dead, Maurice was safe from his disclosures, and so was Tommy! She hated herself for rejoicing—and then she forgot everything but Tommy. There was that to be got by! Would he try to see Helen today?

Helen was in the room and said drearily, "They've campussed you for being out last night. Too bad you weren't signed out. I guess we can't do anything about it. If you will chase out to give first aid to fools, you've got to pay for it. I'm sorry."

"Nuts!" Caroline said cheerfully. "Just as long as the sisters don't get inquisitive about you. When they've ruined my reputation I'll get snooty and back them down."

"You're a darling."

"No, just a grownup. Look—" she decided to be forthright. "Suppose Tommy wants to come and be eloquent and make everything clear, what about it?"

Helen turned white. "I never want to see him. I couldn't stand—"

"You don't have to. If we never find out why, we're not losing anything."

DAVE phoned that he would drop round for a few minutes after lunch, and just before lunch Emery came for his car. Caroline's nerves were now so alert that his nonchalance was not difficult to see through. Underneath it Emery was doubtful, suspicious, bothered. Everyone was these days! Everyone was looking older, too—Emery's round face had more maturity than she'd seen there before.

She gave him his keys and said she had tried to return the car several times but hadn't been able to find him. "Would parking it where you got it have been too high a flight for your imagination?" he asked. "I could have used it. Never mind—I walked."

Caroline thought that if he kept track of the speedometer reading, he'd see that she had driven it maybe a hundred and thirty or forty miles. Her immediate alarm ebbed, however. Suppose he did? He couldn't guess what she had been doing. . . . He obviously had something on his mind. It wasn't the suicide—he alluded to that idly, saying that if Steve hadn't been overcome with loyalty to the Daily he could have got an eyewitness story of the discovery. Caroline steeled herself and said, "A lot of people are probably wondering if he'd made out the final exam in English D-51." That seemed horribly callous, but the role called for callousness. Emery hung around for a few minutes, saying nothing much, then got up to go.

"Oh," he said, as with a casual afterthought. "Tommy Pierce is out of the woods. He's paying off his notes. Nobody is going to crack down on him."

The name made an explosive impact on her nerves and she felt a blush answer in her cheeks. At once she was afraid Emery would misinterpret that pinkness, but perceived that he didn't even see it. He was avoiding her eyes. She managed to say, "How do you know? Where did he get the money?"

Nastily, "I find things out. I don't know where he got it. Probably the local organization for being kind to Tommy. Anyway he got it this morning. Two hours ago."

She said, warily, "That's good. I'm awfully glad," and Emery turned violent eyes on her and said, "Yeah, that's just dandy," sulkily, combatively, even accusingly. She said, "I wish you'd find out where he got it—I'd like to know."

"How's for you and me to have a long talk sometime? Let down our hair and play Truth. You wouldn't have any way of finding out about that money, would you?"

HE STALKED away, carrying a grievance that must go a lot deeper than the car she had kept too long. She should have commanded him to find out where Tommy got the money! If Tommy really had it. That might throw a flood of light on yesterday. . . . The speculation was postponed by the chapter's suppressed interest in her at lunch. She got a lot of stares and the girls talked glibly and carefully avoided alluding to anything. Damn them! She had already been elected a scarlet woman and their minds were rioting with scurrilous ideas about her. She grew scornful and insisted on talking to Georgine Roberts about cases of discipline that had harrowed the Gamma past. Only Betty Stevens, the malicious and jeering Betty, had the decency to come up to her afterward and put an arm round her and say, "If you're too ladylike to tell this bunch of giggly cats where to go to, I'll be glad to do that little job for you."

Anger left her as she drove away with Dave. He had the granite look that stress always gave him, but he was pale and tired. "I've only got a few minutes," he said. "I've stowed Maurice at Bill Armstrong's—you know, the historian—while the newspapers are still curious. Paula's taken to earth at Mary Stoll's. She phoned she wants to talk to me. There's probably no way out of that. Just one of my jobs."

He plunged into a rapid summary. He had found no trace of Maurice yesterday until, making a routine call at the Faculty Club, past eight o'clock, he had found him there—tight. Maurice's seizure had mounted and mounted, apparently, till there was nothing to do but take it out in liquor. That seemed to Dave a satisfactory solution. It took care of the evening and promised a tractable Maurice for the next day. Relieved, Dave had a couple of drinks himself. Maurice was voluble and there had been an ocean tide of talk. Till, at about nine-thirty, the police telephoned and said that Fifield had been found dead at the camp on the lake.

DAVE feared an immediate earthquake but there wasn't one—the liquor had calmed Maurice. The two of them went down to the morgue and identified the body—Caroline's stomach crawled at the word—and talked to the chief of police for a while. Maurice met the situation unemotionally. He said he hadn't been living at home for three months and Fifield was a friend of his wife's and maybe his wife had lent the camp to Fifield. The chief said, with elephantine delicacy, that he gathered the professor wasn't staying at home just now—they'd called the house first and Mrs. Traggas didn't know that deceased was at the camp.

(Continued on page 80)

The sun never sets on Martini & Rossi Vermouth

India: A Hindu and an Indian Christian, enjoying Martini & Rossi at a sidewalk inn in Bombay. *Photo by Prataprai K. Shah, Bombay*

Palm Beach (above): Enjoying a "vermouth cassis" (of course most Americans take their Martini & Rossi in Manhattans and Martinis).

Mexico (left): A group of *charros* at their afternoon Martini & Rossi.

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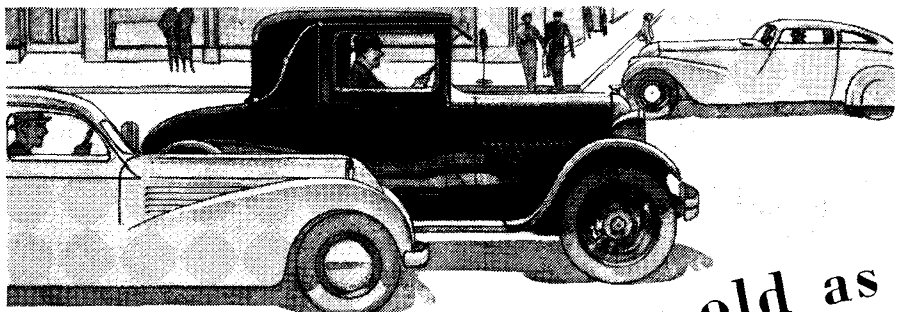

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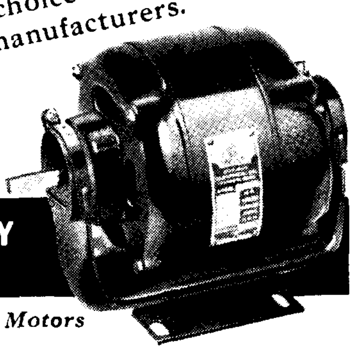

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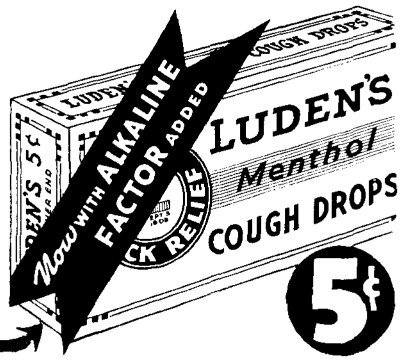
... excerpt from "The Common Cold"; based on interviews between the editors of Fortune Magazine and prominent U. S. physicians.



(Continued from page 79)

Dave had gone back with Maurice, a quiet Maurice, and had another drink. Maurice had said, finally, "Well, that is a good job. The world is sweeter with that mucker dead. I'll head a fund to buy a tombstone." He obviously didn't need any looking after—was tranquil and sleepy. Dave had gone away, stopping at the Gamma house to tell Caroline what had happened.

He looked up suddenly. "I'd been torn apart all day. Now I was desperate about you. Where were you, Carol?"

She could feel a sluggish pain reach her wrists. "Looking for Helen."

"Did you find her?"

It was like poising with uplifted arms for a high dive above a lake of icy water, your skin crawling with the anticipated cold, every ounce of you shrinking from the plunge you had to make. She plunged. "No. When I got home she was there ahead of me." She was in the water. She had lied to Dave.

"Where had she been?"

"She was asleep when I got home. I've had this other thing on my mind too much to ask her today."

He nodded and that was all. But she had lied to him. Bright sorrow seized her.

"There'll be an inquest tomorrow," he said. "Just a formality. The university will see that it's kept private. I'll have to go along with Maurice."

He took her back to the house and said goodby. His hand was tight on hers. He said, "There's daylight ahead, Carol," and his eyes came out of that obscurity, warm and caressing. She went in the house more at peace than she had been for a long time, thinking that not even the lie counted.

Against that exaltation the childish behavior of the Gammas and her childish embroilment with their rules were not even pin pricks of annoyance. Monday was easier still. Helen stirred herself to do some of the college work she had ignored for so long, and Caroline had enough tranquillity to think of the approaching examinations. Priscilla, even more ponderously keeping the shield of Gamma's honor bright, told her that she must face a meeting of the chapter on Thursday night. Caroline decided to be ponderous in reply. "You can hold the meeting, Priscilla," she said, "but I won't show up to be wept over. I don't intend to account for myself to you girls." That dismayed Priscilla, for there was only one further step they could take—to drop Caroline from the rolls, "take back her pin" the term was. Appalled, she went away to consult her advisers, and Caroline was left to meditate on the ability of trivial things to interfere with important ones.

GOING to the library, she saw Steve and called him over. "This is a good time to be sweet, Steve. Helen and Tommy have broken off. If you didn't know anything about it but were just at hand and friendly, you could help her a lot."

Steve nodded. He said, "Thanks," and she felt a strength had been found for Helen's difficult days. Then he puzzled her by saying, "It would be interesting to know how you found out."

"What about?"

"This break."

"Oh," she said casually, "Helen told me."

He nodded again. There was something unlike Steve in the skepticism his eyes had.

An hour later, Dave came to the library and took her out to tell her about the inquest. It had been routine, a perfunctory bringing out of the obvious verdict of suicide. But it had revealed his affair with Paula and had made quite clear just why Fifield had killed himself. Paula had been forced to tell the truth. For Fifield had come to plead with her to take him back on Saturday morning. He had been tearful and desperate. He had threatened to kill her, then to kill himself. Obviously wrecked by her refusal, he had apparently gone straight to the camp—the scene, Dave conjectured, of a good deal of their romance—and carried out his threat.

"Maybe the idea of the camp was revenge on Paula," Dave said. "I would have said Fifield lacked the nerve. I could have imagined him trying to shoot Maurice. But more likely, I thought, he would start out to wreak every cruelty of exposure and publicity on Paula. I counted on either or both of those. What I didn't count on was his having the intensity of feeling, or the plain guts, to kill himself."

"When did he do it?" Caroline asked, out of her loathing.

"There's no way of telling. The medical examiner says any time from three to six hours before eight o'clock, when he saw the body. The crowd of beer drinkers can't contribute anything. They say they heard a shot, but they were so full of beer that one of them claims it was two shots, which is just silly. Nobody knows what time it was. They were floating around Lake Maitland all afternoon, full to the bung with beer."

PAULA had been white and cold, sitting there and acknowledging without emotion that he had been her lover, that they had quarreled, that he had come to plead with her on the morning of his death and they had quarreled again. She had had to acknowledge it. Everybody knew about that affair and if she admitted it she might be able to keep the other one a secret. Dave guessed that she felt no remorse or even pity about Fifield, that she only hated him for having brought her to a public confession.

"It's on the record now," Dave said with satisfaction. "University influence can keep this out of all the papers, and the inquest was private—but there it is, out of her own mouth, for Maurice to use when he sues her. . . . It was tough on him!" Dave blazed. "We took George Peters of the law school along and he insisted on our right to hear every witness. And Maurice sitting there while his shame was exposed to a bunch of cops!"

Caroline could imagine Maurice's great bulk upright and firm, his face set while strangers drank up the story of what had been done to him. There had been so much darkness in these months—fear and deceit, guilt and compulsion! She wanted to get out of the dark, away from horror, away from the oppression of death. She knew that time and events had crushed Maurice, but when Dave said, "We've got to take care of him for a while," it was more than she could stand. She said, "I want to stop taking care of people!" But she knew they wouldn't. She saw a long future of cherishing Maurice, cherishing Helen, cherishing everyone except themselves. Oh, very friendly and charitable, she and Dave, the burden-bearers, the hospital corps of Morrison University. She saw that her protest troubled Dave and should have been sorry but wasn't.

He said, "It won't be long, Carol."

His face was gaunt. In the last few weeks Dave had grown thinner and much older, more taut, more serious. Contrition overtook her. "Don't pay any attention to me," she said. "I've had too much tabloid life, that's all. Don't bother about me, Dave. Spend your time with Maurice—he needs all you can do for him. Look me up whenever you can."

Then for a day or two it seemed as if things were really straightening out and life could be placid again. Priscilla, beyond her depth, puzzled by an indifference such as she had never before encountered, told Caroline that they were putting off the denunciation before the chapter for a week. Hoping, Caroline guessed, that she would repent and humble herself. They would put it off for more than a week! She said tranquilly, "All right, Pris, and you'd better lift my campussing, too, for I'm going to do what I want about going out." Priscilla scowled and seemed very young.

There was a kind of apology in Helen's bearing, as if explaining to Caroline that she shouldn't be seeing Steve so soon after heartbreak. It was absurd and pitiful to see her so subdued, her eyes vacant, her face chiselled in firmer lines. But she went canoeing with Steve one afternoon and had dinner with him one evening, and though she came home to cry disconsolately each time, something of her despair seemed abated. Steve would be good to her! He would be gentle and forbearing, he would not try to amuse her, he would only be at hand for her to lean on.

It was not like old times when Caroline and Dave and Maurice had dinner. The same smoky rathskeller, the same male preferences in steak and rye bread and beer, the same trio that had been jovial two months ago. But too many shadows hovered over that candlelighted booth. Fifield had been buried the day before, and the determination not to mention him, not to allude to anything at all, was too labored. Caroline found Maurice shockingly changed. He had a different kind of somberness, not the revolt that had broken through his calm at intervals before this, but something more shadowy and ambiguous, some repudiation she could not understand. He was not voluble, he had lost the vivacity that had kept him responding to every stimulus; he was abstracted, gazing backward into the roiled waters.

He startled her by saying with no warning, "There had better be a lot of these dinners. Next year I will be gone from Morrison. I am resigning my chair."

His face expressionless, Dave twitched an eyebrow at her. She said lightly, "You'll change your mind, Maurice. Nobody who calls Morrison an academic garbage dump as often as you do can help loving it. You'll never leave the oak trees."

Maurice wouldn't respond. "I've been shaded by luckier trees."

He had been here—how long, twelve years?

"LET'S all get out," Dave said. She felt impatience in his voice and Maurice felt it too, for he muttered something about a "born pedagogue." Dave said quickly, "Oh, am I? I don't like a born pedagogue's salary." He frowned, "Assistant Professor Bingham gets thirty-five hundred a year. I pick up half as much more experting for chemical companies. Fifteen years from now I'll be getting seven thousand from Morrison. Why should I? The industries would pay me five times as much before that."

"We aren't the income tax commission," Maurice said. Then he growled, "Well, you're a fool if you stay in the colleges. You can drive a seven-years'-old car and have your shoes half-soled and be a part of American culture. Or you can sell yourself to the profit system and live like a white man."

They argued it amiably, something in the old manner, as they strolled back toward the Faculty Club. But it couldn't last. Pretty soon Maurice was in the shadows again. "Could I have stopped it?" he said explosively. "Would I if I could have? Look—" he halted and waved his arms. "You know how I am—how I get, well, let's say fits. Maybe you noticed I was in one then. I was telling myself how cruelly wronged I was. I had to do something about it. No matter what. Do something—don't be a white worm—bawl somebody out—take a stand—maybe hit somebody's chin again."

Caroline felt Dave, beside her, grow attentive. Maurice rumbled on. "When I finished lunch I went to see Paula. God knows why. Just that it was doing something. She wasn't there. So I boiled over. I thought, this won't do—walk it off—tire yourself out, Traggas, or they'll cart you to your own asylum. So I walked. Miles and miles. I decided I would walk to my shack. I hadn't seen it for months. I started there. Only I didn't care where I went. I didn't go into the Experimental Forest—I took the Morrisville road west of it. Walking like a fool, like a bloody maniac. So along comes a deluge and brings me to my senses. I rode back to Webster on a vegetable truck. Only I needed very badly something to make my mind stop racing, something to cure me of being a self-justifying damn' fool. So I got drunk in a hurry."

THE arms circled and Maurice shouted, "If I had gone to the shack I would have been there. Somebody is a fool for luck—is it me or is it that bearded grubworm? What would have happened if I'd gone where I started?"

"Well, you didn't go," Dave said sharply. "Stop bothering about Fifield. It's a good job he's underground."

He drew Caroline's arm through his, when they had said good night to Maurice, and said, "Walk with me for a while."

"It's only fair to tell you," she said, "that keeping low company has got me in wrong at the house. I'm campussed."

"Your low friends can always help you through the ventilator."

They took a path that skirted the law school and the hospital toward open country. "He didn't tell me that," Dave said. "So he's got something else to torment him—maybe he could have stopped the suicide." He thought it over for a while, Caroline's fingers enjoying the roughness of his coat sleeve. "That must have been about one thirty. I went to Paula's about when—three, three thirty? What time was it when I left you? She wasn't there. The maid said she'd gone before one. She went to Allentown and spent the afternoon at a movie. She was hell-bent on keeping out of Fifield's reach—not letting him see her again. I don't blame her."

But for all his preoccupation, there had been an allusion to that long-ago half hour by the sundial, and Caroline's breath quickened. But it only made him hark back to Maurice's resignation of his chair. "I feel pretty old," Dave said. "Pretty young, too. You can't blame him for getting out—this is where his life cracked up. Well, I'm going, too."

"Why?"

"Thirty-five hundred a year. The half-soled shoes he mentioned."

She remembered Steve wondering how much Helen's stockings cost and contentment spread over her. She felt exhilarated, even flirtatious. "You've done well at Morrison, Dave, for a Yale man. You belong here. The place fits you like a glove."

"The trouble is, there'd be a patch on the glove. On my pants, too. I'm getting along, Carol. I'm thirty-one."

"What are patched pants, if you have the pure love of a good woman?"

He laughed. "And a house by the side of the road. But you must understand, Miss Fanning, that I'm a brilliant young chemist who would go far in industry."

"I know—helping science work its miracles in the new age. Air-conditioned soap, maybe, or Diesel-engined dishwashers. You might be king of the moth-proofers."

"No undergraduate," he said, "gets to speak irreverently of the faculty. You're a sarcastic wench—"

"Trollop. Every summer when I was young my brother Pete and I were the best trollopers on Georgian Bay."

"At Yale he still had a necklace you'd

(Continued on page 82)

He Stumbled over a MAN-EATER in the Dark...

Soldier of Fortune lives to tell the story of a jungle combat between man and beast.

"It was a black, moonless tropic night," writes Gardner K. Hussey, "but I trudged along the familiar jungle path in the dark with assurance. It was the path from my timekeeper's shack to the house where I slept. Without warning I stumbled and fell headlong. There was a hissing noise followed by a sharp click. I scrambled to my feet and reached for the Eveready Flashlight in my belt...Within three feet of me was a huge thrashing *alligator*, his jaws snapping like castanets.

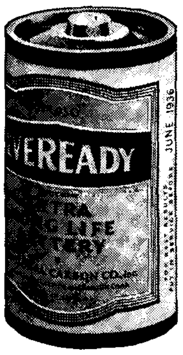
"If my light had failed at that moment, if it were not for the *fresh*, strong Eveready Batteries in my flashlight, they would probably have found some of me on that path next morning. I might even have lived . . . but not with all my arms and legs.

"Nearby was a boiler-room. I made for it and with the aid of a slice-bar finally finished that ghastly survivor of the prehistoric beasts.

"I think there are perhaps two morals to this story:

"First, I owe life and limb to fresh Eveready Batteries, that gave me light when I had to have it.

"Second, if I had been using my flashlight on that trail, I would have entirely avoided the fright of my life. No one needs to tell me now that unexpected perils lurk in familiar paths."



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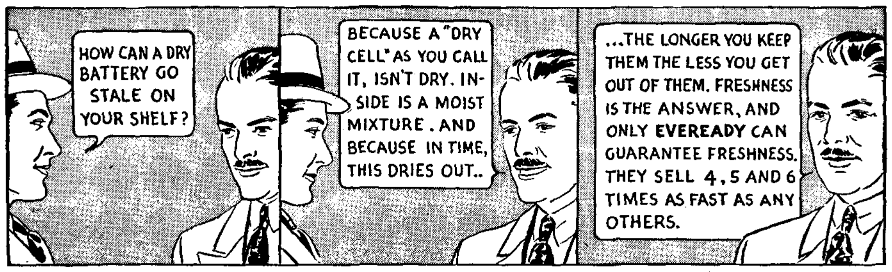
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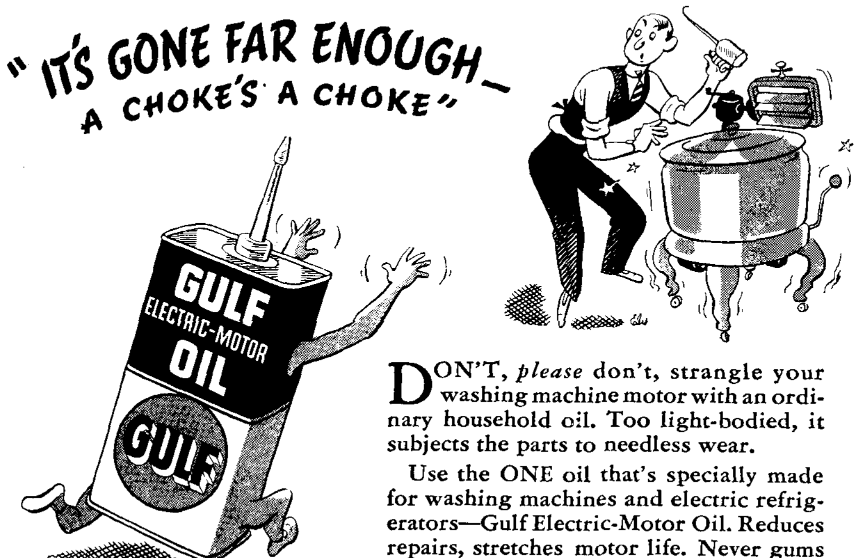
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GULF ELECTRIC-MOTOR OIL
The one oil made specially for electric washers

(*Continued from page* 81)

make of your best trollop shells. But there you have it—summers on Georgian Bay. You have the genteel tradition. Patched pants would horrify you."

She had told Steve you could buy stockings for fifty-nine cents. Men were an amusing race! "Us gentlewomen are self-reliant, too. All we ask is to labor shoulder to shoulder with a strong man and share his toil. If love came to me I'd sing with pride while I patched his pants. I'd patch my own, too, and rejoice. You see, I have my needle."

"Well," Dave said, "I have my litmus paper and my hydrocarbons."

Dave's mind was running in the most interesting direction. They had got beyond the campus; the last arc light was far behind them. It was a friendly darkness, empty of anyone to break in on the scene. They came to a rise from which they could overlook the lights of town and campus and the floodlighted cupola of University Hall. They sat down and Caroline thought demurely: Yes, Dave, go on; surely you don't want a girl just to guess about you. So she guessed. It was blissful to know that, sitting beside her, he was as aware of her as she was of him, that he was lingering happily in the last moments before a declaration that would put a seal on everything, that his mind was full of her name. Dave darling! The moment was worth all the fear and pain that had gone before it.

SILENCE lengthened out. Dave was shy! Don't be, she urged him silently—I'm not a child, I'm not fragile—what you do now is kiss me—you'll find it well worth your while. He didn't, and she felt a restless mirth tugging at her. The girl who wanted to be kissed and wasn't.

"I wonder," she said, "whether this feeling of frustration can be good for me."

That was certainly forward enough, but Dave didn't even notice it. "Carol," he said, "I've got to know what happened in that shack!"

Just that quickly it was all back again, all the strain and doubt, all the quivering apprehension. All of it and more still. Dave's voice had been altogether convincing. The enchanted moment, the imminence of being kissed, dissolved into nothing. Last week when she had hurried to tell him about Fifield, he had said, "He must be kept from going to Maurice—Maurice would kill him."

Fifield was dead.

"No!" she cried.

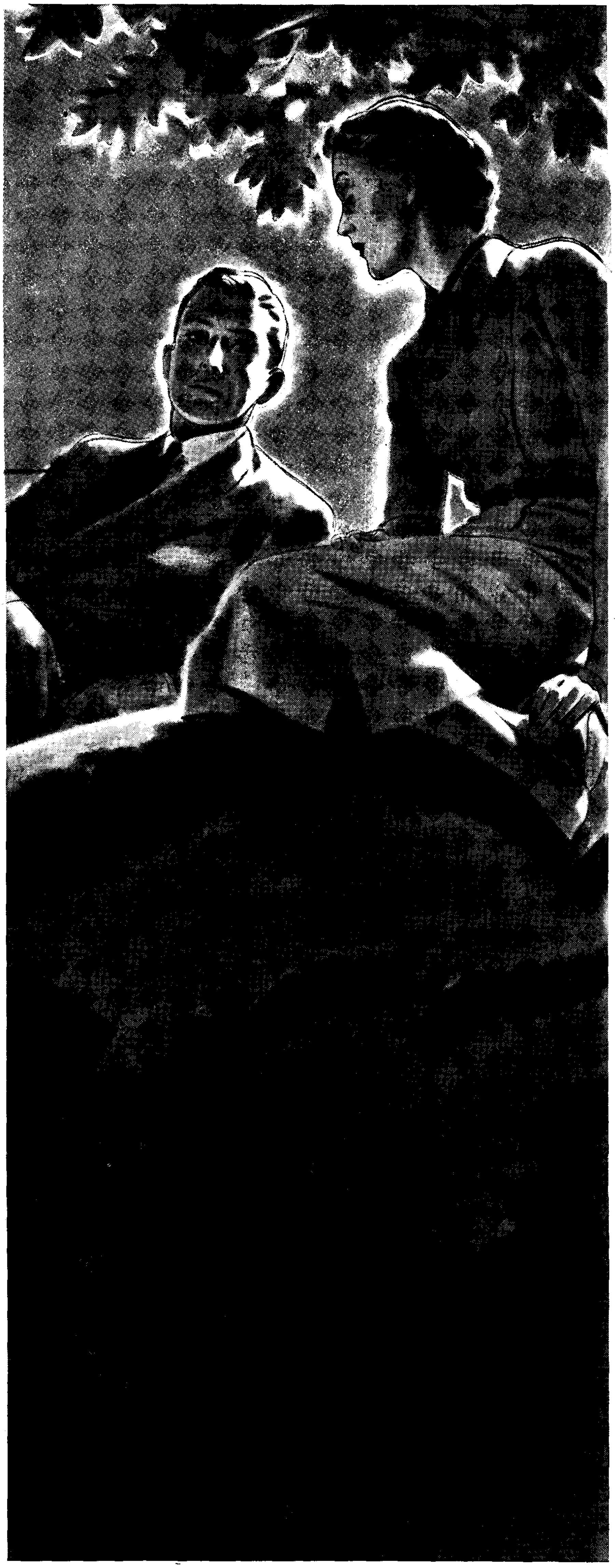
Excitement pulled him to his feet, and her too. "It's too pat," he said hoarsely in the dark, "Fifield kill himself? He didn't have the guts. You can imagine him doing anything but that—you can't imagine that. So he goes to Paula once more—one more plea. No go, she laughs at him. What does he do? What were we afraid all along he'd do?"

It was out of the question, unimaginable, grotesquely impossible. "You think Maurice shot him," Caroline said, as quietly as she could. "That's crazy."

"Crazy is the word," Dave said. "Somebody's crazy. You heard him threaten to resign. Get away from Morrison. Why should he get away? What would make him get away? Oh, sure, it's safe enough, there's an official verdict of suicide—would that keep you here if you'd shot someone?"

"Dave," she said, "what you're saying is that Maurice could be a murderer. He couldn't be. He might have beaten Dr. Fifield up again. He couldn't ever shoot him."

"Would you say he was sane when we met him Saturday morning?" Dave took several fast steps away from her, came back even faster. "He couldn't plan to shoot him. No. But it was Fifield's gun. If Fifield had threatened him, couldn't he take it away and shoot him then?" His hands moved in the darkness. "We know he was driven to see Paula and didn't. We don't know anything more. What if Fifield was on his way to see him? Why did he tell us he was near the shack? He simply had to tell someone! And I find him after eight o'clock—drunk! In all the years I've known him he's never had two successive drinks of anything stronger than beer. Why was he drunk?"


"I've got to know what happened in that shack," he said

Horror grew on her. If Dave could accuse his best friend of murder, then the world could never make sense again. "I think you need a lot of sleep, Dave," she said, "and someone to make you stop inventing fairy tales."

"Sleep? You know now why I haven't had any sleep since Friday night. Fairy tales? You didn't go to the morgue with him and see him looking down at that corpse with the hole in its head. There was such a glare of triumph on his face that I wonder Chief Tolman didn't grab him on the spot."

Caroline shrank back, nauseated.

"Two shots!" Dave said. "The answer is right there. It has to be—I'll go crazy myself if it isn't. That way, he can still be saved. Fifield took a shot at Maurice and he took the gun away and shot him."

Through locked teeth, "You said only one of them claimed to hear two shots."

He took both her arms, his fingers digging into them. "And that's right—that's right, Caroline." He was hoarser still. "There was only one shot. They put the gun in evidence at the inquest. Only one shot gone from it. My idea is no good. If he had shot in self-defense he would have called the police himself. What did he do? He rode home on a vegetable truck from a walk that was near, but not too near, the shack. And then he got drunk."

He dropped her arms and brought himself back to orderly speech. "If I can get the idea, how long will it take others to? They can change the coroner's verdict quickly enough. What if the police get to thinking? Or—" he paused for quite a while—"or Paula does. Who screamed at me that she would make a bum out of him yet? Who hates him like the devil?" Dave slouched, vehemence going out of him. He groaned. "I don't know what we can do, Caroline. I know we've got to do something."

OLIVER HANNAN, Dean of the College of Liberal Arts, was a slight, gentle, smiling man, weathered and skeptical, wise with many years of ruling a university, tireless as steel. Few could impose on him, no one could put him off. He was Dad Hannan to five thousand students and it was claimed that even those he expelled left him vowing to remember his birthday and to write to him once a month.

He called David Bingham to his office and, after a desultory conversation about the crew season, the cost of chemistry apparatus and President Bradford's new car, invited him to fill the vacancy on the Committee on Student Discipline left by Fifield's death. Dave promptly declined. He explained that he didn't have an administrative mind, that he was a researcher, that he found it difficult to assume the sternness required of a disciplinarian. Dad Hannan sighed gently. There was a hope, he said, of gradually filling the committee with people who wouldn't associate the students who came before it with their grandchildren, or even with their children.

"As a researcher you've been at the Women's Quadrangle so much this spring, David," he said, "that I thought you would have a valuable point of view for us."

Dave laughed. "It's rockbottom in the undergraduate credo that you are wired for television and have a spy at every parking place, Dad. I begin to see why."

The old boy liked to be kidded about

(*Continued on page* 84)

VINCENT LOPEZ, FAMOUS ORCHESTRA LEADER...

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1 dash Picon Bitters

Crush mint before adding other ingredients. Stir slowly with cracked ice for 1 minute. Strain... and treat yourself to a cocktail that will warm the cockles of your heart . . . March or any month!

SPRING this grand G&W "Drink of the Month" on your guests the next time you entertain. And to win a reputation as an expert drink-mixer, take these tips from Vincent Lopez, famous orchestra leader of the Ambassador Hotel, New York:

Remember—the purpose of ice is to cool the cocktail, not dilute it. Don't use too much. To pour out a clear, perfectly balanced drink—*stir* it instead of shaking it. Shaking melts the ice too fast, producing a weak, muddy-looking cocktail.

To be sure your cocktails will taste right, be sure your whiskey is made right. Use a whiskey that's smooth and flavorful in a cocktail or *highball*—use G&W! G&W whiskies are the products of the oldest distillery on the whole North American continent. Extra years of experience is the secret of their extra good taste!

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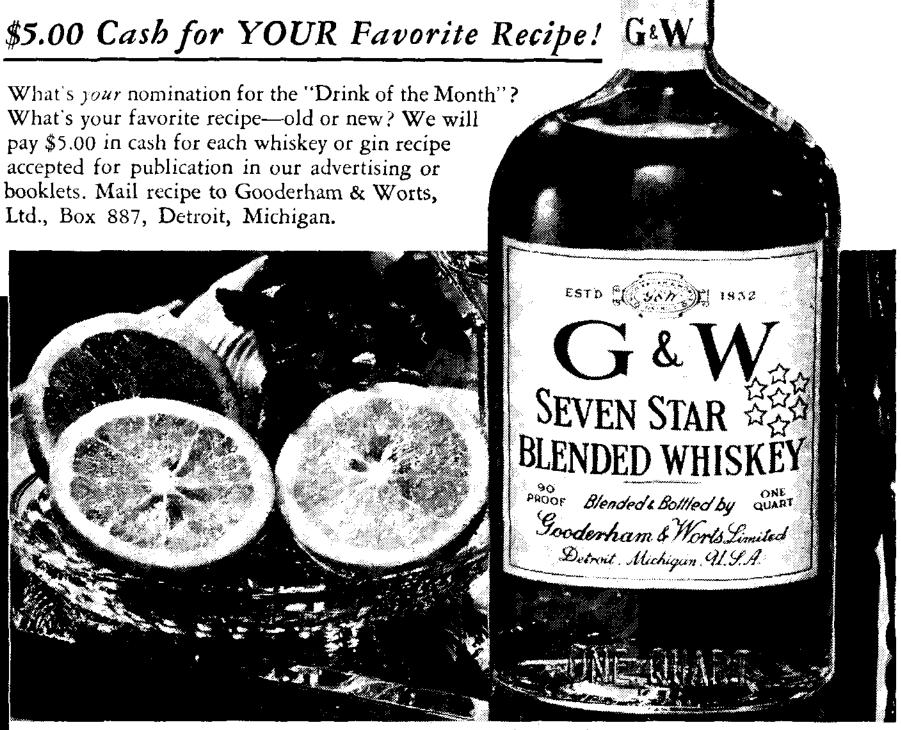
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(Continued from page 82)

his omniscience. "She is a fine girl. She will graduate second in her field. You roomed with her brother at Yale."

He urged the appointment again but was finally content with the refusal. They chatted for a while longer, then Dave rose to go. "How well did you know Fifield?" the dean asked casually.

He had taken off his half-moon glasses and was rubbing his eyes. Dave wondered sharply whether that was accidental. "No better than I had to. I never liked him."

"Few did. Few of our sex." The dean took a silk handkerchief from his pocket and polished his glasses. He looked curiously fragile. How old? Sixty, or a little less? He had given his life to Morrison. He was a childless widower—the university had become his marriage, his home and his progeny. "A college is a queer little world, David," he said dreamily. "A dean easily gets to thinking he is Mussolini. Except that Mussolini can suppress the newspapers. . . . Fifield had a good future in scholarship. Not so good as a citizen. A man like Maurice Traggas is easily worth fifty of him."

It had not been accidental. Nothing ever was with Dad Hannan. Dave felt very cold. "Fifty," he said, "is putting it too low." Then, quietly, "Maurice is my best friend."

The dean nodded, looked at him steadily out of faded blue eyes, put on his glasses and gazed out of the window. "We are so much a world to ourselves that we forget we are only part of the world. But the world is there, David. If we forget our duty to it, it can remind us in very shocking ways." When the eyes turned back from the window they seemed far less faded.

Dave sustained that scrutiny as well as he could. It had gentleness in it and commiseration, but also an integrity as unyielding as rock. Dave said nothing. The dean waited for a moment and then said, "Maurice has something of genius in him. And he has had many troubles. . . . It was not an automobile that struck Gene Fifield at the country club, the first week in March."

"No. I've wondered why more people didn't do the same. I should have been willing to any time, Dad. And I had no wife for him to seduce."

"I wonder if that is the way the seduction was."

There was no fooling Dad Hannan! It would be dangerous to say anything, and more dangerous to hurry away. But the dean, after another quiet scrutiny, said merely, "We are citizens first of all, then teachers or even friends, David. . . . If you bring yourself to reconsider my appointment, let me know. And perhaps you will bring Miss Fanning to tea at my house some Sunday before the term is out."

It was proof of Dad Hannan's authority that, leaving his office, Dave did not know whether he had received a warning or a tip. Either one was ominous enough. Pursue either only a little way down its implications and you came to a precipice.

What did the dean want him to do? What did he himself propose to do?

Whatever was done must be done fast.

CAROLINE'S immediate impulse was to turn back when she saw Maurice coming down a path from the science buildings that converged on the one she was following. That was impossible, for he waved to her. Everything was impossible! It was impossible to credit Dave's horrible fear, impossible to keep the images it produced from swirling in her mind, impossible to think of him or act toward him as naturally as before. She felt her smile a fixed grimace, she was afraid that her voice was shrill. But Maurice wouldn't notice—and that was the worst of all. He had grown more abstracted all week long, had sunk deeper into himself, looking at the exterior world only fitfully, with an appalling heaviness in his eyes.

Dave's suspicion was not credible. Think that a friend, that Maurice whom she had been with in trouble and in laughter, had killed a man? Not if she was right in believing that the sun rose and set and friends were friends. Yet, for all the denial and repudiation that sprang from her very core, fear hung her mind with grisly pictures. While she walked with him, while she tried to be gay and schoolgirlish, while he talked jerkily about things of no consequence, she was wondering what it was he stared at in the depths of himself. What did he see there? Did he feel his finger close on the trigger in that instant when it was still possible to put the gun down unfired? Did he see a bearded face twist from hatred to bewildered surprise as Gene Fifield crumpled toward the floor? . . . No, she hadn't screamed. Nothing had happened. She was walking down the path with Maurice.

"You're wanted," he said.

SHE looked up. Another shock, for Tommy Pierce had stopped and was looking at her. More vehemence rose up to meet him and must also be repressed without a sign. She forgot it in a new surprise. She had seen Tommy in many moods and many poses, but she had never seen him like this. She couldn't put a finger on the change, but it was complete. Tommy showed no excitement, none of the wild drive she had known as fury or excitement. He was carved out of ice. He had no more nerves than a statue. But his eyes were brighter than they had ever been.

He said, with a stilted formality, "I want to tell you that everything is all right. I told you it would be. My debts are paid, all of them—just as I told you they would be. I'm going away from here pretty soon."

"I see," Caroline said. "Are you going to say anything to Helen?"

"Shall I?"

"If you say a word to her, hanging would be too good for you."

"I told you to have faith in me—I told you I would take care of everything," Tommy said, from a serene height. "You couldn't believe in me—no one would believe in me. I've shown the university it was wrong. So now I'm leaving it."

He bowed formally and moved up the path with a little strut. Maurice had come out of the shadows. Watching Tommy, he was attentive and professional. "Very interesting," he said calmly. "Maybe that has happened."

"Maybe what has?"

"I'd like to give that young man a few simple tests. Did I predict the schizoid split? If he's what he looks like to the professional view, he is not two halves any longer, Caroline—he has become one half. They are great actors, they are the best actors in the world, and just now he seemed to be playing a big role up to the hilt. I mean he's nutty. He will start to play a big scene pretty quick and end in my office."

"If anybody's nutty it's you. He's just found someone to pay his debts and he's leaving while the door is open."

"Maybe. We will see. But if I were conscientious, I would tell the dean's office to have him watched." Maurice thought it over. "No. It is not my business till the college psychiatrist tells me so. But certainly I ought to warn Paula to keep a sharp eye on her bohemian friends."

That was strange. Maurice hadn't had any traffic with Paula—he hadn't spoken of her without scorn for months. And it emphasized the great paradox, that he didn't know about Tommy. That was what Fifield's death had delivered him from, delivered them all. To have stood there and seen Tommy and Maurice side by side!

"I saw him coming from her house last night," Maurice said absently.

So those agonized walks were still going on. Maurice, by night, contriving to drift past his house and impale himself on his memories. . . . They walked on down the campus and Maurice sank back again into that submerged abstraction. A big man—big shoulders, big chest, long legs, powerful hands. He looked, she thought suddenly, like the sum of all human failure hung from one frame.

Suppose it was true! Suppose Dave's fear was right. What would Maurice do? Caroline thought she knew. Whatever bewilderment he caused her, however she might fail to understand the deepest parts of him, she knew two things for sure. One, that the aberrant energy which sometimes boiled up and made him all feeling and no thought would suffice to make him kill Fifield—he might have done it. The other, that if he had, he could not stand it. Remorse would be too much for him.

She looked at Maurice and looked away. A man who might kill himself, who at this moment might be deciding to. Caroline's feet scuffed the walk. The realization was choking her. Walking down the campus in late spring sunlight with a man who had sentenced himself to death.

"Caroline," he broke in on her horror, "you're fond of Dave."

"Very," she whispered.

Something took his attention for a dozen steps; then, "Be—be good to him, Carol."

It came patly on the heels of her fear. Elegiac. Farewell. But even as she shuddered, it was something else. He said, almost inattentively, "There have been too many mistakes. Look, I am going to go back and live with Paula again."

That was so inconceivable that she wondered whether he hadn't read himself into Tommy, whether the sidewalk diagnosis of insanity wasn't a soliloquy about himself. Then that dropped behind, disregarded. Maurice stopped short in the path and gazed at her. And didn't see her. His eyes were directed at her but they weren't carrying any image of her to his brain.

"Look," he said, experiencing some difficulty of speech or thought. "I'm too big a coward to admit to a friend I've told him lies. You've done some unpleasant jobs for me, Carol. Please do one more. I don't want to tell Dave I've been lying to him. I want you to."

HE AVERTED even the sightless gaze, to look off across the campus—but to see something in the past. Caroline was tall but her head came only to the level of his shoulder, even when he was stooped as now. She felt small and storm-tossed.

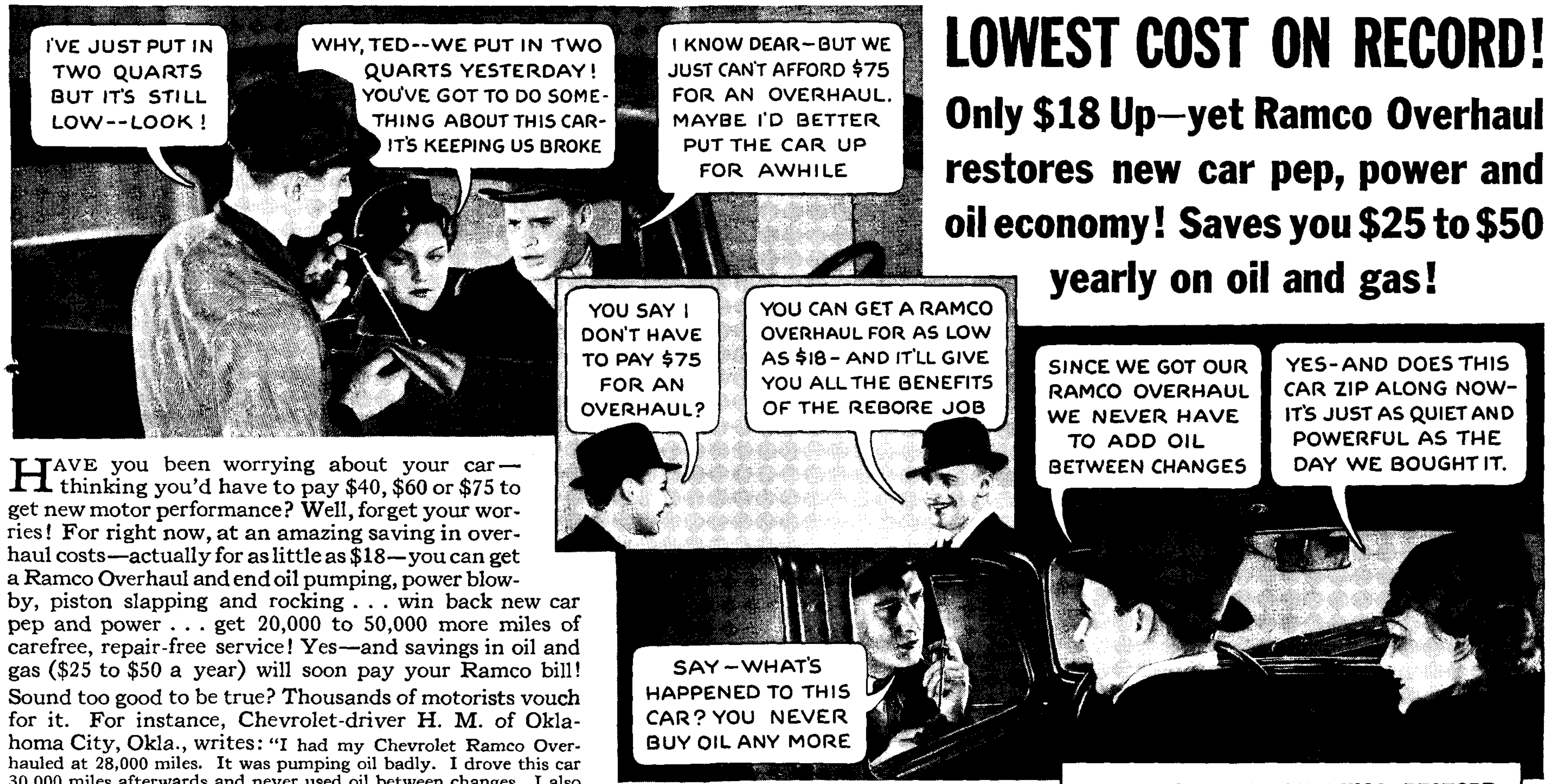
"I'm a bad liar," he said. "There would be less trouble if we were good liars. . . . Well, I lied to Dave and I haven't got the guts to tell him so."

He was looking at her now, not the past. "I don't know what I did Saturday afternoon. I had worked myself up into a first-class frenzy. Who becomes a professor of insanity except someone who knows he carries insanity in himself? I don't know what happened. I have heard them say it a thousand times—'my mind became a blank.' Trite and preposterous. But it did. I can tell you nothing whatever that happened in about six hours. From the time I left the club till I came back to it. Except this. I wasn't on foot—I was driving my car. And I wasn't on the Morrisville road—I was in the forest."

He finished calmly, impersonally, but fire came into his eyes. He growled, "Tell that to Dave," turned away and strode across the lawn without looking back.

(To be continued next week)

HERE'S THE SENSATIONAL NEW MOTOR OVERHAUL THAT MAKES OLD CARS RUN JUST LIKE NEW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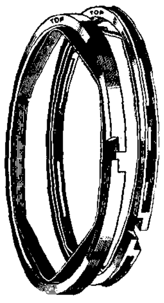

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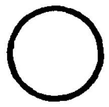
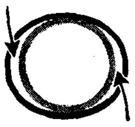
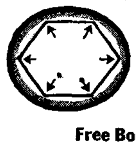
HOW RAMCO PISTON RINGS RESTORE PEP, POWER—END OIL PUMPING



How a cylinder looks in a new motor. Note how true and round the cylinder is. Any piston ring fits a new cylinder satisfactorily.



This is where the wear occurs in the cylinder after 15,000 to 20,000 miles—out-of-round, egg-shaped—ordinary piston ring fails to fit. Arrows indicate clearances where oil pumps through, where power blows by—why speed, pep and economy are sacrificed.



How the Ramco Inner Spring makes the piston ring conform to out-of-round cylinders. Ramco's "cushion" inner ring expands to seal clearances. Cylinders again function like new. Oil pumping stops; power blow-by ends; new car pep, power, economy restored!

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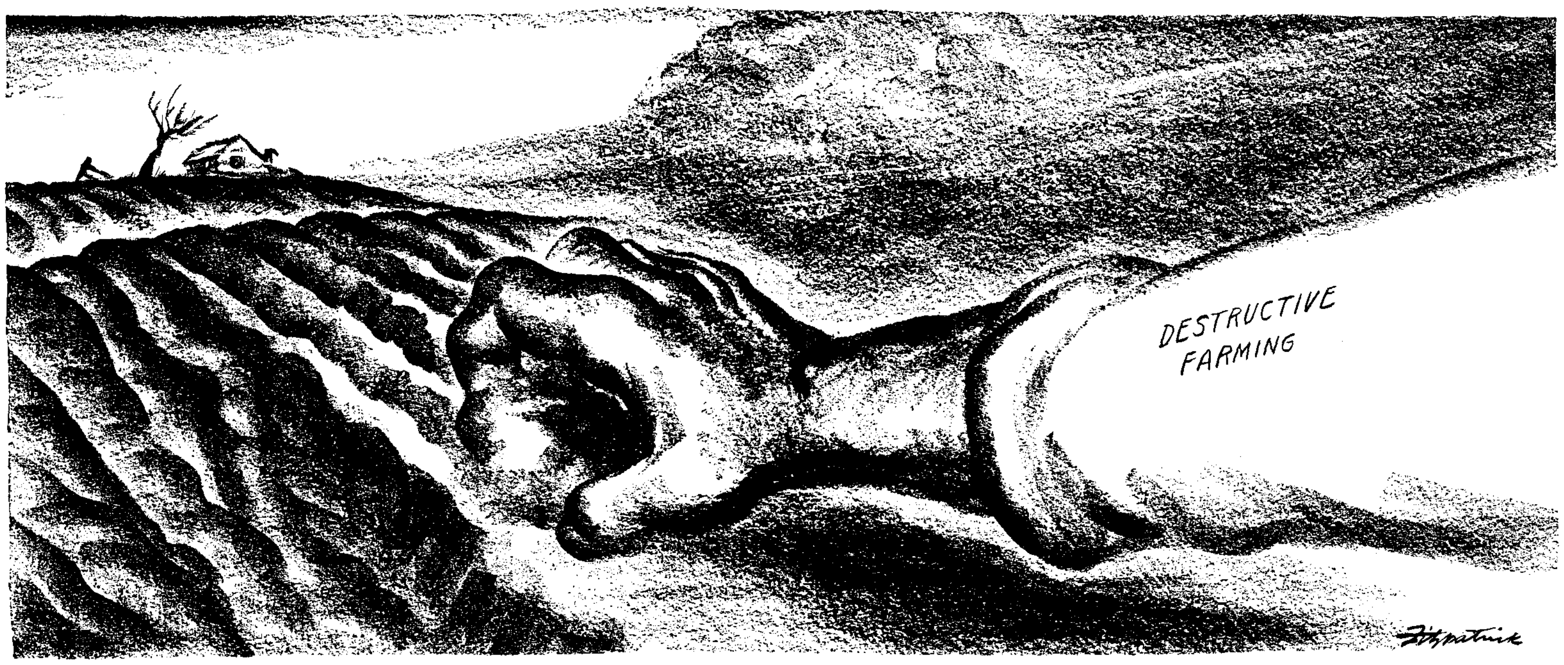


Save Our Soil

THE dust storms were efficient propagandists. The dark clouds of Western soil which hung over the Eastern states in their long journey from the slopes of the Rockies to their final refuge in the Atlantic told a story which cannot be forgotten. Man-made policies made deserts of good land.

An area of about 35,000,000 acres of what was once good farm land has been destroyed as far as the production of cultivated crops is concerned. Gully erosion has rendered useless lands which comprise an area about the size of Massachusetts, Connecticut and Pennsylvania combined. This land has been wasted. Heedless farming methods have squandered completely the equivalent of the natural agricultural resources of three of the original states of the Union.

Nor does this great loss tell the full story of our demolition of fertile lands. In addition to the huge area already washed away, the usefulness of another 125,000,000 acres still in cultivation has been greatly impaired. The top soil, the most fertile segment of the land, has been drained off by the unrestrained action of storm waters.

If the processes which have already destroyed these vast areas and which have lessened the fertility of much more extensive areas are not checked, it is perfectly plain that the United States cannot continue indefinitely to raise enough food to sustain the American people.

We destroyed so much of our national patrimony in land because for a long time we thought we could afford to practice destructive agriculture. The land area of the continental United States seemed so vast that land waste appeared to be a forgivable extravagance. When a farmer exhausted the fertility of Eastern land he could always move West and acquire new land.

We have come to the end of that resource. There is no more good land to be claimed. On the contrary, farmers are retreating from land made too poor to sustain life. Farms once tilled are now desert land. Nature is exacting the inescapable penalties which come from flaunting natural law. Whether we like it or not, we are destined to undertake new land policies. We cannot fight nature if we want to survive.

Happily there is no political controversy over the broad principle of reclaiming land now in jeopardy. Democrats and Republicans alike are agreed on the necessity of combating the further destruction of fertile lands. Controversy will unquestionably arise over the detailed measures to be applied in any large plan to protect the land. The quarrels, however, will center on details. Men as far apart in other matters as ex-President Hoover and Rex Tugwell, bellwether of the New Deal radicals, are agreed as to the necessity of a land-protection program.

Unrestrained individual use of land has accomplished this appalling waste. In the dry sections in which water had a scarcity value the old Spanish law specified the uses to which water might be put. Water was considered a public resource and the government never relinquished its authority to supervise its use. Water had to be supplied to the thirsty before it could be used for irrigation or mining.

Land, on the other hand, being abundant and subject to the English law which lies back of our statutes, has not been controlled. If an owner paid his taxes he might generally do as he pleased with his land. If he destroyed his land by stupid farming or foolish timber cutting, he was still free to do as he pleased. Private privilege prevailed over public right.

So in state after state land was exhausted by farming methods ill-suited to American climate. Wind and water, and in wooded areas the destruction of trees by lumber operations and by fire, did their work. So rapid is erosion that in the Southern agricultural piedmont regions, thirteen major reservoirs out of fifty-six surveyed were filled with soil within twenty-nine years.

In the West this destructive process moved with even greater speed. The Austin Dam, near Austin, Texas, was nearly filled within five years and completely filled in fifteen years. The Harding Reservoir, near Santa Ana, California, was actually filled with earth during a single month of heavy rains.

In the areas impoverished by a loss of the top soil, farmers cannot by any exertion produce enough to maintain their families at any conceivable standard of health and decency. Denuded land simply will not yield profitable crops.

The greater part of the wasted lands was once public domain. Shortsighted land policies, determined by local political considerations, deprived the nation of all effective control of this great domain. Individual settlers did the rest. They worked hard but they ignored, even when they understood, the natural consequences of their efforts to mine the fertility of the land.

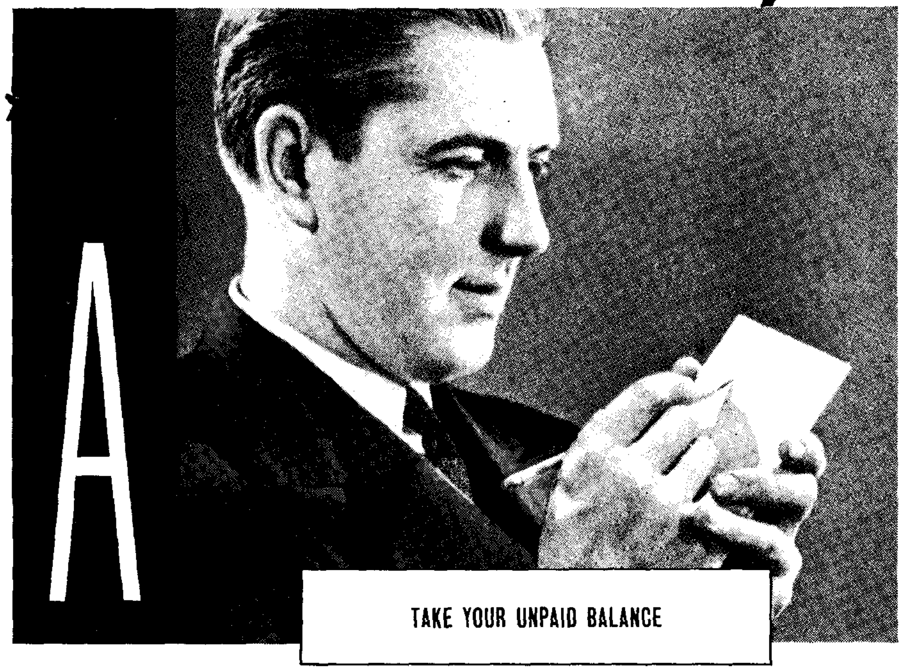
So now we face a new chapter in the history of our use of a continent. We can't continue the old policy. If we did, our remaining fertile lands would be washed and blown away. We must agree on methods which will save and protect what we have left and which, so far as is practicable, will reclaim what has been hurt.

It will not be easy under our political system to establish quickly a national policy of land conservation. Our historic customs, our laws and our way of thinking, make compulsion difficult. We have no dictator empowered to decree and enforce a wise land policy. Millions of individuals must somehow be persuaded to adopt methods which will benefit them and preserve the land.

Statesmanship of a very high order is necessary. The problem must, however, be solved if over a long period our civilization is to survive.

The very magnitude and difficulty of the undertaking challenge the best efforts of the finest minds we possess. The fertile lands of America are worth any sacrifice required to preserve them.

As simple as



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The GMAC plan is as simple as A, B, C . . . you take the unpaid balance, add the cost of insurance, and multiply by 6%, if for a 12-months plan. . . or one-half of 1% per month for longer or shorter installment periods. *The 6% used is not 6% interest.* It is simply a convenient multiplier that anyone can use and understand. To appreciate fully the *real* economy of this plan, figure it for yourself in dollars and cents . . . then compare it with other finance plans on the same basis. *And be sure to include as complete insurance protection.*

Under this plan, you receive a policy in General Exchange Insurance Corporation, protecting your new car against Fire, Theft, and Accidental Damage — including Collision.

Dealers in General Motors cars throughout the United States are ready to serve you. Ask your nearest dealer for pamphlet describing all the advantages of the GMAC 6% plan.

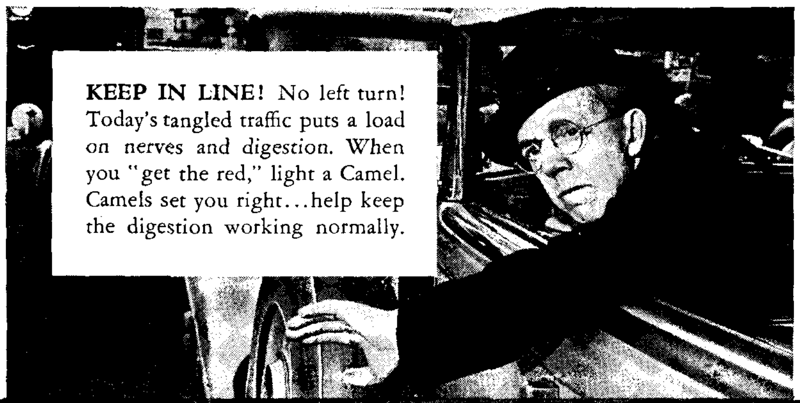
GENERAL MOTORS ACCEPTANCE CORPORATION

ONLY DEALERS IN *General Motors* CARS CAN OFFER

THE GMAC 6% PLAN

CHEVROLET CARS & TRUCKS · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · BUICK · LA SALLE · CADILLAC

The fast pace of *Modern Living* puts an extra strain on Digestion



KEEP IN LINE! No left turn! Today's tangled traffic puts a load on nerves and digestion. When you "get the red," light a Camel. Camels set you right...help keep the digestion working normally.

Natural digestive action notably increased by smoking Camels

People in every walk of life get "keyed up." The effects on digestion are known to all! In this connection, it is an interesting fact that smoking a Camel during or between meals tends to stimulate and promote digestion. Enjoy Camel's mildness . . . the feeling of *well-being* fostered by Camel's matchless blend of costlier tobaccos.

Smoke Camels for digestion's sake!

GUESTS AT KUGLER'S, grand old Philadelphia restaurant, renowned for two generations, are shown above as they enjoy choice foods admirably prepared, and served in an atmosphere of delightful repose. William, of Kugler's, who presides over the famous dining room, is bowing, menu in hand, as he speaks to one of the diners. William says of Camels: "Camels and good food go together. Our patrons naturally prefer quality tobaccos, judging by the popularity that Camels enjoy here. So we try to keep well stocked with Camels."

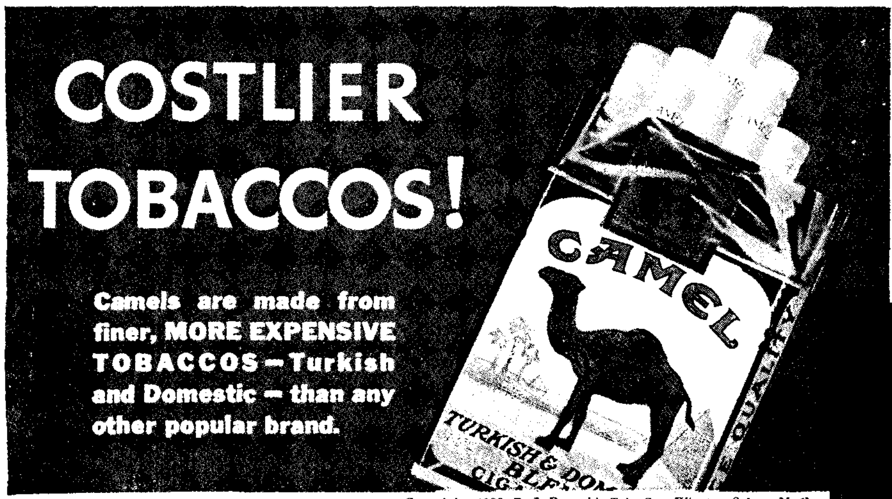
IN BRITISH GUIANA—the LaVarre Expedition fords a river. "I always take a big supply of Camels along," says William LaVarre. "They make any meal taste better—and digest easier." Mrs. LaVarre adds: "Camels help my digestion, whether I'm in the jungle or dining in my New York home."

TUNE IN!

CAMEL CARAVAN WITH
WALTER O'KEEFE
DEANE JANIS • TED HUSING
GLEN GRAY AND THE
CASA LOMA ORCHESTRA

•

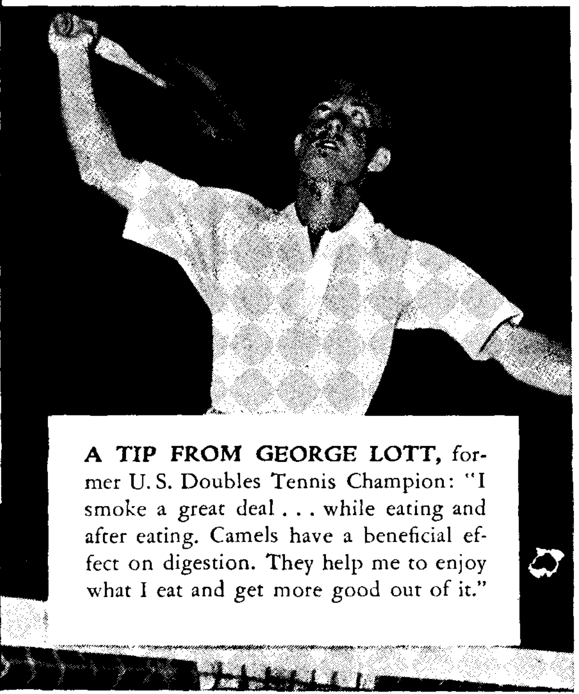
Tuesday and Thursday—9 p.m. E.S.T., 8 p.m. C.S.T., 9:30 p.m. M.S.T., 8:30 p.m. P.S.T.—over WABC-Columbia Network.



COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

Copyright, 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.



A TIP FROM GEORGE LOTT, former U. S. Doubles Tennis Champion: "I smoke a great deal . . . while eating and after eating. Camels have a beneficial effect on digestion. They help me to enjoy what I eat and get more good out of it."

For Digestion's Sake—smoke Camels